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FROM THE LEVANT,

THE BLACK SEA, AND THE DANUBE.

58964

BY

R. ARTHUR ARNOLD,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE COTTON FAMINE," &c. &c.

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AND CHARING CROSS.

TO

MY WIFE AND DEAR COMPANION

IN THESE TRAVELS

IS MOST DUE

THIS GRATEFUL DEDICATION.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author feels that he ought not to offer these Letters to the Public without the information that they were entirely written en route, *because, if this unusual mode of writing for publication involves imperfections of style and errors which access to books of reference would prevent, it secures to the reader actual impressions of the traveller in the words called up by present scenes and incidents.*

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FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.

Leaving Naples—Vesuvius in Eruption—Streams of Lava—The Lava by Night—The Resina Guides—The Vesuvian Observatory—Up the Cone—An Angry Volcano—Maccaroni Manufacture—"The Land-slip at Naples"—Neapolitan Boatmen—Castle of St. Elmo—Campo Santo Vecchio—Pompeii and Sorrento—What an American Tourist can do—Stromboli—Messina—Mount Etna—The Pope and the King of Italy—The Apostolic Legation in Sicily—The Land of Greece—Sparta—Kerigo—Parapolo Island—The Piræus.

I WAS by no means glad to find myself on board the steamboat which was to take us from Naples to Messina. The capital of Southern Italy is probably unmatched for beauty of situation, and then there is always something sad in leaving a place where one has spent many pleasant days of ease and sunshine, when the chill shades of evening come whispering with their soft, melancholy voices over the pathless track which one is soon to follow. The puny beacon of the

port seemed but a spark of pale, ineffectual light compared with the awful fires of Vesuvius. The spectacle of a volcano in eruption is too grand for familiarity, yet we had watched the wondrous sight for nearly two months and scorched our faces over the glowing lava. Once I had ascended to the very crater, from which stones and fire and dense clouds of sulphurous smoke were issuing. For the first two miles the ascent of Vesuvius lay over a rugged, but yet well-defined road, not worse than some bridle-paths that might be found in Derbyshire. Then the lava of the last eruption was reached, and part of this had to be traversed before the burning cinders of 1867–68 could be examined. It is simply impossible to conceive a worse road than that by which the unhappy traveller makes his way, but a very good notion of it may be formed by supposing a field to be strewn several feet deep with large blocks of gas coke. There is no secure foothold; that which appears a reliable piece of coke will no sooner receive your foot than it traitorously turns on some underlying pivot, and wrenches the traveller's ankle with a torture to be again and again renewed.

But we thought neither of galled ankles nor torn boots as we felt the warmth of the advancing lava. Although the outpour from the crater had then continued for six weeks, there were yet two miles between the nearest town of Resina and the irresistible fire-

stream. A bank of cinders of irregular front, red and glowing with heat, continually falling over at the uppermost edge as it was fed with fresh fire from above, always creeping on—now quickly, now slowly—according to the nature of the ground it traversed, the surface breaking as it cooled into gnarled cinder lumps, and underneath, where the heat was greatest, looking like melted coke, and flowing sluggishly towards Resina. This was the aspect of the lava. Guides and lazzaroni, whom the unusual profits of the eruption had drawn into the service, were there in great numbers, dangerously clawing out with their thick sticks pieces of the molten lava, and then pressing copper coins into the semi-liquid mass to sell as souvenirs of the eruption. I followed their lead, and burnt my walking-stick by dragging out a piece which was plastic and rapidly hardening as it came from the fire. When I had carried it in safety to a cool rock, I pressed into its surface a new copper piece of four soldi, which by chance I had brought from Rome, and instantly the bright resemblance of his Holiness was blackened over, and the surface of the coin peeled off, without, however, rendering the date or the letters illegible. As we advanced up the mountain the lava became more liquid, until at the base of the cone it assumed much the appearance of molten iron, and its flow was proportionately more rapid.

We were at this point when the sun was setting behind the rocky peak of Ischia, looking upon a scene which is certainly one of the fairest in Europe. Beneath a cloudless sky, filled with the richest blending of red and golden tints, lay the isles of Ischia, Procida, Nisita, and Capri, like masses of purple floating upon a calm sea of pale indigo; and all round the bay, the houses of Naples forming a complete theatre, reflected the colours of the sky; the ships in port seemed to be rigged with golden threads; while the dark foreground of rugged lava overhung with a haze of sulphurous smoke, the loud roars of the crater behind us, accompanied with very sensible tremblings of the mountain, and the brightening glow of the wide field of hot lava, which seemed to redden with joy at the departing light, made our situation one that, had not the Elysian fields laid precisely under our eyes, would have suggested the sight of them from Tartarus.

There is but little twilight at Naples, and soon the immense fires of the mountain were our only light. Down the cone a broad band of bright red marked the flow of the lava; reaching the plateau it divided into two streams, one of which ran northwards towards a building called the Hermitage, near the Observatory; the other in a more southerly direction towards Pompeii. Since the commencement of the eruption in November, the lava had issued from the cone in almost

every direction, the cause of change being that, during a temporary cessation, the cooling lava choked the previous point of issue. The varying level of the plateau beneath the cone of course determined the settlement of the lava; but so wide is this plateau, and its slope towards the sea so easy, that I estimated if the crater were to continue the same rate of discharge for three months, and always to deliver the lava from the same point, the houses which fringe the base of Vesuvius towards the sea would not be reached.

The edge of the advancing lava, which, cooling as it descends, at last tumbles forward at a natural angle in the shape of hot cinders, was precisely such as that of the stream that had covered Pompeii, though its geological composition was entirely different. The scene at night was very extraordinary. Before the bright fire moved the dark figures of guides, tourists, wine-sellers, and lazzaroni unattached, who were ready to beg or steal, to render any service—the lightest or the hottest—and then appraise their work at a price ridiculously exorbitant. It was not exactly a scene calculated to soothe weak nerves; and I could sympathise with an old Scotch gentleman who tumbled about over the excoriating lava, shouting, "Guide! guide!" evidently wishing most heartily that he had regained the comparative security and comfort of his hotel. He had forgotten the name of his guide, who, it turned out, had

gone off to visit another part of the scene with the daughter of the old gentleman, a somewhat frisky and much more careless person. There was as yet no moon, and the evening air was cold, but no one felt otherwise than warm, at least on that side which was turned towards the lava. Above the burning field, which seemed from where we stood to be of illimitable extent, the air "shivered" with the heat, and the poisonous smoke obscured the black-blue sky. Across the dark plain which separated us from our ponies—a rugged way, to be retraced with painful steps—we could see advancing torches, which rather marked the presence than guided the steps of new arrivals. And as we began to descend, trembling helplessly at every other step, like frail boats in a short, chopping sea, we met many parties, some on ponies, many on foot, coming on to spend a part of the night before the glare of the lava. Some were attended by torch, or rather candle-bearers, who carried flaring, many-wicked *candele*, some two inches in thickness. In one party, a lady was being uneasily borne up the mountain in a chair raised on the shoulders of four men; in another, a beautiful young Italian, favoured by the night, gaily bestrode her pony and urged it up the difficult ascent. ' One night there were as many as 2000 persons on Vesuvius, and the light-headed population of Resina, fearless and forgetful, after three months' experience of the eruption,

mocked the grand old volcano with waltzes and polkas, close to the very spot where, upon the first outbreak, they are accustomed to assemble in prayer that St. Januarius, or some other saint or saintess, will intercede for them and quiet the mountain. But now, after a quarter of a year's harvest of the rich crops of largesse which an eruption produces, I should be inclined to doubt the sincerity of such petitions.

It was not possible, or at least it would have been highly imprudent, to attempt mounting upon the cone at night; but I determined to make the ascent, and choosing a day when there was sufficient wind to give the smoke a decided direction, started at eight o'clock in the morning, and reached the observatory in about three hours. We had to run the gauntlet of a whole regiment of guides who pressed their services upon us, but I thought I had gained sufficient knowledge of Vesuvius to be independent of their aid, and I knew they have a way of impeding the visitor's progress upon the cone by asserting the danger of proceeding at almost every step, and demanding more money if they undergo the unexpected risk of carrying out their original engagement. We stayed at the observatory to examine the instruments which had been very successful in recording the symptoms of increasing or decreasing action of the volcano; but I fear I can only very imperfectly explain their operation. In a large

room, upon the ground-floor of the building, were firmly fixed four instruments in this position . . ., each with hair lines so adjusted as to betoken the slightest movement when looked at from the larger one, in which were fixed three telescopes, also with hair lines, for observing the three instruments. Three mirrors upon the larger instrument, each furnished with a graduated scale, reflected the movement of the three instruments, which severally, by properly adjusted plummets, recorded the vertical, the horizontal, and the vertical combined with the horizontal, movement of the floor, and consequently of the mountain. As we supposed must be the case during an eruption, we found upon examining these instruments that the ground was in constant though imperceptible motion, and in an upper room we were much pleased with the machinery of a double clock, which had a plummet so adjusted that upon being swung by a shock its action stopped one pendulum, thus indicating the precise moment of the earthquake. I had, for a month previously, read with careful attention Professor Palmieri's daily volcanic forecasts and observations, and now easily gratified him by testifying to their general accuracy.

There is a good path up to the observatory, which stands about half way up the mountain, and for a short distance beyond; but having passed this we came upon a rough desert of lava over which we were painfully

clambering our way towards the cone, when a man, who but a moment before had been invisible, shouted to us that were we out of the track, and on approaching, pointed out the immense fatigue we should incur by proceeding unguided, and the danger of getting into one of the new lava streams; for those on the side of the cone we were mounting had cooled on the surface, and except the "shivering" air which overhung them showed no sign of the fires that still burnt beneath. We at once engaged his services, which proved most valuable. The eruption had closed all the easier and common tracks by which the cone is usually ascended, and although we were exceedingly well guided, we had to labour up the very steep ascent upon small, loose lava. Any one who imagines a mountain formed of gas coke will have in their minds the nearest possible resemblance to this part of the cone of Vesuvius. During our toil there came from the crater, at intervals of about twenty seconds, loud roars accompanied by showers of stones, sometimes much louder than at others, according, I suppose, as the stones resisted the effort which propelled them through the gullet of the volcano.

Although the wind was driving the smoke away from us, and in the direction of Ischia, yet as we approached the summit the atmosphere grew thicker, and strongly impregnated with sulphur. Seeing this mist

above, us and that we must enter it, I was inclined to fear its effect upon my lungs, but it did not in any hurtful degree render breathing more difficult, and in five minutes we were on the top of the mountain, having occupied just four hours in making the ascent. We were upon the level of what in peaceful times is called the crater, but the great basin was entirely filled by the eruption, and we walked across a portion of it, every footstep trampling on tiny threads of smoke, towards what was now the active crater of Vesuvius, a central tumulus about eighty or a hundred yards in diameter at its base, and rent across the middle with an irregular mouth, from which heavy rolls of dense, grey smoke were constantly issuing.

With each roar there flew up to the height of about 200 feet in the air, above the smoke, a shower of stones, none more than ten inches or a foot in length, and as many of these "thudded" down within thirty yards of us, I scarcely wondered that the ascent of the cone had not been popular during the eruption. The surface of the crater on which we stood is about a mile in circumference, and the whole of this was more or less covered with sulphurous smoke. Up the sides of the small crater, from which the stones were being thrown, the rocks were coloured with most brilliant reds and yellows, green and orange,—I supposed by the chemical constituents of the volcanic smoke. In one place a

little crater was boiling and flaming, with steaming smoke roaring through its six-inch mouth. To give vent to its small ambition, one of the party broke the crust which checked its rage, and my too bold friend nearly paid a severe penalty for his rashness; the liberated flame and smoke at once spouted high into the air, and half stifled us with thick sulphurous fumes. One breath was almost sufficient to choke me, and I rushed away from the presence of the infuriated little volcano, glad to begin the descent of the mountain. But for the smoke which poured over it in one direction, we might have walked all round the crater, for the lava was no longer issuing from the summit of Vesuvius. It had some days since found a weak place in the side of the cone, several hundred feet from the top, and through this tunnel the liquid lava was slowly issuing. We crossed the tunnelled stream in our descent, and after reaching the bottom of the cone, passed for about 500 yards over a portion of the lava field formed during the present eruption. It would have been impossible to ascend the cone through the depths of dust over which we came down at a run; the elevation which we had consumed an hour in mounting was thus descended in ten minutes, with no bad consequence except the filling of our boots with sharp dust. This we turned out before treading the hot lava. I hoped my boots would not be burnt

through before we reached *terra fredda*, but when I found upon one or two experiments that I could not, for the heat, hold my hand where my foot was, it seemed unpleasantly doubtful, especially as the haze of smoke that clouded our prospect made the lava field seem larger than it was.

However, we arrived in perfect safety, and discussed with thirsty satisfaction a bottle of what the seller called *Lachryma Christi*, at the first cottage on the road to Resina, where we found our carriage. The principal factories of maccaroni are at Resina. Maccaroni is made like drain-pipes—by pressure—and the dough in one case, as the clay in the other, requires very careful and fine kneading. Along the sides of the main street of Resina, immense quantities are hung over poles, in lengths of about three feet, to harden in the sunshine. The Neapolitan mode of serving up maccaroni smeared with tomato sauce, is not to my taste the most agreeable.

A fortnight before we left Naples occurred the sad catastrophe which was first reported in the English papers as "the giving way of the side of Vesuvius," and afterwards as "the Landslip at Naples." It was, indeed, a landslip, though one with more alarming results than proportions. The theatre-like formation of the ground on which Naples stands, is broken about the centre by a projecting ridge, which at the point

next the water is called Pizzofalcone. The road passing round this promontory lay about 100 feet beneath the top of the cliff, which was cased with rough masonry averaging about two feet in thickness. The casing, which was plastered, no holes being left for drainage, stood at an angle of about 100° with the roadway. The side of the road next the cliff was bordered with houses, —*maisons meublées, cafés,* and wine-shops. Upon six of these houses, at seven o'clock one evening, a large portion of this casing fell, followed by a depth of ten feet of the rock, for the most part in a state of dust. Although the faulty construction of the wall was blamable in the highest degree, yet I have no doubt that the quaking of Vesuvius was the active cause of the calamity. In some places the *débris* lay fifty feet in depth, so that attempts to excavate the buried people alive were almost hopeless. With commendable ingenuity, an engineer named Zampari made a tunnel through this mass, shoring his way at every inch with strong props. The work was one most difficult and dangerous, for in the loose rubbish above his head there were many blocks of the broken casing, each weighing three or four tons. In four days, however, much of which time was consumed in obtaining permission from the inert authorities, he accomplished his task, and reached the wine-shop where it was supposed that a convivial party lay buried; but he

found nothing alive except a cat. I passed through his tunnel, in which it was scarcely possible to stand upright, and on the same morning Prince Amadeus decorated him with the cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, an ornament not always so worthily worn. I think the Frenchman was too severe who said, referring to his own countrymen, "*Autrefois on a pendu les voleurs sur des croix, maintenant on pende des croix sur les voleurs.*" But certainly, ribbons are somewhat too plentiful on the continent to admit of their being regarded as very honourable distinctions. Victor Emmanuel is about to institute a new Order of the Crown of Italy, and it may be hoped His Majesty will take care to keep its ribbon clean.

I did not intend to refer to Italy in my letters from the Levant; but standing on the deck of the *Etna*, bound for Messina, I could not but think of the mountain which illumined the sky above us, and of the poor creatures, some of whom still lay buried beneath the fallen rubbish of Pizzofalcone. There is no walking on board the steamboats in the port of Naples, and the boatmen prey on passengers with great profit to themselves. Our boatman pursued the customary tactics. The fare for each person, luggage included, is one franc; but after allowing us and our baggage to be comfortably arranged in his boat, he then demanded ten francs for conveying my wife and myself to the

steamer which was anchored almost within a stone's throw. I refused. "Then he must put the luggage on shore." "*Va bene*," I assented, preferring to leave his boat, knowing that nothing but the show of resolution to do so would bring him to reason. "Well, he would take two francs and a half, if the Signor pleased." And the *barcaliero*, smiling and civil, quite unabashed, and seemingly unconscious that he had made a futile attempt at extortion, at once plied his oars with good will.

I think the view of the Bay of Naples from its waters is quite unrivalled for beauty. Its semicircular form has a radius of about nineteen miles. Near the northern extremity rises the high land above Baiæ, surmounted by its picturesque castle. On a clear day may be seen the ruins of the audacious bridge which the Roman Emperor Caligula made across a small arc of the bay, about nine miles in length from Pozzuoli—the ancient Puteoli—to Baiæ, and near to these rude stones rise the seaworm-eaten columns of the Temple of Serapis, which have descended into the sea and mounted from it by volcanic agency since their erection and dedication by the Romans to the worship of an Egyptian god. Tier above tier, like boxes in a colossal theatre, rise the houses and buildings of Naples, crowned above all by the delicate tints of olive groves. High on "Capo di Monte" stands a summer palace of Royalty, and low,

little above the strand stretches the long, red and yellow front of the official palace, just now the residence of Prince Amadeus and his Princess. The sombre Castelli d'Uovo and Nuovo, the darkest colouring of the landscape, are remindful of the time when these prisons of Naples were the scandal of Europe. There it was that Poerio and his comrades learnt the sad weight of Bourbon fetters, and it was concerning these prisons that Mr. Gladstone wrote those famous letters which have made his name a household word in Italy. Lifting the eye from these cages of past tyranny, there, dominating the city, is the famous Castello di San' Elmo. They say that Garibaldi, who invaded Naples in a hack carriage with three or four companions, drove up in face of the shotted guns of this fortress, and standing before its walls, laying his hand on his heart, called upon the gunners and garrison to pronounce for him and against the son of Bomba. Then, the populace, screaming with joy, poured into the grey old guardian of King Bomba's peace, and demanded of the Liberator that the castle should be thrown down. But the fabric has been spared, though the fortress is dismantled, and the castle is now used as a military prison. The red-fronted building on a lower level, and farther to the right, is the Campo Santo Vecchio, a paved grave-yard about 300 feet square, where there is free burial for the poor of Naples; the saddest of all places that I know for any

enthusiast of humanity to visit. Within this paved yard there are 366 circular, bricked pits, each covered with a thick, square flag-stone, mortared down, having an iron ring in the centre. There is an office in one corner of the ground and a small chapel in the other, while over the portal runs the truth, which in such a place seems a lying mockery, "*Beati sunt mortui, qui moriantur in Domino.*"

Every day, when the natural grimness of the place is heightened by the approach of sunset, a lever on wheels is adjusted over a pit, ready to lift the stone when the day's harvest of the "happy dead" is gathered together. One day I watched the horrid scene. Upon the way to the Campo Santo, on a winding, ascending road leading to nowhere else, were three men, two pulling, one pushing a carriage, in shape like a large baker's cart, with a skull and cross-bones blazoned on its panels, and at each corner a little taper uneasily burning. Farther on were three lads, carrying on their heads a red coffin; its flapping lid and tawdry gilt taper-stands showing that it was not intended for interment. This they set down upon the stone next to the one which was to be raised that evening. The wet mortar bedded round its sides, which took easily the print of my stick's point, was sufficient evidence that the daily dreadful scene had been duly performed last evening. Soon the arrivals became more frequent. A group of women with gaudy

handkerchiefs tied over their black hair, with voluble tongues, surrounded one more silent, who carried a white bundle, which was her dead baby. A business-like working-man came up with a small white box, at a pace which showed he had no time to spare, and out of it he turned another dead baby into one of the temporary public receptacles for the dead.

Next, rattling, jangling over the stony road, came, with all the dignity of a pair of horses, a gilded, image-covered hearse, in which a priest sat alone. From beneath his seat was taken a shallow tinned tray, containing the emaciated body of a young man, a piece of cotton cloth rudely sewn about his limbs; this tray and others similarly occupied were placed in boxes alongside one of the walls of the Campo Santo. Then, as the shades of evening were approaching and the "happy dead" were all assembled, the priest, who—he can hardly be blamed for it—took much snuff, did his office. With some tugging, the stone that had lain undisturbed for a year was raised. The stench was not so great as might be supposed, but in the darkness of the pit there was a rattling noise which suggested that the dead were rising to revenge themselves on the living for their inhuman burial. But the careless air of the attendants showed they knew very well that this noise was only the scuffling scamper of the army of rats, ready below in hundreds to receive and welcome the "happy

dead." I have shocked you, I am certain; you shudder at this horrid burial; but the bystanders, who, I suppose, were relations of these "blessed" Christian dead, did not. Young and old, all together, the uncoffined bodies were thrown into the pit, a feast for rats! Great God!—and the priest and the officers of this "Holy Field" turned away calmly as if they had kindly accomplished a religious duty. For the rich, there is near at hand a shady ground where their remains may rest in decent quiet, surmounted by wealth of marble and sculpture, their virtues recorded in gilded letters.

I am supposing you still to stand upon the deck of the *Etna*, your eyes travelling round the Bay of Naples from left to right. Gladly you will lift them from this unhallowed spot to the clear, pure white of the snow-covered Apennines, which can be seen for a short space before your eye falls upon Vesuvius. On the low shores of that dark water into which the side of the volcano slopes, farthest from the city of Naples, lie the wondrous remains of Pompeii. Standing on the paved streets, or in the well-preserved Forum of that exhumed city, I could realise more clearly than at Rome, more distinctly than at Athens, the society which existed at the commencement of the Christian era.

The panorama next exhibits the Calabrian mountains, often snow-covered, with the pretty white town of Castellamare lying low on the sea-shore, and farther on,

Sorrento, the much-loved *villeggiatura* of the Neapolitan rich. A bold headland turning southward, finishes the Bay of Naples, but, standing across the mouth, like a breakwater, is the beautiful Isle of Capri, famous in ancient history as the residence of the dissolute Emperor Tiberius. Capri is about thirty-six miles in circumference, and the rougher waters of the Mediterranean are not admitted to play upon the shores of the lovely bay until they have spent their rude fury upon the steep, rocky sides of this islet.

American travellers can "do" a great deal. I met with one in Naples who said he could "do" the ruins of Athens in an hour and a half, and declared that if he had a week at his disposal, he would "run down and do Athens and Constantinople." But even the most enterprising Transatlantic "doer" of foreign travel might be satisfied with that which on a clear day he may "do" between Naples and Messina. He may see three active volcanos.

Ten hours after we left the Bay of Naples we were in sight of Stromboli, whose perpetual fires would have gained greater notoriety if this small volcano had not been placed in such close proximity with the greater glories of the popular Vesuvius and the overwhelming grandeur of snowy Etna. There was but a very light wind, and a canopy of smoke hung over Stromboli in shape curiously resembling a giant cocked-hat. There

are a few fishermen's houses on the eastern shore of the volcano. Its height does not exceed 2000 feet, but the ascent is not easy, and its steep sides, composed of lava and scoriæ, are rugged and black. While we were looking attentively at Stromboli and others of the Lipari Isles, which in French maps preserve their classic name—for "*Les Isles Æoliennes*" were the reputed home of Æolus and his subject Winds—there rose pale and white upon the horizon, with just a thread of smoke making its westward way, the form of Mount Etna, three times the height of Vesuvius, and six times that of infant Stromboli.

But as we approached the picturesque straits, Etna became enveloped in clouds. Just below the little town of Bagnara, on the Calabrian coast, I fancied I could see something of the ancient whirlpool, the proverbial Charybdis. Neither Scylla nor Charybdis appear sufficiently formidable to have inspired the proverb, yet we ought to remember that the ships which ploughed the straits in classic days were not iron screw-steamers, and volcanic agency may have altered the current in this narrow sea. Messina is in no way a remarkable place. It has a fine natural harbour and a polyglot population. There are many Greeks, as may be seen from the letters in which their names and occupations are recorded over their shops. "Shipping Agent" and "Ship Chandler" announce the Englishman.

Then there are Frenchmen, Spaniards, and people of every nation under heaven gathered together in this dirty town. The hotels in such places, where no one stays longer than to wait the departure of a steamboat, are always untidy and without comfort. Those at Messina form no exception, and the night we spent there was disturbed and "made hideous" by people who kept the last night of the Carnival drumming and shouting under our windows. Below Messina, on the Italian side of the Straits, is Reggio, a town with a considerable commerce of oil and wine. There was cholera in the place; and if our ship had touched at Reggio, we should have had to pay the fearful penalty of going into quarantine for twenty-one days at the Piræus.

After leaving Messina the coast of Sicily widens out southward towards the Gulf of Catania, and the very toe of the continental boot is passed at Capo dell' Armi, the ball of the toe being Cape Spartivento, which was the last land we saw of Italy. The hills on either side of the Straits of Messina, all of volcanic origin, fall back in picturesque elevations, with much variation of colour and contour. As we left the Straits, those on the Calabrian coast were interpenetrated with sunlight; generally their surface had a dry and sterile appearance, and the colouring was for the most part made up of brown, from lightest drab to the blackest shades, yet

where the olives grew there were large patches of pale green, and above them, reaching high on the mountain sides, the terraced vineyards evidenced a most persevering culture, and highest of all, streaks of snow lay like white clouds dividing the earth from the very blue sky. On the Sicilian side, over the hills which aspire towards Etna, hung dark clouds concealing their proportions. As the evening advanced after sunset, these clouds formed in a thick band over the horizon, and the peak of Etna stood above, taking so precisely the shade of the clouds that for a long time it seemed a part of them. But at length, emerging from the clouds, the grand mountain stood in majestic proportions, its giant peak black against a sky still tinged with golden recollections of the sunset. And then, "the silver sickle of the month," making its first appearance that evening, hung over Sicily, lighting our path eastward towards the narrowing land of the Turk, whose once all-terrible emblem is this brightest jewel of the evening sky.

If the Saracen had never been in Sicily, a religious quarrel which is now raging there between the Pope and the King of Italy might never have arisen. The difficulty has a far-reaching origin. In the eleventh century, Roger of Normandy chased the Crescent from Calabria, and placed the spiritual government of the island, which had once been under the schismatic

jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople, beneath the tiara of the Popes of Rome. Urban II. recompensed the bold Roger by issuing a special bull, giving to him and his successors the title and office of *sous-legate à latere* in Sicily. Succeeding princes delegated the spiritual functions thus conferred to a court presided over by a judge, at first a layman, but afterwards, in consequence of the remonstrances of Pius V., to an ecclesiastic. Under the Spanish rule in Sicily, the Papacy began to contest the validity of Urban's bull; but when the House of Austria succeeded to the spiritual honours of Roger of Normandy, then five cardinals sat in congregation on the subject, and declared that the pretensions of the Sovereign of Sicily were well founded.

So matters remained during the Bourbon rule, and during the first years of the kingdom of Italy, until Pius IX., by his bull of January, 1864, assumed the power to abolish, and declared the abolition of the Apostolic Legation in Sicily. But the tribunal of the Italian monarch has continued to exercise spiritual power in the island, and little was heard of the bull, the Pope being unable to publish it in Sicily. It was the beleaguering forces of Garibaldi that aroused this sleeping bull; and on the 10th of October, 1867, the Pope ordered that the thunderbolt should be affixed to the gates of St. John Lateran at Rome, the church bearing on its portals the proud inscription — "*Sacrosanta*

Lateranensis Ecclesia, omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum mater et caput;"—and by decree declared that this publication should suffice for Sicily, to which the Italian Government has replied by giving notice to all concerned, that the Government does not recognise this Papal edict, and that the law will maintain the authority of the Legation Apostolic in Sicily.

But the quarrels of ante-Christian times rose unbidden to our minds when, after driving for thirty hours across the stormy Adriatic, we sighted the classic land of Greece. At first like a mist on the horizon, then always more clearly, rose the snow-covered mountains which look down on Sparta, and, lowering southward, terminate in Cape Matapan, the southernmost point of continental Greece. We had no sooner passed the Cape and arrived in the beautiful Gulf of Laconia, than the blue sea became smoothly calm and rolled unrippled beneath the bright morning sun. It is the sunlight that glorifies Greece. Her bare, rounded shores and treeless islands would be held to have little beauty in the latitude of the Hebrides; but under the brilliant sun of the Levant—where they appear as many-coloured masses floating on a sapphire sea, beneath a sky, the deep, unclouded blue of which is made much more beautiful where it is cut by their dark, determined outlines—one is enchanted with the scenery of

the Archipelago. Our course, before we turned northward into the Ægean, lay between the islands of Elafonisi and Kerigo. The only visible habitation in Kerigo was a lighthouse on Cape Sparti, the northernmost point of the island, which towards the centre is much cultivated. Kerigo is the southernmost of the Seven Islands with which Great Britain dowered King George, and Kapsali, its chief town, was formerly garrisoned by a British officer and a company of soldiers.

Not a sign of cultivation had we yet beheld in Greece; the southern coast of the Peloponnesus is rugged and mountainous, and its sparse population are mostly engaged in merchant shipping and fishing. The Isle of Elafonisi and other smaller islands in the Gulf of Laconia appeared quite uncultivated, and without a sign of habitation; rocks so bare as to afford no food even for sheep or goats. On the eastern promontory of that part of the Peloponnesus which was once Lacedæmonia, the two little towns of Dylimeia and Malem lay near the shore, guarded by high land from almost every wind. Cape Malea rises steeply from the sea to the height of about 700 feet, with exposed stratification which appeared like that of mountain limestone. At the extreme point, about 150 feet above the water-level, is the arched cabin of a religious hermit, and a little higher a small white shrine, in

which no man except Tom Thumb could stand upright. Turning the Cape, we began to lose sight of Kerigo, but as the morning mist cleared from the horizon, we could see the snowy peaks of the Sphakian Mountains in Candia, where a spark of war is burning faintly and fitfully, which, before it is extinguished, will probably light up a great blaze in Europe.

The eastern coast of the Peloponnesus and the islands of the Archipelago have the same features in regard to scenery. Their beauty consists in the ever-varying sky-lines they present, and in the rich colouring of the scene. There is no sign of fertility. The Isle of Parapolo, close to which we steamed on our northward way to the Piræus, resembled one of those highly-coloured geological sections which scientific lecturers are wont to hang behind their rostra. Red, white, green, and black broad bands of stratification descended into the sea, their division-lines quite unobscured by vegetation. Soon the Isle of Hydra rose upon our sight, then Ægina, then "sea-born Salamis," the Piræus and the plain of Athens, with the long smooth ridge of Mount Hymettus on the left, the higher peak of Pentelicus before us, and between them the well-known form of the ruined Acropolis crowned with immortal marbles. We were too tired to look long at the fierce-haired but picturesque Greeks, in shaggy capôte and white petticoats, who crowded round us on landing.

I remember that the custom-house officer, who lightly searched our baggage, deliberately asked payment for this exemption, and then an active pair of horses whirled us along the very dusty five miles of almost level road which divide the city of Minerva from its port.

LETTER II.

Town and Harbour of Piræus—Cecrops the Founder of Athens—The Bay of Salamis—Tomb of Themistocles—The Long Walls—The Lion of the Port—Sailors' Graves—Blessing the Sea—The Protecting Powers—The Lord Warden—The Queen's Garden at Piræus—The Greek Costume—Distressed Cretans—The Allied Occupation—Queen Amelia—Dethronement of Otho—Phalerum Bay—Munychia—Athens Railway Station—Eolus and Hermes Streets—Modern Athens—General Aspect of the City—The Acropolis—The Propylæa—Statue of Agrippa—The French Tower—Temple of Victory—The Parthenon—What is left of it—The Minerva of Phidias—The Greek Worship—Minerva Promachus—The Erechtheum—Temple of Minerva Polias—The Pandrosium—The Caryatides—Walls of the Acropolis—An Authentic Trireme—Queen Amelia's Belvidere—A Heathen Curse.

I CANNOT boast a very intimate acquaintance with the ancient history of Greece, and I have no intention of making these letters in any sense historical; but one cannot stand upon the rocky hill which overlooks the Piræus from the south-west without thinking of Themistocles and the battle of Salamis. Yet this grand "reconstructor" and leader of the Athenian navy was as ignorant probably as I am of the earlier chapters in the annals of this famous port. From the tangled web of

mythical history one may weave the threads of Time almost at pleasure, and, "musing here an hour alone," I saw a thousand years before the time of Themistocles, the Egyptian galleys of Cecrops and his band entering the narrow mouth of Piræus. The rude Pelasgian tribes inhabiting the fertile plain of Athens would stare and submit to the more civilised invaders, and, with the silly confidence of savages, point eastward over the plain—which would be brightly green if Cecrops happened to land in the spring—in the direction of the craggy limestone rocks upon and around which was to rise Athens. Treading his conquering way, charmed with the evident fertility of the wide valley, the cautious eye of the invader would fasten on the rock of the Acropolis, almost table-topped and inaccessible save on one side, as the stronghold by means of which he could possess himself of this sheltered port and the rich plain.

The Piræus is a natural harbour, the opening from the Saronic Gulf being not more than half the width of the port itself. A line dividing the mouth equally and following a ship's course into the anchorage, would traverse the greatest length of the harbour, and, if projected, cross the plain dividing that almost equally, passing at five miles from the sea, a little northwards of the city of Athens, and continued, would run between the mountains of Pentelicus and Parnes, the only point on which the Piræus is exposed to land winds. Now,

no port can be perfect which is thus open to sea and land winds blowing directly through its mouth. But the Piræus is protected by the famous islands of the Saronic Gulf. Just to the north of the entrance, leaving a wide channel between itself and the mainland of Attica, is the little island of Lipsakoutali—its ancient name was Psyttaleia—and on this low, barren rock Xerxes posted the flower of his force intended to cut off and finally destroy the Athenians if they were chased from the bay which lies behind this island. The Isle of Salamis, stretching farther southwards, covers the entrance to the Piræus, and Ægina, the scene of Demosthenes' banishment, still farther south, acts as a distant breakwater.

The limestone hill, on which I am standing while I write these notes, hides Piræus from view on approaching it from the south-west, and rises to the height of the top-gallant masts of the "tall amiral" which is flying the blue cross of Russia in the port. On the bright blue water of the Bay of Salamis, as brilliant as the blue sky which it reflects, rests one object only, and that a modern frigate of Brobdignagian proportions. She will not enter the full port lest in turning she might damage the shipping, so in solitary grandeur she remains in sole possession of the scene of the battle of Salamis. One cannot escape the thought her presence suggests. What an ally would this monster have been to

the irresolute Athenians, able to plough down the Persian galleys, like weeds in a furrow! They say that Xerxes, seated on his silver throne to watch the battle from the rocky shore, which I can overlook, tore his hair with agony of shame at seeing the conquering Athenians, led by Aristides the Just, routing his reserves on the island of Psyttaleia. What heaps of gold and silver would His Majesty have given for one broadside from this frigate! On the extreme westward point of my hill, where the limestone rocks meet the sea, there are traces of an ancient platform containing about 400 superficial feet, upon which lie in rude confusion several drums of columns composed of the limestone of the hill, which have evidently formed part of a small building that once adorned this point. Far away from the noise of the once great city, is this solitary headland, for the steep, stony sides of the hill rising from it shut out all view of the land. The ruins are supposed to be those of the tomb of Themistocles, and in the centre of the platform, at the level of the nearly tideless Mediterranean, there is a sepulchre cut out of the rock, enclosing some traces of a sarcophagus. The tomb is full of sea-weed, and every wave leaps in and out again from the place in which rested the remains of the soldier of Marathon, and the victor of Salamis. The principal, and the seemingly sufficient authority for the assumption, is found in the works of

Plato, the Comedian, who lived in the age of Themistocles. He writes of the hero's grave: "In an exposed situation, thy sepulchre is saluted by the mariners who enter or leave the port, and if there should be some naval battle, thou wilt be witness of the encounter."

Of the hill on which I stand, there is no doubt that Themistocles made a formidable citadel. Upon it there are traces of temples, and other extensive constructions. Doubtless it was thus fortified after the occupation of Athens by the Persians, in order to secure a safe retreat if the Athenians were again forced to abandon their city. The massive remains of an ancient wall surrounding this hill still evidence the care with which the Athenians guarded Piræus, and many deep quarries upon and about the summit show from whence the stones of this wall were obtained. The approach to the city from Piræus was guarded by three long walls, one enclosing the easternmost point of Phalerum Bay, and two others, somewhat longer, protecting on either side the direct route between Athens and her port.

The ruins of the long walls, completed after Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis, with funds raised from the spoils of the Persians, are still in many places visible. In the gradual decline of the Athenian State these defences suffered, it cannot be doubted, from the jealousy which they excited in the minds of the Spartans and other Grecian peoples; but to the Roman conquest by

Sylla, in 86 B.C., their final ruin may be attributed. In mediæval times, Piræus lost its ancient name, and was known as Porta Leone, from the stone lion which stood on the pedestal yet to be seen at the mouth of the harbour. This thoughtful, maneless lion, now guards the arsenal at Venice, whither he was transported on the departure of the Venetians from Greece in 1688.

Not far from the grave of Themistocles, five humbler seamen, of a nation quite unknown to ancient Greece, but now the first of maritime powers, lie buried in the limestone. If the great Athenian leader walks the hill at night, the epitaphs of these British tars must puzzle him! Yet if he reads English, he will appreciate the rude tenderness with which the bones of these poor fellows have been laid in this barren hill. The death of Alex. Miller, which occurred "by the falling of the spanker-boom," would be a mystery to him, and, as a member of an educated community, he would be shocked by the ignorance thus recorded in all the fullness of black paint on a slab of stone:—"These tombs having been desecrated *where* restored by H.M.S. *Arethusa*, 1868. Luke vi. 31." But the touch of nature in these lines above the remains of "Thomas Jeffries, who was killed by a fall from aloft," could not be foreign to him:—

"We brother shipmate leave you here,
With love and hope and friendship dear,
But trust again we you shall meet
With joy at our Redeemer's feet."

Education in our navy is making many earnest students of the Bible, and not uncommonly "Jack" is now very ready with Scriptural phrases and quotations. Seamen are always, from their association with Nature, in her most incomprehensible immensities, prone to superstition in their acceptation of religion. Even the English seamen fear a bad omen or a start on Friday more than the guns of an enemy, but they do not carry images of saints nor cross their sails like the fishermen of Naples, and many would laugh heartily at the ceremony of "blessing the sea" which is performed upon Epiphany morning at Piræus, when the Archbishop of Athens, attended by a numerous following of priests, and men bearing banners broidered with gold and silver, flings a cross into the sea, after making prayers suitable to the occasion. The lucky fisherman who rescues the symbol of Christianity from the water, into which many dive for it, hurries off to Athens and claims a guerdon of the King.

When King Otho landed at the Piræus in 1834, a few wretched hovels were the only habitations round the port. Now the town has a population exceeding 5000, and there are very many well-built houses. The plan is evidently designed for a much larger population, and every month new houses and pavements are showing straight streets and handsome boulevards long since marked out. Most of the shops and all the cafés

are provided with verandahs for shelter from the sun, which even in the month of March was sufficiently powerful to make me gladly seek their refuge. Olives, tobacco, fruit, caviare, dried fish, and ship chandlery, seem to be the principal articles of commerce. The flags of the protecting powers are rarely, if ever, absent from the port. Now, as I look upon its waters, there, nearest the mouth, lies the *Alexander Newsky*, with the Russian Admiral Boutakoff on board, concerning whose recent deportation of Cretans there has been much diplomatic correspondence between the Courts of Constantinople and St. Petersburg. Close behind her, with new copper shining brightly, is moored the English *Lord Warden*, her iron bosom broadly settled, far more like a swan's breast in proportions, than the lighter prows of wooden frigates. From two large ships of war the French tricolor is flying, and between these vessels and the quays well-manned boats are constantly flitting.

If the presence of these great patrons is almost a menace to Greek independence, certainly the people of Piræus do not object to have such good customers. They are quite used to the presence of strangers. In a small garden, prettily planted and provided with seats, called the Queen's Garden, I found the band of the *Lord Warden* in occupation of the orchestra. Their audience was the most mixed I ever remember to have

noted. Round a table near the music, drinking Santorin, sat a party of English officers, smart and clean-shaved, with a happy air of patronage upon them, perhaps in right of their own ship's band. Near at hand, was a bench crowded with Russian officers, several almost English in feature, but their moustache, their loose-fitting, short frock-coats, and, more than all, the flat Russian cap, proclaimed their nationality. The Frenchmen walked about, whether better to display themselves or to see the one or two well-dressed ladies in the garden, I could not decide. A party of Italian sailors disturbed the music by loud chatter with a cheap clothes man, who in vain tried to sell one of them a pea-jacket. Greeks were numerous, some in European costume, others in the pretty Albanian dress, which is so common in all Greek towns. The head-dress is a tall fez—not a skull-cap like the Turkish fez, but standing high above the head or bagged down at the side, and always with a long tassel of blue silk. The jacket, which barely reaches the waist and does not meet in front, has long, loose sleeves, showing the arms covered with a white shirt, and is plain or braided with worsted or golden thread, according to the taste and the means of the wearer. Beneath this, a vest, also braided, closes to the throat with a long line of tiny buttons, many of which are unfastened, showing the white garment beneath. From the waist,

which is encircled with a many-folded scarf of bright colour, descends to just below the knee the *fustanella*, or petticoat, longer and very much fuller than the kilt of a Highlander, made of white cotton, fold upon fold in what milliners call "gores." This petticoat generally contains about forty yards of cotton cloth, and the whole is divided into halves or quarters to render washing more easy. I have forgotten a leather pouch usually buckled round the waist, in which I have seen many carry silver-hilted daggers, pistols, and tobacco-bags. Red drawers seem to be favourite wear, and the legs, from above the knee, are always cased in cloth gaiters, often bright red, richly braided with silk, and decorated with bunches of silk broidery. These leggings are strongly buttoned round the calf, and extend almost to the toe of the leathern slippers. The Greek women of the middle class in the garden at Piræus were, according to last year's fashion, dressed in Parisian costume, and they are never to be seen in any other; but very many wear the fez, which has a curious and not pleasing appearance when it is seen surmounting swelling crinolines and shawls of Manchester. The fez of the Greek women generally differs only from that worn by the men in having the cord to which the tassel is attached bound with gold thread.

Among the groups listening to the English music

was a picturesque crowd of distressed Cretans. They are refugees from the seat of war in Candia, and have recently followed the example of some 40,000 of their countrymen in accepting the hospitable invitation of their co-religionists. No one would suppose from their aspect that these people are the helpless dependents upon a very precarious pittance. Certainly the Cretans are distinguished by the fineness and intelligence of their features and a softness of manner quite unusual among an agricultural population. In the group before me all had bright, dark eyes and features, such as in northern countries would be taken to indicate mental capacities of more than customary activity. In the dress of the women there is nothing strikingly peculiar. Their hair was bound and covered with a white or coloured handkerchief, and their most valuable garment appeared to be a long white jacket of thick woollen material, sometimes ornamented with patterns worked in coloured worsted. Beneath this jacket, white drapery hung to their stockingless heels, which, however, permitted me to see that they wore Turkish trousers, fastened, in Oriental fashion, round the ankle. The men of Crete and many of the peasants of Greece wear brown woollen jackets ornamented with worsted work, a red waistband, baggy trousers of blue cotton fastened just below the knee, and, while the costume of the Cretans is generally completed with boots of Wellington pattern

made of soft, brown goatskin, the Greeks wear white or blue gaiters. Indeed their soft, brown boots, exposed to the knee, are generally accepted as the distinguishing mark of the Cretans, and on asking several thus booted if they came from Candia, I have always found the test correct.

The garden in which they and I were enjoying the music of the *Lord Warden's* band was mainly, if not entirely, the work of French soldiers, who, together with a regiment of English—I think the 97th—occupied Piræus during the Crimean war. I shall devote a letter to discussing "the great idea" of the Greeks, with which this garden is indirectly connected, inasmuch as it is a result of the baffled attempt against the Turk made by King Otho upon the outbreak of the Crimean war. The Bavarian King of Greece, seeing his Russian protector at war with Turkey, thought the time was come to realise the great ambition of his people, and invaded Thessaly, hoping for the assistance of his Northern and the forbearance of his Western friends. But it is said that the Greeks engaged in this enterprise were more regardful of plunder than patriotism, and annexed the sheep and oxen of their fellow-Christians in Thessaly with more determination than they evinced for the extension of the borders of their kingdom. At all events, a Turkish force without difficulty drove back

the Greek army, and the Porte obtained from England and France a material guarantee for the neutrality of Greece in the occupation of Piræus by a force of 2000 French and 1000 English soldiers. During this occupation, the King and Queen never honoured the port with their presence, but the neat-handed French soldiers laid out this garden; and the town, which is growing in such good form and design around the harbour, is, it is said, indebted for its plan to the skill of French engineers. The very day on which the force sailed from the Piræus, the spirited but unfortunate Queen Amelia brought her less active King down on horseback to the port, but they say that the money-loving Greeks were mourning their lost customers, and would not be comforted nor cheer the presence of their Sovereign.

In the modern history of the Piræus there have been few scenes more sadly instructive than that which terminated the reign of King Otho. Slumbering in a fool's paradise, wherein he beheld himself the future monarch of a new Byzantine empire, his heavy wits put to sleep by the unfathomable cunning of those about him, King Otho and his Queen had started for a royal progress in Peloponnesus. They had scarcely reached the shores of that part of their realm, when the King's throne was declared vacant by a Provisional Assembly in session at Athens. The frigate *Amelia*, her name the sole vestige of their power, quickly conveyed

the King and Queen to Piræus, where a new captain, a new Minister of Marine, and the diplomatic representatives of England and France awaited their arrival. An angry crowd upon the shore warned the King that it was unsafe to land, and the next morning His Majesty surrendered the Greek frigate, accepted the hospitality of H.M.S. *Scylla*, and the Greek throne was free of a King who had kept the uneasy seat for twenty-nine years.

The hill on which I stood, commanding the town and port of Piræus, falls on the eastern side into the little, shallow port of Munychia, around which are ruins of extensive fortifications and of an Athenian arsenal. Some of the squared stones lying there may be portions of the Temple of Diana, built by King Munychus in honour of the full moon which lighted the conquerors of Salamis on the evening of their great victory. Now Munychia is a bathing-place, and the sandy anchorage of a few fishing-boats. Another limestone hill divides this pretty little oval-shaped port from the waters of the Bay of Phalerum, where the sea approaches most nearly to Athens.

Although it is evident from the ruins of the wall protecting the approach to this port, and extending from the sea to Athens, that it was more used in ancient than in modern times, yet the shallowness of its waters and the exposed shore—for the shape of the bay is circular—would deprive it of the importance of Piræus.

It was, however, from this beautiful bay that King Menestheus embarked to take part in the immortal siege of Troy, and, dying on his return in the Island of Melos, never again beheld the Acropolis. Here, too, the baffled, wasted fleet of Xerxes drew its remains together after the battle of Salamis, and from Phalerum his defeated armada returned to the Hellespont.

On a spur of the hill dividing it from Munychia is a marble monument, conspicuous but not handsome, raised to the memory of the English and French soldiers who died during the occupation occasioned by the Russian war. On one panel is the following inscription: "*Aux Militaires de la Brigade Mayran—Anglo-Française—Morts au Pirée,* 1854—*Leurs Camarades.*" On another, an English inscription to the same effect. Below this, on a flat sand hardly lifted above the sweet waters of Phalerum Bay, a square plot enclosed by a wall contains a few graves of English sailors and soldiers. Their last resting-place may be classical, but it could scarcely be more barren of the verdure that beautifies such "mouldering heaps," or of the kindly attention, the absence of which is always conspicuous in such a place. Most of the grave-stones are broken; but this neglect matters little to the soldier whose epitaph records that he "was foully murdered," or to the sailor whose handsome tablet informed me that he "was killed by falling from aloft." Near the eastern corner

of this graveyard is a commonplace monument to the memory of Karaiskakis and some of his followers, who fell there forty years ago combating the Turks in the War of Greek Independence.

I have written so much of tombs that you will be disposed to think this way from Piræus is the modern *Via Sacra* of the Athenians. But we are already more than a mile along the road between the city and the port. They are slowly constructing a railway at a cost of two millions of francs, for a length of eight kilometres, between Athens and Piræus, which it is expected will be opened for traffic in June or July next. I am glad to have heard the owls of Minerva screech in her own citadel without the accompaniment of a railway whistle. And the exigencies of the Greek kingdom have not allowed the Government to regard the picturesque in selecting the site of the Athenian terminus. If it be true that the shade of Theseus overhung the victorious army, animating their wearying energies at Marathon, should not Athens fear the departure of the offended spirit of the slayer of the Minotaur, when the precincts of his own Temple are desecrated by the railway architecture of an English contractor, and his sacred relics rattled and disturbed by the rumbling wheels and the screams of locomotives? I am glad that I at least shall not witness such an outrage. On approaching Athens from the Piræus the general aspect

of the city is dry and dusty. The houses, usually stuccoed upon walls of rough stone-work, are coloured with pale tints, blue, green, or straw colour; some of the best of them and many of the public buildings have much marble in their construction. The city, flanked by the golden-brown Acropolis on the right, is equally guarded on the left by the stony peaks of Lycabettus, while as a background, the barren side of Mount Hymettus preserves the general aspect of aridity. The fertile plain of Athens, now green with olive groves and young wheat, is at my back while entering the city at the lower extremity of Hermes Street. This thoroughfare, which is the Bond Street of Athens, mounts a gentle ascent till it ends in front of the square and orange garden lying beneath the white palace of the King. At about two-thirds of its length Hermes Street is cut at right-angles by Eolus Street, leading from the rock of the Acropolis through the entire modern city to a straight, suburban road newly planted with pepper trees, a favourite Sunday promenade with the modern Athenians. In Eolus Street is situated the very comfortable Hôtel d'Angleterre, from which I date this letter.

You are angry that I give place to modern and am yet silent as to ancient Athens. I confess to a modest diffidence in approaching my description of the celebrated ruins. And I must do justice to the modern city, which in the short space of little more than thirty

years has arisen with handsome, but German rather than Grecian architectural features, from the nest of ragged bazaars which was the Athens of Turkish times. The plan of Athens, like that of Washington, is ambitious, and handsome villas, standing like oases in deserts of building land, are unsightly evidences of a design, which, I am told, includes habitation for much more than twice the present population of the city, estimated at 40,000. Thirty-six years ago, Dr. Wordsworth wrote of Athens, "The town of Athens is now lying in ruins. The streets are almost deserted, nearly all the houses are without roofs, and the churches are reduced to bare walls and heaps of stone and mortar. There is but one church in which divine service is performed. A few wooden houses, one or two of more solid structure, and the two lines of planked sheds which form the bazaar, are all the inhabited dwellings that Athens can now boast." At present, though many of the kennels of Turkish date exist in the narrow, unpaved streets of the commercial quarter of the town, the houses of Hermes and Eolus Streets, the principal trading thoroughfares, and those of the political and residential quarter, stretching eastward, are exceedingly well and substantially constructed, and the footpaths paved. But the tortuous, labyrinthine streets of the western portion of the city are in a condition which would account for a very high death-rate in Athens. Their unlevel, un-

paved surfaces are generally worn away about the middle by open drains, and every angle is crowded with filth, the stench of which is never out of the nostrils of the passenger. Nor is this ignorance of sanitary arrangements, or indifference to them, only characteristic of the poorest quarters; in the best the drains are badly constructed.

In the first aspect of Athens, that which pleased us most was the picturesque situation of the city, so much the more beautiful and in keeping with its antiquity, because no unsightly fences divide the land in the immediate neighbourhood. On the south side of the Acropolis, where most of the ruins are located, this is especially noticeable. Much of the plain lying between the citadel and Mount Hymettus is cultivated, but the patches of green wheat are unfenced, and the slopes of the ground, always the most ancient features in a landscape, are seen without the disfigurement of fences. The modern town lies entirely to the north of the Acropolis, and is consequently exposed to bitter winds from snowy Parnes; cold blasts, from which the ancient city, lying south and south-west from the citadel, was in some degree sheltered. Moreover, the general aspect of the ancient city was southern, while that of modern Athens is northern. If it were not so variable, the climate of Athens would be extremely healthful; the mountains on all sides are composed of the hardest

limestone, crystallised in many places into marble and quartz. The plain, above the level of which the city stands, is composed of argillaceous clay, and a great part is thickly planted with olive trees. But the contrast between the hot rays of the mid-day sun, and the biting winds that so often sweep the plain, is too great for salubrity, and they who would keep their health at Athens should be careful to regulate the temperature by which they are surrounded.

Probably a traveller's first, and certainly his most interesting, visit will be to the Acropolis, the ascent of which commences at the top of Eolus Street. Supposing him to be on foot, this street will be the nearest approach to the citadel of Minerva. From the general level of Eolus Street the summit of the Acropolis is raised about 180 feet. Little of its architectural glories can be seen. The Parthenon is on the farther side, and only the ragged top of its broken south front appears, for the wall surrounding the citadel hides what might otherwise be seen of its columns. The colouring of the white marble wall in the sunshine is as if the stone had taken a light, ferruginous mould. The traveller's ardour to approach the sacred rock will probably make him unobservant of the motley crowd in Eolus Street, will carry him through the nest of low, unwholesome houses which fringe its southern base, and conduct him in a quarter of an hour to the only,

though not the original, entrance. One of two or three old soldiers, relics of the Greek fights with Turkey, will gladly open the wooden wicket; but they are no use as guides, and indeed are only placed there as guards. Their vocabulary, outside modern Greek, consists of a few words of mispronounced Italian.

But they will leave him very much to himself, and this is no small privilege in such a spot. The first court-yard, a bastion of modern times, contains a number of broken marbles, none of great value. A second doorway passed, and he is upon the steps of the ruined Propylæa, the magnificent vestibule of the Acropolis. The bare, steep rock, rising about one foot in every two of length, is contracted by the wings of the Propylæa, between which, in a space of sixty-five feet, stands the ruin of this magnificent design. The marble of the six Doric columns of the *façade*, none of which are perfect, is still of dazzling whiteness, and the craggy slope on which once rose the central way, flanked with steps by which they were approached, is strewn with broken fragments. You would admire the splendid workmanship of this building; no mortar has been used in any of the Athenian works upon the Acropolis, but the joints of the marble are closer than they could be with cement; and not only in the drums of the columns, but in the masonry of the walls, a precise correspondence is observed in the dimensions of

the blocks. In every detail the same generosity of labour may be noted. The Propylæa exhibit strikingly the great skill of their architect, Mnéssicles, because the site rises rapidly, and is therefore most difficult to occupy. The six Doric columns of the *façade*, which have a diameter of about five and height of twenty-eight feet, have lost the magnificent structure they once supported; but the plan of the vestibule behind can be clearly recognised. At right angles to them, and in line with the two central columns, bordering the sacred way that passed between, are six Ionic columns, higher and more slender, which sustained the roof of the vestibule; then there is a solid screen pierced with five doors, and, having passed this, the visitor is before the eastern *façade* of the Propylæa, of which the six Doric columns, corresponding to those of the western, stand somewhat higher. Of these columns, the two central are most distant from each other, thus marking the path of the great Panathenaic processions.

The door is, I think, the portion of a ruin generally most suggestive. We know that the Grecian fathers of oratory and philosophy have worshipped on the Acropolis, but it is at the doorway only that we seem to catch with certainty the echo of their footsteps. Through this broken portal of the Propylæa, under the huge architrave, now lying on the rock, have passed the men whose names and works have survived for

more than 2000 years! What would not one give to sit invisible beneath these columns and witness the procession of the Panathenaic festival pouring through this twelve-feet gateway! But even then how impossible to appreciate the joyous yet reverential spirit of the Athenians as they entered upon the citadel and stood before the Parthenon! The proud victors in the games, crowned and rewarded with a wreath of olive from the groves of Academe, and the virgins, timidly conscious of their dignity as the embroiderers and the guard of the sacred *peplos*, the new garment of white and gold, representing to the goddess, with the work of their own hands, the greatest men and the greatest actions of the Commonwealth! They can be seen no more; but I will not think our times degenerate even though milliners now-a-days make "peplums" to order, and young ladies broider altar-cloths and church furniture with ritualistic patterns!

I must remember I am on the Acropolis. Just before the entrance to the Propylæa, placed on the left side so as not to obscure the *façade*, is the well-preserved pedestal for an equestrian statue, about twenty-five feet high; the top, from which the statue—probably that of Agrippa or Augustus—has been removed, having about eighteen superficial feet. It is just so designed that the level of the top is also that of the capitals of the columns of the Propylæa. The Professor of

Archæology in the University of Athens, told us that Strabo had, it was thought, purposely overlooked this pedestal because it was an arrogant token of Roman conquest. It is an unsightly evidence of the conquerors' want of taste; for, in front of a building constructed of the white marble of Pentelicus, this pedestal has a singular and altogether different masonry, and is composed of the blue, almost slate-coloured, marble of Hymettus.

But this has been outdone by a greater crime. As if in order to mark the decay of art from the time of Pericles, the right wing of the Propylæa is occupied by a square tower, about 100 feet in height, built during the rule of the French dukes, the first of whom, Guillaume de la Roche, of Burgundy, Duke of Athens and Lord of Thebes, acquired dominion at the commencement of the fourteenth century. This ugly tower, the most conspicuous object on the Acropolis, is built of the ruins of its glory, fragments of the Propylæa and the Parthenon—both of which have suffered far less from time than from the barbarous hands of man, for both have been ruined by explosions, having been degraded as powder magazines. I have been credibly informed that when, quite recently, it was proposed to remove this eyesore of the citadel, the French Minister at Athens actually offered objections, or at least insinuated remonstrances. It is absurd to talk of the independence of Greece, and rant about Pan-Hellenic

freedom, when such a story can even be officially narrated as possible. If, instead of addressing this letter to you, I were, upon the same terms of intimacy, writing to the Emperor of the French, I should take the liberty of telling His Majesty that if France has any right in the matter, it is that to her the privilege belongs of paying for the removal of this tower, which, so long as it stands, proclaims that Vandalism came not only from the north and east, but that Goths and Gauls allied in ruining the Acropolis.

The opposite wing of the Propylæa preserves its original form as the Pinacotheca, one of the very few ancient Greek buildings which were evidently roofed. Perhaps this was the first public building which had windows. The Pinacotheca measures about thirty-five feet by twenty-nine. Before we pass again through the Propylæa, and look at the Parthenon, there is a little temple not long since partially restored from complete ruin, standing before the French tower, which claims attention, occupying the southern wing of the Propylæa. This is the Ionic Temple of Victory without Wings. They say that from the small platform on which it stands King Ægeus threw himself headlong when he saw the ship of his son Theseus approaching with black sails from the sea which now bears the unhappy parent's name. Theseus, you remember, had gone to Crete resolved to fight the Minotaur, and

promised his expectant father that his ship should wear white sails if it bore him back alive, but probably Theseus' mind was full of loving regrets for Ariadne, and so he forgot to change the black sails with which the human tribute-ship had sailed for Crete.

It has been assumed by some writers that Ægeus threw himself into the sea—hence, perhaps, the Ægean Sea; but the rock on which is placed the Temple of Victory without Wings, is at least three miles from the shore. This name was given to the temple because on this occasion the news of victory did not, as it usually does, precede the arrival of the victor. Four fluted monolith columns, nearly twelve feet in height and twenty inches in diameter at the base, front the eastern side of a small *cella* mounted by three steps.

Until the completion of the new museum, the interior contains some valuable fragments. One of exceeding beauty represents Victory taking off her sandals for repose. The drapery and the feet are most exquisitely sculptured, but one sorrows over the new white fracture of the pretty, raised foot, and this the more that the wicked wound is said to have been recently inflicted by an English-speaking American. Tired, probably, after the fight of Salamis, Victory is thus represented as making a resting-place with the conquering Athenians. Upon another fragment she is seen militant, engaging an enraged bull.

Passing through the Propylæa, we may trace up the roughly levelled rock the ancient roadway chiselled in lines to give better foothold. An ordinary architect would have placed the Parthenon directly in face of the Propylæa, and so the western *façade* only would have met our eyes. But such was not the master-mind of Phidias, nor that of Ictinus, who was the architect working under the inspiration of the great sculptor.

The Parthenon is placed upon the actual summit of the citadel, its pavement being two feet higher than the capitals of the columns of the Propylæa, and so much to the right as to give a diagonal view of the temple. Together with the Propylæa, the Parthenon was erected during the brilliant administration of Pericles, about 440 B.C. A thousand years after its construction the interior was converted into a Christian church. Then, in 1687, during the siege of the Acropolis by the Venetians under Morosini, the temple was used by the Turks, who had held the citadel since 1445, as a powder magazine, which an unlucky bomb exploded. To this disaster it is owing that of the central portion of the Parthenon so little remains. Those fragments which survived the explosion the Turks appear to have respected when they became masters of the Acropolis in the latter part of the seventeenth century; with the lighter *débris* they transformed the interior from Christian to Mahometan worship, repairing the walls of the

citadel and constructing their houses with the same materials. The western pediment, the apex of which was about sixty-five feet from the rock on which the temple stands, once contained the figures that Lord Elgin transferred to the British Museum, the group representing the persons present at the contest between Athene (Minerva) and Poseidon (Neptune) as to which should give their name to the city. Two mutilated figures, all that "the Bruce" left, still show how boldly this tympanum was enlivened with the sculptor's art.

The northern and southern extremities of the pediment are finished with lions' heads, and on the metopes, between the triglyphs—the entire length being designed in the purest style of Doric art—are carved figures illustrating the combats of the Athenians with the Persians. Eight columns, six feet two inches in diameter, and five and a half diameters in height, support each pediment, and of these dimensions there are in all forty-six columns, fifteen being upon each side. They have no base, and the carving of their capitals is remarkable for simple massiveness. The *cella*, within the columns, is a magnificent piece of workmanship, the blocks of which it is composed being all of uniform dimensions, the ground course of each presenting a face measuring about eight by four feet, the upper courses being composed of blocks, all measuring about four feet by twenty inches. Think of the labour required to

bring all these blocks to precisely the same size, and to smooth, not the face only, but the horizontal and vertical surfaces of every stone, so that each block should fit with mathematical precision! On the marble pavement of the temple some roughened flags near the centre seem to betoken the position of the ivory and gold statue of Minerva, the work of Phidias, which represented the goddess standing covered with the ægis and a long tunic. Her helmet, probably of solid gold, was surmounted by a sphinx and had a griffin on either side. With one hand she held her lance, in a peaceful attitude, by her side, and in the other was a small figure of Victory. Of the fate of this magnificent work there is no record.

Of the metopes on the north side of the Parthenon, representing the fight against the Amazons, some few, the relics of the explosion, are yet in their places. Of those on the south side, illustrating the combat of the Centaurs with the Lapithes, some are in the British Museum and one at Paris. The frieze, which surrounded the *cella*, representing with hundreds of figures the Panathenaic procession, has shared the same fate; part of it has been destroyed, and part expatriated. Of the sculpture which once adorned the eastern pediment nothing remains but the heads of two horses, supposed, from their south-eastern position, to have represented the rising chariot of Aurora, the figures

having been thrown from their position by the explosion, which has so much ruined the temple. The metopes on this face, illustrating the exploits of Grecian heroes, are still in place, and beneath them, the round shades upon the marble frieze are said to indicate the places where hung votive shields, and the nail-marks between them to be traces of the supports of festive garlands. The total length of the Parthenon is about 230 feet, rather more than twice its width. Looking from east to west through the western doorway, which still preserves its original proportions, there is the blue sky, the purple land of Salamis, the sapphire waters of its bay; and, reversing the point of sight, the columns of the western front are seen upon a background, formed by the steel-grey side of Mount Hymettus.

Battle and earthquake, and Time itself, have vainly endeavoured to destroy the glorious work of Ictinus. Had the masonry been less massive, the blocks would long ago have been hurled below upon besiegers, or served in baser elevations; had the building been less substantial, it would have succumbed to Time, if not to the cannon-balls which have scarred the western front with wounds not mortal, but splintering deep into the white marble. Earthquakes have shifted the centres of some of the drums of the fluted columns, but many preserve their original lines. Of its pristine beauty of outline we can form a not inaccurate conception,

but in the decay of art imagination has not the materials to picture its original similitude. A dazzling temple of snow richly decorated with glowing colours, that faded not beneath the bright, warm sky of purest blue, seated upon a glistening rock, a site unequalled for natural and architectural advantages, furnished with gems of art, itself the finest of them all; the Parthenon was the centre of an imperfect religion, but the attributes which were there worshipped, and of which it was the worthy temple, are among the noblest man can ascribe to his God, and that worship could not have been devoid of grand moral results which bowed in such a temple before the representation of Purity and Wisdom.

But the architect of the Acropolis did not allow the view through the columns of the Propylæa to want an object. Right in face, about on a level with the front line of the Parthenon, rose the colossal statue of Minerva Promachus, also the work of Phidias, and said to have been cast in bronze furnished by the spoils of Marathon. I have met with no precise estimate of the height of this majestic statue. But there is no doubt that it stood at least as high as the Parthenon itself—that the helmeted head, the right arm wielding the uplifted lance, and the left bearing the shield, the one threatening the enemies of Athens, the other defending the city, could be seen at sea rising above the Propylæa. It

is said that Attila himself shrunk fearful from the awful presence of this majestic figure. Nothing of it remains; perhaps the platform of masonry in line with the central doorway of the Propylæa marks its position, but the only metal now to be found on the Acropolis, is that of the broken bombs which were belched upon it by the rude mouths of mediæval cannon.

This colossal statue of Minerva stood between the Parthenon and the clustered temple, which is generally known as the Erechtheum. This temple covered the most sacred ground upon the Acropolis. Like the Parthenon, the existing ruin stands upon the more ancient foundation of a temple destroyed either by Xerxes or his lieutenant Mardonius. The architect of this temple had difficult conditions to fulfil—to cover the sacred ground, the scene of Minerva's victory over Neptune; to guard equally the spring which is supposed to have issued from the trident's thrust, and the olive tree which sprung up at the command of Athene, gaining for her the choice, and for the immortal city her name. Between the two he had to erect a temple to Minerva Polias, the especial guardian of the city, whose wooden image in this temple was of all things in Athens the most sacred. Not to the golden and ivory goddess of the Parthenon, nor to the bronze majesty, the works of the greatest of sculptors, did the Athenians

bring the sacred *peplos*, but to this wooden figure, which was supposed to have descended from heaven. This temple, which, though certainly of later date, cannot be much less ancient than the Parthenon, is of Ionic and altogether more ornate architecture. The massive details of the larger temple are quite subordinate to the general effect, but those of the smaller invite a more close inspection, by their intricate beauty and minute precision of workmanship. Of both, the material is the same, the white marble of Pentelicus. In shape the Erechtheum much resembles a T, the vertical and largest building being the Temple of Minerva Polias. The horizontal portions are unequal; the smaller to the left and south next the Parthenon, is the Pandrosium covering the sacred olive tree; the larger and northern, often distinguished as the Erechtheum, being erected above the spot where the thrust of Neptune's trident produced a spring.

The Pandrosium, which obtained this name from Pandrosus, one of the three daughters of Cecrops, the first King of Athens, may occupy the site of the temple said to have been erected to her honour, as another portion of this ruin, of which sometimes the part and sometimes the whole is called the Erechtheum, may have been dedicated to the memory of King Erichthonius, who also lived in the mythological period of Athenian history. Perhaps from the tale of these

daughters of Cecrops has descended the calumny which accuses women of extravagant curiosity. The story goes that this son of Vulcan, born with serpents' tails in place of legs, and otherwise very deformed, was placed in a box by Minerva, which the goddess entrusted to Pandrosus and her two sisters, Aglauros and Hersé. Pandrosus was the only one of the trio who successfully restrained her curious desire to open the casket; hence her honours. And of Erichthonius it is said, that he reigned fifty years King of Athens and died in 1437 B.C.

But the story of the spring and the olive tree is far more beautiful, and the construction of the Pandrosium supports its authenticity; for upon the low wall enclosing this portion of the temple stood six Caryatides, rather larger than life-size, bearing the entablature and roof upon their heads, the spaces between them being quite open, freely admitting sun and air for the nourishment of the sacred olive. The Pandrosium is admirably copied, so far as its main features are concerned, in St. Pancras Church in the New Road, London. But just as the olive tree, which the original may once have protected, would wither and die in the cold shade of our city, so do those Caryatides, gazing on the street architecture of the New Road, appear lifeless and foreign compared with the broken originals which seem not to have been deprived of life by 2000 years of ill-

usage and neglect. The second from the left of the four Caryatides which now support the front of the Pandrosium, is a plaster copy of that which Lord Elgin carried away to the British Museum. The folds of their drapery much resemble, probably with intention, the flutings of columns; and though they are evidently works of a master-hand, yet it may be seen, from comparing these and other draped figures with the nude statues of a later period, how much Grecian art gained in accuracy by anatomical study. Many parts of the Pandrosium have been lifted from the ground where they lay in ruinous fragments, and restored to their original position.

The larger building, with which the Pandrosium is connected, is the Temple of Minerva Polias. In this temple, before the wooden image of the goddess, burned always a golden lamp, supplied but once a year with oil, the wick being, it is said, of inflammable asbestos, the fumes escaping by a tube hidden in the branches of a golden palm tree which overhung the lamp. The beautiful doorway, leading from the Erechtheum into the Temple of Minerva Polias, bordered with many rich Ionic patterns, is also faithfully copied in the western entrance of St. Pancras Church. The Erechtheum is a square building, having about twice the capacity of the Pandrosium, with entablature and roof supported by ornate and delicate Ionic columns. It is, therefore,

rather a portico than a temple. A ruined staircase conducts from the Temple of Minerva Polias beneath the pavement of the Erechtheum, where are still visible two of the three marks of Neptune's trident. I have always loved the sea, but my awe of the sea-god increased considerably on beholding the supposed dimensions of his trident. If these are the holes it made, each prong must be six inches in diameter and about a foot apart!

The wall which surrounds the citadel is not the least wonderful or instructive of the burdens of the Acropolis. Its foundations may have existed before the time of Xerxes, and undoubtedly much of its visible construction is as ancient as the days of Themistocles and Cimon, the great son of the great Miltiades. In the south-eastern portion many drums of columns are built into the walls, probably some remnants of the temples of the Acropolis, destroyed by the Persians. And perhaps it is not too much to say that, in every age something has been added to or taken from this work. The wall includes the most famous spot in ancient history, the shape of the enclosure being a crooked ellipse about a thousand feet in length by four hundred in width. Scattered upon the rocky surface of the Acropolis, are a thousand objects of great interest. A fragment of bas-relief lying against the Temple of Minerva Polias, shows an authentic trireme, the highest tier of

oarsmen alone being visible; but the oars of those beneath are keeping good and timely stroke, and the comfort of all seems to have been regarded in the cover or awning which appears to have screened the rowers from the sun. In another part of the ground is a fragment of very early art, which the Professor informed us might have been sculptured about the time of Solon, perhaps 200 years before the building of the Parthenon. This fragment, which is thought to be one of the most ancient works in Athens, represents a man with an animal—I thought a goat or a calf—over his shoulders, holding the four feet upon his breast. Probably he is a priest about to offer sacrifice. The work is very flat and shallow, the artist appearing to have had a very unnatural tendency to round or square the features and limbs of his subject, giving a rude, mathematical simplicity to the figure, which is such a work as a mason might turn out who had less faith in his eye than in his rule and compass.

Near the Parthenon, the fallen ruins of which are themselves a sadly interesting sight, the rock has been bared of some few feet of *débris*, which had covered what appears to have been a working ground of the masons who built the temple. The three or four drums lying here in a very unfinished condition, were doubtless rejected as faulty stones, and afterwards covered up in order to make level the approaches to the Parthenon. It is curious to observe that in their middle circum-

ference each of these blocks has four equidistant projections, probably intended for holding the rope by means of which they were lifted. Near these disinterred blocks, at the eastern extremity of the Acropolis, a bastion levelled and confined by low walls, under the special direction of the ex-Queen Amelia, commands a magnificent view of the city and its environs. About the rock are ruins of "bomb-proofs," erected by modern possessors of the Acropolis, pieces of exploded bombs, and broken mortuary pillars—monuments once reared to the memory of ancient Greeks. Many of these are to be met with about Athens; they appear to have been placed three to five feet out of the ground.

A narrow, ruined staircase, at the north-western corner of the citadel, leads to where it is supposed the spring Clepsydra issued, and immediately outside the wicket by which we first entered upon the Acropolis, there stands against a Turkish archway a marble pilaster, engraved in Greek characters, with the curse of which the following is a translation:—

"I entrust the guardianship of this chapel to the Infernal Gods, to Pluto, and to Ceres, and to Proserpine, and to all the furies, and to all the Infernal Gods. If any one shall deface this chapel, or mutilate it, or remove anything from it, either himself or by means of another, to him may not the land be passable nor the sea navigable, but may he be utterly uprooted! May

he experience all evils, fever and ague and quartan ague and leprosy! And as many ills as man is liable to, may they befall that man who dares to move anything from this chapel!" Does not this heathen curse read wonderfully like a Romish excommunication?

LETTER III.

The Caves of the Acropolis—Worship of Pan—Cave of Aglauros—Theatre of Bacchus—Its Chief Seats—The *Entr'acts*—The Greek Chorus—Choragic Monument of Lysicrates—Lord Byron in Athens—Theatre of Herod Atticus—Its Present Fittings—Tower of the Winds—Market of Athens—Polypi and Sepia—Emperor Adrian's Stoa—Lord Elgin's Tower—Byron on Elgin—Gate of the Agora—Temple of Theseus—Its Position and Architecture—The Centaurs and Lapithes—A very Ancient Athenian Warrior—The Arch of Adrian—Temple of Jupiter Olympus—Plundered by Sylla and Caligula—Banishment of Phidias—Cobden upon the Ilissus—Fountain Callirhoe—The Stadium—Monument of Philopappus—The Museum Hill—The Hill of Mars—St. Paul before the Areopagus—Empty Niches—The Pnyx—The Bema of the Pnyx—The Observatory of Athens.

On all, except the western side of the Acropolis, the limestone rocks present no approach, and the wall which surmounts these crags precludes any entry but through the western and only gateway. The number of caves in the rocks around Athens was favourable to Polytheism, and in the sides of the citadel there are three, as to the dedication of which there is no doubt. Near the eastern and western extremities of the northern side of the rock looking on the modern city, are two; the larger and

western was dedicated to Pan, with especial reference to the services this god is supposed to have rendered at the battle of Marathon. This cavern is roughly semicircular, and about ten feet deep by twenty in width and twenty-five in height. It appears to have been the custom of the Athenians to devote small bas-reliefs to their gods, and to fix these upon the face of rocks and caverns.

Niches cut in the sides of this cave to a depth of about four inches, show the places from which such tablets have been taken. Some of these tablets—to be seen in the collections of antiquities at Athens—retain the traces of rich colouring, and it is not difficult to fancy the bizarre effect of these caverns irregularly adorned with such offerings. But it is much less easy to do justice to the feelings of the reverent Athenians, who kept strict silence, while they adored Pan in this cave, and never appeared on its threshold but with bare feet, newly washed, perhaps in the neighbouring well Clepsydra. The cave is elevated about 150 feet above the city, and every portion exposed to view. When we see the figure of Pan, with goat's legs and horns, and mouth on those pipes which have handed down his name to the youngest urchin of London streets, we think him a coarse creature. But under this form the Athenians worshipped that influence to which all our minds have bowed—the hush, the fecundity, the soft music of the country!

The smaller cavern at the north-east was dedicated to Aglauros, that daughter of Cecrops whose jealousy of the god Mercury's love for her sister Hersé so offended the divinity that he turned her into stone—a very convenient mode of getting rid of a jealous lady if one held the magic *caduceus* of Mercury. Why Aglauros should have received divine honours does not appear, but possibly the Athenian ladies were on her side, and thought the improper conduct of the god ought to be shown up. A ruined communication between this cavern and the citadel is said by some to have been the means by which the Persians ascended and gained possession of the Acropolis. On the south-east face of the rock, a cave, having an artificially-recessed opening about twenty-five feet square, with an interior naturally arched and about twenty feet in depth, was dedicated to the god Dionysius, commonly called Bacchus. If, as we may suppose, he was, out of his cups, a wise god, Bacchus would sit sometimes at sunrise upon the roughly-levelled floor of his cavern, and gaze over the ancient city upon the rich landscape and sea-view spreading out before him. Many vacant niches mark the place of votive tablets, and rude frescoes on its walls show that this cavern has often heard Christian worship. Upon its rocky roof are two Ionic columns of unequal height, the offerings, it is supposed, of successful Choragi in the theatre. The names upon

the bases of the columns, and their form, betoken that these offerings were made in the Roman days of Athens.

There is no more interesting ruin in Athens, and probably none more ancient, than the remains of the Theatre of Bacchus, which lie exactly beneath the cave dedicated to that god. The building of this theatre was commenced about 500 B.C. This is the parent and mother of all theatres, a spot no less sacred than the house of Shakespeare. For here, Æschylus, the father of tragedy, brought forth his works, the delighted audience seeing for the first time more than one actor on the stage, and the players dressed in likeness of the character they presented. Among the young men who thrilled most with enjoyment at the spectacle—the drama was highly sensational, and the actors wore hideous masks—were doubtless Sophocles and Euripides, whose plays, as well as the later comedies of Aristophanes, were performed in this theatre.

Well and wisely did the Athenians choose the site. The semicircular seats, carved without great labour in the rocky slope of the Acropolis, face south-east, and, sheltered by the citadel, enjoy the warmest weather to be had in Athens. The ruins of twenty-six rows can be seen, but the rocky seats were probably terraced up to the Cave of Bacchus. The largest diameter of this theatre appears to have been about 250 feet. I cannot, in my own measurements, find the enormous dimensions

given by some writers. In all the books I have read making reference to this theatre, it is said to have been capable of holding 30,000 spectators. Judging from its ruins I should suppose that much less than half that number would have filled every seat it contained.

Of the tiers of seats of which the ruins exist, twenty-five are precisely similar in construction; the stone seats, which had no backs to them, being about fourteen inches wide, with a space of eighteen inches behind them for the feet of the spectators seated on the next upper bench. The twenty-sixth and lowest tier, on a level with the semicircular pavement of the theatre, and divided from it by a fencing of white marble, was composed of sixty-six massive chairs sculptured in white marble, thirty-three on either side of the central seat, which was slightly projecting from the others, and more capacious. The back of this chief seat is ornamented with two sculptured fauns, and between them a bunch of grapes. These may have been the seats of the magistrates of ancient Greece; but from the names graven upon them, probably in Roman times, it appears that they were then occupied by dignitaries, most of whom were priests. The stern democracy which ruled in the uniform construction of this theatre was broken through by the Roman emperor Adrian, who has written his name so legibly upon Athens. Several of these marble chairs were in his day

removed and replaced with steps conducting to a raised seat, beside which are blocks of marble bearing this emperor's name.

The nearly semicircular space in front of the proscenium, bounded by the fencing of white marble, having a radius of about seventy feet, is paved with coloured marbles. Of the stage and of the front of the buildings little is left but the foundations, which were laid with blocks of concrete hard as the rock of the Acropolis itself. But however these vanished portions of the building may have been constructed, it is quite certain they were not so designed as wholly to shut out the spectators from the view these ruined seats now command, the best *entr'acte* the manager of this Theatre of Bacchus could present. And if the chorus did now and then wax dull, there were the mountains and the sea, and all the life of Athens spread before the eyes of the wearied spectator. In those days the stage was an institution of the State, which made contributions towards its support; and among the demands of the Government upon the richest citizens was the requirement to furnish choruses for the theatres. The honoured bearer of this burden, called "Choregus," found the members of the chorus usually from among his tribe, and from his purse was defrayed the cost of their masks, and dresses, and training; his reward being generally a tripod, on which were inscribed his

name and the success of his chorus. These tripods, prized by the Athenians much as "challenge shields" are with our volunteers, were often permanently placed on pillars or monuments near to the theatre in which they were won, in order to exhibit to all the citizens and to commemorate the successes of the Choregus and his troop.

Such was doubtless the burden of the two columns standing high upon the rock above the Cave of Bacchus. And such, too, was the purpose of a monument near to the theatre known as the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. On a stone pedestal about nine feet square and ten in height, is raised a lantern-shaped monument with what appear to be features of Ionic architecture, about twelve feet in height, surmounted with a stone finial for carrying the tripod. The base of this ruin has been excavated from eight feet of *débris*, showing that the level of this part of the city is so much higher than at the time of its construction. In the lapse of nearly 2000 years, how many buildings may have occupied the site around this monument, upon the dust of which the Athenians of to-day are walking! In a convent, which I believe enclosed the monument, Lord Byron wrote his "Paraphrase of Horace;" "The Malediction of Minerva;" and "Remarks upon the Romaic, or the Modern Greek Language." The only sign of the ruined convent that I could observe was a

broken tombstone recording the death of "Catherine Mertrud," who departed this life "le 5 Thermidor, An. 13."

This prize of Lysicrates may have been partly earned by the efforts of Sophocles himself, for both he and Æschylus played parts upon this stage. In the great works of the great writers of Athens, and in none more than in those of her dramatists, is seen the triumph of mind over matter, the imperishability of literature compared with art. There is no doubt that in future the ruins of Athens will be respected and carefully supported, but every year they are yielding something to the inexorable force of Time, while the contemporary literature of Greece enjoys a wider fame than ever, and is in no danger of oblivion while Time endures.

The ruins of an arcade, probably of Roman construction, connect the Theatre of Bacchus with the Theatre of Herod Atticus, situate upon the south-western flank of the Acropolis. There is no difficulty in recognising the Roman hand in this building. The ruins of the front show the remains of three tiers of arches formed much like those of the Colosseum at Rome, and the building, the dimensions of which are easily observed, was semicircular, considerably smaller than the Theatre of Bacchus. It was erected by Herod Atticus, a wealthy Athenian—said to have been descended from Miltiades,

the conqueror of Marathon—in honour of his wife Regilla, who was probably a Roman dame. Perhaps Herod visited Rome in the time of the Emperor Adrian, by whom he had been made Governor of Troas, and, in admiration of the Colosseum, lost preference for the purer and more refined architecture of his native city.

The tiers of stone seats which appear, unlike those in the larger theatre, to have been divided, in Roman fashion, into classes, are founded on the rock of the Acropolis, and the massive stones of the back wall may yet be seen behind them. Probably this theatre was roofed, and this appears more likely, as the soffits, or under surfaces of the arches in the front, are radiated towards the sky, to throw as much light as possible upon the auditorium. At present the lower part of this theatre is fitted with wooden benches, a wooden proscenium and stage, the latter faced by a wooden box for the accommodation of His Majesty King George of the Hellenes, and occasionally there are representations of ancient as well as modern dramas. We found we could not pay due attention to daylight, open-air performances in such a place; the action and the voice upon the stage were drowned in recollections; they seemed, instead of an echo of the very same words which this theatre had heard in ancient times to be but a mockery, to be out of harmony with the golden-brown ruins which stood high above the wooden accommodation, and with the

wild flowers that drew the willing eyes up to the ruined seats, of which they were the only occupants. It would be a treat indeed to sit in the neighbouring Theatre of Bacchus and see, if only in the reality of a dream, the Athenian people assisting at a representation of a favourite play of their favourite Sophocles. But if that cannot be, it is cruel to trifle with imagination, which can people these ruins and reconstruct the scene with materials more like the glorious originals than modern Greeks and their planking.

From before this Theatre of Herod Atticus an excellent carriage road leads to the Acropolis, which we have now surrounded. The octagonal Tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, so called perhaps from his Macedonian origin, but more commonly spoken of as the Tower of the Winds, is at the top of Eolus Street, and close to the southern ascent of the citadel, with which it is supposed to have had connection by an aqueduct of which there remain the ruins of three arches. This tower was the city clock, or one of the city clocks, of ancient Athens. Each one of its eight faces is marked with horary lines, each being in fact a vertical dial, and the frieze above each is sculptured with a flying, life-sized figure, representing the character or the products of the wind which blows from that particular quarter. Eurus, the east wind, bears flowers and fruit; Boreas, the north wind, booted and bellowing, seems to be sailing with

a full sheet. The wet feet of Libs, the south-west wind, are bare, and so are those of Zephyrus, the west wind, who, like Eurus, brings flowers. The total height of the tower is not more than thirty, and the diameter of the octagon fifteen feet. It is covered with a pointed roof, on which it is said there once stood a Triton, who held in his hand a wand with which he indicated the direction of the wind. In the north-east and north-west faces are doors, of which the porticos have disappeared; upon the floor of the interior are circular canals, which it is said formed part of the machinery of a water-clock, to supplement the dials at night or in cloudy weather, and was supplied by the aqueduct which connected the tower with the Acropolis, and conveyed to it from thence the water of the spring Clepsydra.

It is necessary to traverse the modern Agora of Athens to reach the next of the ruins of the ancient city, the remains of the Stoa or columned arcade built in the time of the Emperor Adrian. The market in Eolus Street is full of strange things. Together with a fine show of oranges, apples, pears, nuts, and figs, there are firkins of caviare and roes of other fish, lumps of sour, white cheese, cakes almost floating in honey that may be from Hymettus, trays of "rahat-lakoum," the famous sweetmeat of Constantinople, all served by the fiercest-looking Greeks in Albanian costume. The

Greek mode of brushing the moustache, open and in line with the mouth, so that every separate hair seems to bristle with ferocity, is in a great degree the cause of their warlike appearance. But for all this they are very civil and very glad to take your money. The fish stalls are horrible to look at; for this is Lent, and the Greek Church, though not imposing fast with the rigour of the Latin, yet looks with especial favour upon those of its communion who during "the forty days" avoid the contamination of eating of anything—fish or flesh or fowl—which has blood. For this cause, from the sea are drawn the horrible monsters which now crowd the fish stalls of the markets of Athens. There are heaps of shell-fish, among them the large, triangular-shaped *Pinna rudis*, and in slimy puddles of their own ink are numberless sepias, most inedible creatures, about a pound in weight, shapeless masses floundering in oil and black ink. But they are appetising compared with the polypi, which resemble a bundle of sea serpents from a foot to a yard in length, held together by a central, unformed head. These terrible nondescripts, which fulfil every condition of the Greek Lent, and are, accordingly, much eaten by pious women, reminded me of that sea-devil which fastened upon the much-enduring Gilliatt in Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*. Every inch of them has two or three suckers, and, if I may judge from the mode in which I saw a boy

destroying the life of one at Piræus, by thrashing the pavement with it for ten minutes, I should say they had as many lives, and were, moreover, as tough as any leather. *Àpropos* of Lent, it is curious that with the Greek Church the fast begins upon the Monday before Ash Wednesday, two days earlier than with the Western Church.

The remains of Adrian's Stoa are those of a very fine building, but his extensive works in Athens, beside their comparative novelty, about 600 years later than the Parthenon, are sad evidences of the decline and subjection of the Athenian power. The shape of the building was probably oblong, the sides being respectively about 200 and 300 feet in length. Of the western front seven plain monolith columns remain, and one fluted column, standing in advance of them, which evidently formed part of the central portico; on the southern side of this portico there were seven columns corresponding with those yet standing. They are of Corinthian order, though their capitals are carved with as much simplicity as is possible in that ornate style. The Corinthian style, which may have been common in the wealthy and luxurious city of Corinth, was, it is said, the invention of Callimachus, the designer of the golden lamp which burned day and night in the Temple of Minerva Polias. This architect of the Isthmian city, to whom the Athenians gave the name

of "Callimachus the Industrious," took the idea of the Corinthian style from seeing the leaves of an acanthus surrounding a basket of flowers which had been placed upon a short column, marking the tomb of a young girl of Corinth. The columns of Adrian's Stoa are disengaged from the wall, and each appears to have supported a decorative statue. In modern times the lower portion of the walls has formed the plastered side of a Greek church, now happily destroyed, but frescoed heads with gilded aureoles still certainly attest the fact. The columns, of which the lower portions were inside this church, are about three feet in diameter and ten feet distant from each other. Nothing evidences more strikingly the decay of Greece than the condition of the dirty, planked bazaar or market that now occupies the site which was formerly the interior of this handsome building. And there could not well be a more suggestive or shabby indicator of this decadence than the roughly built clock-tower, about forty feet high and ten square, which bears the name and was the gift of "Tomas, Comes Elgin."

Athens has borne much; she has been plundered by every people in Europe; her expatriated treasures form the riches of most celebrated museums. They have not left her a single statue; they would have transplanted the Parthenon itself if their strength had been equal to their rapacity. Fancy if, when she her-

self has arisen in new and comely form and strength, Athens could call home and endow with requisite powers of motion the life-like marbles of her famous sculptors! What lamentation there would be, not in England only, but in the treasure houses of all the great powers of Europe! The pedestals of the slender and graceful Venuses of Naples, Rome, and Florence; the hills of the Quirinal and the Capitol; the greatest ornament of the arsenal of Venice; the most authentic art of the Louvre; the spacious art galleries in Bloomsbury Street; the German Walhalla;—all these and many others would be empty and gone, and Athens would only have regained her own.

The high interests of art throughout the world, which gains so much by the distribution of these treasures, does not, I think, demand their restitution; yet while I rejoice in the rich possessions of the British Museum, which have made thousands upon thousands of our countrymen familiar with the wondrous beauty of ancient art who would otherwise have had less knowledge of it, I cannot look upon the empty tympanum of the Parthenon without shame, and upon Lord Elgin's clock-tower without disgust. If it was fair to steal or to buy of those who pretended to their ownership the marbles of the Acropolis, it may be right to keep them, especially as no other people would be likely to follow our example if we were so chivalrous

as to return them to their proper country—to the light of a climate and to the vicinity of monuments which render their interpretation so much more facile. But if the mind that planned their expatriation designed also this wretched tower, the instinct that prompted the—shall I call it theft?—was that of a robber rather than of an artist. Lord Elgin's clock-tower is nothing but a most unsightly memorial of a transaction not very creditable to the English name, concerning which Lord Byron wrote:

> "Quod non fecerunt Gothi,
> Hoc fecerunt Scoti."

The author of "Childe Harold" is generally credited with originality in regard to this couplet; but the lines are, I think, only a clever paraphrase of the happier wit of Pasquin, who, when Urban VIII., a member of the great Roman House of Barberini, added the short bell-turrets, often spoken of as the "asses' ears," to the splendid portico of the Roman Pantheon, wrote:

> "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barberini."

Not far from the market, which was the site of Adrian's Stoa, is a much more ancient ruin, the Gate of the Agora. Beneath that ruined pediment, supported by four massive Doric columns, the diameters of which exceed six feet, has poured the noisy life of the Athens of Pericles and Sophocles—the first often praised and

sometimes decried for his extravagant expenditure upon the buildings of the city, while the talk of Sophocles would probably be concerning the excellences of his last, and speculations as to his next tragedy. The gateway faces westward, and within it, a few paces eastward, is reared a pilaster, not in its original position, engraved with a decree of the Emperor Adrian concerning the sale of provisions. Westward of this ruin, among the largest nest of barely habitable sheds that formed part of Turkish Athens—a quarter where the drainage is all upon the surface, and the narrow, unpaved streets have the intricacy of a maze—a few remaining stones mark the site of the Gymnasium of Ptolemy. And although one may be repaid for plunging into the filth of this quarter, by seeing this ruin and that of the Place of the Eponyms, yet none will be sorry to reach the open level of the parade-ground, on the extremity of which stands the well-preserved ruin of the Temple of Theseus.

Probably this temple is older by some few years than the Parthenon. In that memorable year of Athenian history, 490 B.C., when Marathon was fought and won, their success—so thought the grateful victors—was largely owing to the presence and the encouragement of the spirit of Theseus, their great King; so when the Mede was driven from their land, they anxiously consulted the oracle of Apollo as to how they should

best retain the supernatural aid of Theseus for their arms, and the oracular reply bade them search for, and bring to their country, the remains of Theseus, and preserve them religiously in their city. Who more fit to make this quest than Cimon, the son of the victorious Miltiades? To him the duty was entrusted, and he, in the Isle of Scyros, found a lance and sword which had belonged to the Minotaur-killer, and were probably the actual arms with which he had encountered that redoubtable myth. Back to Athens, in the year 468 B. C., Cimon bore these treasures, received with reverent homage by the citizens, and by them deposited upon the site of this temple, the erection of which, above these sacred relics, is supposed to have immediately commenced.

The Temple of Theseus may have given an idea to the designer of the Parthenon, though to my humble judgment the work of the architect Micon lacks many of the marks of genius which characterise the Crown of the Acropolis. In both, the Doric style of architecture is treated with much sameness; their material—the marble of Pentelicus—is the same, and in both there is a very obvious subordination of detail to general effect. Yet at all events this temple is but a miniature Parthenon, its superficial dimensions being seventy-five feet in length, with a width of about twenty-five feet. Its general aspect is heavier than that of the

Parthenon; but this, if it be a fault, would certainly disappear if it were lifted to the height upon which that temple stands. Yet the site of the Temple of Theseus is excellent, and was evidently selected with care. From the southern foundations the rocky ground upon which it stands slopes away towards the finest point of view, which will soon be occupied by the railway station of Athens. The interval of space, planted with aloes and stunted bushes, is, for a foreground, all that could be desired. Like the Parthenon, this temple ranges east and west, and indeed the great architects of Athens seem to have regarded the parallelism of their buildings as of great importance in the general view.

Like the Parthenon, also, the front was towards the east, and the pediment of that end of the Temple of Theseus was occupied with figures. But though this ruin is, in other respects, so perfect, not a vestige except the empty holes of the irons that held them is found of these figures. The metopes beneath are sculptured with illustrations of the labours of Hercules, and four on either side above the portico are devoted to the works of Theseus. A peristyle of six feet in width divides the *cella* from the columns, which are more than a yard in thickness, and about six diameters in height. Of these there are six upon each *façade*, and thirteen at either side. The highest point is about five and thirty feet from the pavement. The original

columns, though damaged by earthquakes, and in one place by violence, are all in position, and the walls of the *cella*, though not intact, show its original dimensions.

Upon the frieze of the *cella* the gods are represented holding counsel on Olympus, and another portion is illustrated with the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithes, a combat in which Theseus gained much honour. It seems that "horsey" men have in all times been rude to women, and the Centaurs, or "horsey" men of Thessaly, took liberties with the lady friends of the Lapithes, to which tribe Theseus belonged, by whose bravery — so the story goes — these "half-men, half-beasts," were driven into Arcadia. Of the figures which still remain in these bas-reliefs, many have been decapitated, probably by the hammer of some iconoclastic Christians. Much of the pavement has disappeared, having, it is said, been taken by a Turk to burn into lime; but, upon the whole, the Christians have proved unkinder guardians of the ruins of Athens than the Moslems; and while there is no doubt that the Turk is often a barbarian, his destructive genius seems never so strong as his conservative instinct. A more circumstantial statement is made by Aldenhoven with regard to the damage of two southern columns. The Turks, according to that writer, commenced, in 1660, the destruction of the temple, intending to build a mosque upon its site, and the Greeks were only just in time to prevent its demo-

lition, forbidden by an order obtained at Constantinople. In comparatively modern times the *cella* was covered with an arched roof, and used as a Christian church. Now it contains fragmentary marbles piled up in some confusion, awaiting the completion of the new museum, which, in its turn, awaits the termination of the war in Crete. Among these marbles, the very ancient figure of an Athenian warrior, life-size, in bas-relief, retains much of the colouring with which it was at first adorned, and, by similarity of feature and apparel, seems to strengthen very sensibly the evidence which gives an Egyptian origin to the master race of ancient Greece. As a specimen of ancient chromatic art, this is one of the most valuable fragments in Athens. There is, too, in this collection a fine bas-relief representing the instruction of a youth in the mysteries of the Temple of Eleusis, and a curiously sculptured figure with a woman's head, having the body, wings, tail, legs, and feet of a bird. These are minor treasures, but the golden-brown Temple of Theseus was and is one of the greatest adornments of Athens.

We are now to the south-west of the Acropolis, and I purpose, in our survey of the ruins of Athens, to pass directly through the rock, to about an equal distance from its north-east angle. Here we are at the Arch of Adrian. This emperor had the *parvenu's* ambition to write his name everywhere upon the most durable

materials and in the most public places; in which, as in other respects, he appears to have resembled Louis Napoleon; both have manifested an unconquerable desire to Latinise every corner of the earth, to spread Latin influence over all people. The same instinct which has led the ruler of France to record upon the stones of the Louvre the unimportant fact that he connected the Louvre with the Tuileries, prompted Adrian to write above this marble arch, "This is the city of Adrian, not that of Theseus." The French emperor proudly carved his deed *vis-à-vis* to the respectable name of Louis Quatorze; the Roman, anxious to connect himself with the immortal Theseus, more desired to erect to his own memory a monument in Athens. Above the other side of the archway is written, "This is Athens, the city of Theseus." The explanation of this is, that the Roman portion of the city built by Adrian lay through this gateway north-east of the Acropolis, the city of Theseus lying from south to west, and stretching with less fulness round to the north-west and north of the rock. The arch of Adrian is built of white marble, which, in all the ruins of Athens, has taken a colour like a yellow-brown rust. The archway is surmounted with a lighter construction composed of Ionic columns, pilasters, cornices, and pediment, which, I think, may have contained a statue of the emperor. Through the arch, which now stands quite

isolated upon the confines of the large platform, once the site of the gorgeous Temple of Jupiter Olympus, may be seen the ruins of this greatest work of Adrian.

But long before the time of Roman emperors, the first stones of this magnificent pile—the largest and most ornate edifice of Athens—were laid by Pisistratus, probably sixty years before the battle of Marathon. His work was, perhaps, the immense platform of masonry on which the temple rested, measuring about 700 feet by 450. The site originally sloped gently from the foot of the Acropolis to the bed of the Ilissus. The large masonry of this platform retained the foundations of this temple, and must have added much to its imposing appearance. Its progress seems to have been greatly delayed. Little more than a commencement could have been made when the Persians entered Athens and laid waste the temples of the city. Then, when the Athenians returned home the victors of Marathon and Salamis, they were still unwilling to spend their money and labour, in the first place, upon a work so exposed to an enemy, and preferred to rebuild the temples of Minerva and to work in comparative security upon their citadel. And, probably, the service of the Olympian Jove himself was never so dear to the Athenians as that of Minerva. So while Pericles was building the city of marble, their hands were full with other undertakings. To Antiochus Epiphanes does Al-

denhoven give the honour of having been the sovereign under whose sway at Athens, a Roman architect, Cossutius, conceived the design and commenced the execution of this Corinthian temple. It is difficult to believe that this dissolute King of Syria, the ruthless destroyer of Jerusalem, should in another great city be the builder of so grand a temple; but, assuming the statement to be correct, it is certain, at least, that the edifice was unfinished at the death of Antiochus, 366 years after its foundations were laid by Pisistratus. With the waning power of the Athenians it is probable that the work of raising its splendid columns of white marble progressed but slowly. How sadly must they have been discouraged when, seventy-eight years afterwards, Sylla plundered the works and carried away some of the finest portions for the Temple of the Capitoline Jove at Rome, and later, when the Athenians, although the temple was still incomplete, appear to have used it for worship, Caligula stole from it the statue of Jove, to be the object of the same worship upon the Roman Capitol!

Without question, the honour of completing this temple belongs to the Emperor Adrian, who replaced the statue taken by Caligula with a colossal figure, and dedicated anew the complete work to the Olympian Jove. The temple had been 670 years in building, and is said to have cost the Athenians more than 7000 talents, considerably more than three times the cost of the Propylæa.

Of this temple the remains consist of sixteen columns, more than six feet in diameter, and about sixty feet in height, fluted and crowned with Corinthian capitals. One lies, a fallen giant, its huge, dissevered drums showing the white surfaces which held together for so many ages. The splendid workmanship of ancient times is finely exhibited in this column. The drums, about of equal thickness, are worked to the finest surface upon the outer circumference of their horizontal sides, in order to show the joint as little as possible. Two "gudgeons" of iron held them together, no mortar or cement being used in the work. Fortunately the ruin includes, as may be seen from the marble architraves, the south-eastern corner of the columned peristyle. There were three ranks of these magnificent columns upon the eastern and western points, and two ranks upon the sides; in all, 124. The temple appears to have measured about 350 feet in length by 170 in width.

It must have been a majestic structure. Adrian may well have been proud of his work, and that the first object seen through his comparatively insignificant arch should be this temple. Perhaps it might have been completed in times when Athens was mistress of herself, if she had not driven the great Phidias to work for the more famous Olympian temple at Elis. It is no uncommon thing for artists to be presumptuous, and acting, perhaps, on the principle that the clay is not greater than the potter,

or, like William of Wykeham, thinking his presumption would pass unnoticed, Phidias was found to have dared to image his own face and that of Pericles upon the shield of the Minerva of the Parthenon. For this he was banished by the people, and, retiring to Elis, designed and executed a statue of the Olympian Jove for the temple of that place, said to have been the most wondrous of his wonderful works, to have raised immensely the reputation of the Elian temple, and the Olympian Games of which it had long been the centre. Possibly the loss of their famous sculptor, and, still more, the news of his great success in exile, may have indisposed the Athenians to the vigorous completion of Jove's temple. Upon the ruined architrave connecting two of the columns, some rough masonry, composed of small fragments of the original structure, is the remains of the eyrie of some fanatical hermit long removed from the world in which he played a part so eccentric. These grand columns have outlived him; they were injured but not endangered by the barbarians who, in earlier times, broke into their fluted sides to extract the precious iron with which the blocks were connected—a mode of devastation by which the Roman Colosseum and many other ancient monuments have suffered. They stand, while not a vestige remains of the proud temple of the Capitol, to adorn which this was plundered; and if care is taken to preserve the massive

architraves which connect the majority, they will probably transmit to an equally remote posterity a striking evidence of the magnificence of the ante-Christian era.

Ought I to be ashamed to confess that, as I approached the Ilissus from the ruins of Jupiter's Temple, I was thinking more of Cobden than of Pericles? I remembered hearing the great Free Trader speak, not long before his death, of the very spot on which I stood. He was alluding to the now popular subject of education, and referred to his visit to Athens, and to his reflections on seeing, as I did, that the scanty waters of this classic stream were only sufficient to furnish a natural washing-tub for Athenian laundresses. He reproached our university system of education, which teaches young men the windings of this rivulet, and leaves them so ignorant of the mighty contortions of the American Mississippi—so careless of the geography of the New World—that he ventured to say no young man at Oxford could immediately indicate upon a map the position of the city of Chicago within 500 miles. I hope before long to visit the great "Porkopolis" of the United States, and, though I shall honour its utility, I know I shall prefer a stroll along the stony bed of the Ilissus, hoary with broken marbles of the past.

Near the Temple of Jupiter, below the Eleusinium, a stony island of the river—if that can be called an island which is bounded by the generally dry bed of this very

inconstant stream—the waters fall over some rocks, at the bottom of which is the Fountain Callirhoe. On the left of these brown limestones there are the ruins of a Christian chapel, the marble architrave of its door lying half-buried in the river bank. In the pools beneath these rocks Cobden's washerwomen were at work. It seems that this is no new practice, for in the latter half of last century a sculptured stone was found near to this Fountain Callirhoe, recording the presentation of a religious offering from the Athenian laundresses to the nymphs of the Ilissus. The only nymphs that I could see were bare-legged and bare-armed women, their heads bound with coloured handkerchiefs —I thought the product of Manchester—thwacking the linen of the subjects of King George I. upon their washing-boards.

Higher up the stream the form of the ancient Stadium can be distinguished near the remains of a ruined bridge, over which many an excited party has proceeded to its marble seats. The arena had a length of about 780 feet, and at the semicircular end a width of about 140 feet, the end next the bridge, where the chariots are supposed to have turned, widened out to about double that width. Though the sides are now rudely cultivated, the precision and equality of their slope surely indicates their artificial construction, and at the north-eastern corner a way has been cut, or a natural

cavern in the rock enlarged, through which the vanquished retired from the scene. Although the Stadium existed long before the time of Herod Atticus, its present formation is doubtless due to him, and his grave is said to be the tumulus upon the nearest elevation.

Retracing our steps and following the Ilissus far below the Fountain Callirhoe, till we stand south-west of the Acropolis, we shall see very distinctly the ruins of the monument erected by the Athenians to the memory of Philopappus, a Syrian, the grandson of King Antiochus, who appears to have been the "Philip Egalité" of his time, and so to have merited this honour. The monument is of white marble, and originally was semicircular, curving towards the city. Beneath ruined niches there, in high relief, appears the chariot of Trajan drawn by four horses. The hill upon which it is placed has its name from Musæus, the poet-disciple of Orpheus, who is said to have retired thither for meditation, to have died and been buried upon this mount. Long after this early poet had passed away, the city of Theseus spread up this hill, and ages later Virgil wrote of him as walking in the Elysian fields, taller by a head than his followers.

The low, rocky hill in face of this monument of Philopappus is, to my thinking, the most worthy Christian shrine in Greece, for it is the Hill of Mars, on which sat the Areopagus, the high tribunal through

which the dauntless St. Paul addressed the "Men of Athens." The august magistracy which sat by night on this rock—their thoughts undisturbed by the light of day—their words and judgments open to the heaven—the canopy of their court, the starry sky hung from the summit of Mount Hymettus to Mount Parnes, and the hills that bounded the Athenian State—was reputed by its suitors to have judged the gods themselves, and was indeed as ancient as the time of Moses. Perhaps 1800 years ago this flattened rock of crystallized lime-stone, which rises to about half the height of the Acropolis, was more connected with the citadel; large blocks, shaken from its eastern and highest elevation, plainly attest the tremendous consequence of earthquakes.

It is probable that the Areopagites sat upon the eastern surface of the rock; there are at that portion remains of benches cut in the stone, which has there, and indeed in several other places, been laboriously flattened. At the same end there are stairs cut both in the north and south sides for mounting the rock, sixteen steps conducting to the top. But the rock slopes gradually towards the west with natural, though most rude steps, to a valley in which there is now a road, that, I should suppose, existed in olden times. The judges may have mounted by the stairs, but it may be thought that the "men of Athens" would only be allowed approach by the broad ascent from the west.

Figure to yourself the noble bearing of this great man. Himself a Roman, there were among his judges Roman Areopagites; for a century before his time, Romans had taken place with Athenians on the benches of this tribunal. They, and he, and all, were subject to the terrible Nero, who was afterwards to be his executioner. The scene was night, and the "men of Athens" probably crowded up the rock to hear what his defence would be. Of high repute among the Christians for his forcible and fearless eloquence, he had perhaps during his stay in Athens made himself already remarkable by bold denunciation of the gods of the Athenians. One of the special functions of the Areopagus was to hear and determine charges of blasphemy against the gods; but like our Court of Chancery, they frowned on eloquence, and desired only that unvarnished statements should be submitted to their judgment. The curious and highly educated people, eager-eared for well-expressed novelties, would not share the stupefaction of the Court when the divinely-accredited witness, forgetful or careless of his position as accused, took upon himself the office of judge. Conceive the daring of his opening! "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

Spell-bound, the "men of Athens" listened, and if their gods inhabited their temples, they too might lend trembling ears to the truth which was to throw them from their altars; to convert these to the service of a

vulgar and persecuted sect, and finally to leave them ruined memorials of a quite extinct worship. Let the too confident that they stand aright think of the boastful attitude of the Athenians who strolled up the Hill of Mars, full of curiosity, inquiring, "What will this babbler say?" Not in such a scene—their faces pale beneath the mysterious starlight—could the superstitious Athenians hear so bold an orator conclude by saying, in solemn tones, "in that He hath raised Him from the dead," without their boastfulness deserting them and a secret fear pervading the assembly. "Some mocked," of course, as boys whistle in passing a churchyard at the same hour; but one of the judges, "Dionysius the Areopagite," made his name immortal by a sudden conversion, to which a ruined chapel, dedicated to this Christian judge, still bears witness; and we can easily fancy many others, silent and thoughtful, descending the Hill of Mars, never again to reconquer its outraged authority, turning their backs on the Parthenon, doubtful if, after all, "the Unknown God," whom they strove to reach in many persons and under many attributes, was not that intangible and unrepresentable Creator whose Being seemed so to fill the mind and strengthen the heart of this Roman Christian.

Like all the prominent rocks about Athens, the Hill of Mars is cut with many niches, from which votive tablets have been taken. The modern *Areiopagos*, for

the name still dignifies the highest Grecian Court of Appeal, delivers in a more comfortable and covered chamber, judgment—and I hope justice—to the Hellenic people.

From the narrow valley into which the Hill of Mars slopes, rises in a south-westerly direction, to about an equal altitude, an elevation which has heard words as famous as those delivered by St. Paul. The slope of the hill has been levelled by a deep cut in the solid rock near the top, and a massive retaining wall of immense blocks of stone, roughly cut in facets, probably obtained from the removed elevation.

The platform lying between these two points was the Athenian Pnyx. Its superficial area has been estimated at about 12,000 square yards, a space which, if it be true, as is authoritatively stated, that the free male population of Athens in the time of Pericles did not exceed 14,250, would hold them all in a crowd. On the northern and higher length of the platform, it is bounded by the smooth face of the cleft rock, averaging about six feet in height; this cut extends for fifty yards right and left of the "Bema," or rostrum, which projects from the rocky face about seven yards with a width of eleven yards. These are the dimensions of the largest and lowest of the three first steps. On these the rock is shaped into a square block, "the political *omphalos* of Greece," which is mounted by

small side steps. I speak of it with reverence, for from this block has rolled the powerful voice of Pericles—the wise words of Socrates—the gentle philosophy of Plato—the less attractive but more truthful science of Aristotle—and, what would we not give to have heard it?—the eloquence of Demosthenes! Here was the great assemblage of the Athenian people; here rose and fell the great names which have caused the duration of their history! Here the whole State thrilled at moments with one impulse and obeyed one master, while the spell of his words held rule on the Pnyx!

Well might Demosthenes chew pebbles, and run about the shore of Phalerum, to qualify his lungs for speaking from this square rock, which had the sky for a sounding-board and the distant side of Mount Parnes for an echo! In the face of the cleft rock there are hollowed recesses and empty niches, and on a level with the top of the "Bema," which is some distance below the summit of the hill, is another and smaller platform, itself provided, after a width of 100 feet, with a cleft side and a "Bema," of proportionate dimensions. This is, probably, the Pnyx as founded by Solon, at the time of whose legislation, about 600 B.C., it would doubtless more than contain the free male population of Athens. Many learned authorities, observing that from this original "Bema" the sea is visible, while from the larger and lower rostrum it is not so, have, perhaps supported

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by other evidence, given their opinion that the change was made during the power of the Thirty Tyrants, who purposely, they say, deprived the Athenian orators of the sight of one of the chief subjects of their metaphor, and of command of the scene of the Battle of Salamis. It may have been so; I will not pretend to a scholarly dispute upon the subject; but looking practically at the matter, I regard it as more likely that the change was made to suit the convenience of a largely increased population, the original Pnyx not easily admitting of much extension; and after the completion of the new platform, the older one, decorated with statues, as it appears to have been, would serve as an ornamental background to the orator, and as a daïs for the chief speakers, who would be better heard from the lower than the higher rostrum.

Looking on the Hill of Musæus from the Pnyx, there are to be seen around its base several square excavations in the rock, which are often called "the Prisons of Socrates." They are, I have no doubt, tombs; and one, that most to the west, has evidently contained a sarcophagus, and is supposed to be the burial-place of Cimon. To the north of both these elevations, rises—to a height rather less than that of the Hill of Musæus—the Hill of the Nymphs, crowned with the new Observatory of Athens, much resembling in shape the Byzantine features of a modern Greek

church. The many caves around and about this hill were evidently all dedicated and decorated. At present, a fine winding road conducts to the Observatory, a handsome building, well provided with instruments, and all the gift of Baron Sina, the rich Greek banker of Vienna, to his country.

LETTER IV.

Mount Lycabettus—St. George's Chapel—A Dirty Hermit—The Groves of Academe—Colonos of Sophocles—Müller's Monument—The University of Athens—"*Trop d'Hommes de Lettres*"—The Athenian People—Their Physical Constitution and Climate—The Greeks Abroad—Want of Capital—Political Mendicants—Sixteen Cabinets in Five Years—Political Constitution of Greece—The King's Civil List—King Otho's Heir—Circular of M. Coumoundouros—The Defunct Council of State—Prince Alfred for King—*Le Corps Diplomatique*—George, Basileus—The Great Idea—Athenian Spread-Eagleism—Cretan Blockade Runners—Turkish Profanations—Colonel Coroneos—"Roughing it in Crete"—The Cretan Question—The Disgrace of Diplomacy—The Eastern Orthodox Church—A Religious Function—Greek Priests—An Athenian Funeral—Burial of the Dead—The Pan-Anglican Synod as a Missionary Influence—Architecture of Greek Churches—Position of the King—Security of Greek Independence—The Past and the Future—How to Win Territory.

HIGHEST of the hills which are actually embraced by the city of Athens is Lycabettus, from the peak of which there is a most memorable view. A small chapel surrounded with a narrow platform crowns this high rock. The chapel is dirty, but the hermit in attendance is dirtier; however, he has a useful bench, and, in the hope of obtaining a few leptas, he will

gladly place it at your disposal. His sanctuary, which, small as it is, the tallow droppings of centuries have not rendered quite unapproachable, contains for its brightest object a painting representing the exploit of our own St. George with the Dragon, to whom the chapel is dedicated. The head of his charger is smooth and curling like a snake's, and somewhere upon the flap of the saint's saddle there is perched a little person, who may be the Archangel Michael; if not, his size, in a merely mortal combat, would be only a mouthful. Two gentlemen, standing in what appears to be well-appreciated security upon a neighbouring tower, are cheering on the saint. The hermit exhibits the picture with just the same air that the Pope's servants admit you to the presence of Raphael's "Transfiguration," and Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome."

A weakness of the Greeks appears to be an irrepressible and, unfortunately, successful rage for putting a filthy cabin on hills and rocks, in all places most romantic and inaccessible, and most conspicuous; they furnish it with a grimy fresco, in which perhaps one face is visible, one or two very greasy candlesticks, without candles, and a hermit priest filthier than any conceivable thing, except an ignorant, slothful, bigoted man, who by every hair in his nasty head, by every thread of his foul clothing, by every cringing gesture which seems to indicate how much less he values his

manhood and his soul than your money, exhibits the failure of that which, to the great damage of religion, has been called a religious life! The theory is that these dirty places should, from afar off, lift the thoughts and the prayers of the traveller to the God to whom they are dedicated. If he has ever visited one of them, the picture they will bring to his mind will crush the aspiring thought the mountain suggested, and replace it with a scene of mental abasement and human degradation.

But if, accepting his bench, which you will not do without casting a careful eye along its surface, you turn your back upon the hermit and the chapel of Lycabettus, you will acknowledge that rarely, if ever, have you beheld a nobler prospect. Athens lies all below; every house, and, if you like, much of the economy of every house, is visible; the Acropolis, though at considerable distance, and all the hills of the ancient city, are also beneath; the tall ship masts in the harbour of Piræus rest on the sea between the port and Salamis; southward lies the Isle of Ægina, and northward the mountains about Eleusis and Megara, while far in the middle distance the citadel of Corinth rises like a huge mound, which would seem large were it not for the snow-mountains behind.

We descended—not a very easy task—and walked towards the plain, in the direction of the ancient Academe, where Plato lived and taught. A good deal

of building land—much in the same awful condition which renders the suburbs of London so melancholy to every one but speculative builders—lies between the city and the cultivated plain of Athens. Here and there a stockade of stone and mortar defeats any attempt at a short cut; the farmer's houses, especially in the neighbourhood of the city, are generally constructed like small walled towns, including house and stock and implements, all hidden by the wall.

The narrow, zigzag lanes between olive groves are a pleasant change after traversing this neutral land, which is neither urban nor rural. It would be too bold for me to say that some of these olives, with gnarled trunks, many having the thickness of a large oak, have shaded Plato in his walks. But I have no doubt they are of immense age, and if they are not the very olives of the time of Plato, no one, at least, will unkindly dispute their claim to be descended from the identical olive which sprung up—probably covered with ripe fruit—at the command of Minerva. After the glaring sun and dust of the streets and roads of Athens it is delightful to gain the shade of these olive trees, where dust, the plague of the city, is not, and where rippling water seems always to be flooding some one or other of the irrigated lands. But I must dispel, I hope not rudely, any vision of rural loveliness your ardent imagination may have given you as resembling the scene of

the Academic Groves. I am afraid, for his sake, that neither Plato here, nor Sophocles at Colonos, close by, understood anything about shade and water, except in the Athenian sense of the words, which is one very limited. A green meadow would be an impossibility here, except for a few months in the year; and neither olives, nor pepper, nor plane trees give more than a "chequered shade." The Cephisus is not quite such a dry river as the Ilissus, but it is merely a watercourse through a level plain, with nothing of the bubbling, purling beauty which makes "laughing water" so favourite a companion. "Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide," it is the life-blood of this plain; at every point his waters are drawn hither and thither by long troughs to feed the vines and fertilise the plain of Athens. The quiet and the sight of the green trees, the almond, the apple, and the peach-blossom, is pleasant indeed after the pitiless sun and searching dust of the city; but I do not think the Groves of Academe were ever precisely the sort of place your fancy paints them, nor their shade such as would relieve young ladies of their parasols.

Upon a low flattened rock, the surface of which, evidently worked, may have served as a school of philosophy, stands a marble monument inscribed to the memory of Carl Müller, to whose researches concerning the past history of Greece all modern writers

upon the subject are much indebted. To try their shot upon the polished white stones of this obelisk is a favourite amusement with Greek sportsmen, and all its sides are starred and spotted with marks of shot and bullets. The site of this monument is said to have been within the Academic Groves. Probably they lay between this rock and the river Cephisus, which tranquil stream runs at no great distance to the north.

Upon a small hill opposite, a dilapidated chapel marks the site of the Temple of Neptune-Hippias. Probably the Athenians, wise, as modern Greeks, in their generation, wished to keep friends with all the gods or "great powers," and, having slighted Neptune in favour of Minerva upon the Acropolis, acknowledged his useful gift of horses in the plain by the erection of this temple.

The modern Academy—the University of Athens—is a very admirable institution, supported by the Government, and provided with handsome lecture-rooms, library, and museum. Higher education is free in Greece, the difficulty of obtaining admission to the courses of the University being merely nominal: and, judging from the stream of "young Greece" which I have many times watched pouring in and out at its doors, I should say that the privileges are highly appreciated. Several of the professors tell me "too highly," for the result is to fill Athens with young men who will have it that book-learning is their only stock-in-trade, and that its pos-

session confers upon them the right to maintenance as State paupers. "*Nous avons trop d'hommes de lettres,*" was the complaint of one of these gentlemen; and I can well believe the truth of it. But the fault does not rest with the teaching—rather with the industrial habits of the Greek people and the accepted rule of life in their metropolis. The industry of Athens is political mischief-making—its product a mob of penniless politicians. The young scholar of the University would be none the worse citizen because his head had been crammed by Alma Mater "with the glory that was Greece," until, perhaps, like Themistocles, he could not sleep for thinking on the glory of Miltiades. All this would do him no harm if it were not for the vitiated atmosphere into which his young manhood emerges. He would be far better employed in a counting-house pressing the sale of Santorin wine and raisins of Corinth, than writing articles in a tiny paper, full of ancient lore and stinging venom, denouncing the Ministers if they are not his friends, as he will deify those whom the next shuffle of the politicians brings to power. So he becomes merged into the political life of Athens, gets claims upon some leading politician, which, if they are paid, saddles the country with an indifferent civil servant; if they are not, leaves him one of the worst and most useless and most dangerous class of citizens with which a State can be burdened.

Ethnologists do not assert that the present inhabitants of Greece, amounting to something lets than a million and a half, are the lineal descendants of those who built the Parthenon and met upon the Pnyx. There are many persons, doubtless, of purely Greek origin; but in the progress of time the admixture of Albanians and of all the peoples of the Levant has given to the Greek race much new blood. Very obviously the Greeks of to-day retain many of the characteristics which distinguished the ancient possessors of their name. In the first place, now, as always, the geological formation of the country isolates the population into divisions, having feeble sympathies and imperfect communication compared with those which connect the people of more level countries. Greece contains many fertile plains, divided one from another by stony mountains, the higher ranges admitting of no cultivation, and affording no herbage. Each plain is the seat of a community having generally only rugged and difficult communication with the next. This formation of the country makes the task of government more difficult, and is without question one of the prime causes of the inextinguishable love of liberty which has always been characteristic of the Greek people.

The level of a country materially affects its climate, which again accounts for the disposition and habits of the people. The high land of Greece, often snow-

covered—as it is, while I write, during the last week of March—freezes the winds ranging northwards, and exposes the people to great variations of temperature. Sometimes the wind is blowing with icy breath while the sun is pouring down a perspiring heat. These inequalities of climate appear in the physical constitution of the Greek people. They are not hardy; their courage is flashy, not long-suffering; they are excitable, but their passion is not their master, as it is with the Neapolitan or the Andalusian; the cold winds which have taught them care of their body till the city people seem effeminate in their dread of low temperature, have also affected their mental constitution. They love ease, not as the Arab does, scorning labour of all kind, preferring, above all things, to lie in the sun covered with his bournous—not in the boorish fashion of the Dutch, or the lowest class of English—but such ease as the Puritan aristocracy of Sparta had, who left all but war and learning to their Helots, and such as the freemen of Athens enjoyed in the time of Pericles.

In all this they resemble the Greeks of old; there is just the same division between "pagans" and citizens—those who till the soil, and those who eat its produce in the city—that there was formerly. A modern citizen of Athens has rarely any knowledge of agriculture, and indeed would disdain such acquaintance. The leading idea of the ruling and political class is vaguely connected with

the resuscitation of the Byzantine empire, the union of all the Greeks under one government at Constantinople or Athens; that of the labouring and productive class is simply—how to pay their way. There are no rich, and the country is not one to which capital is easily drawn.

The rich Greeks are merchants or bankers, living in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, in Vienna,—everywhere, in fact, where great trade is carried on, and their national characteristic, a sort of feline quickness and sensibility, makes them generally more successful than the duller-witted peoples they encounter, if only they can be placed on an equality in regard to credit. These compose the absentee aristocracy of Greece, though of all their accumulated millions they give naught but *cadeaux* to their country. The wily politicians of Athens flattered them by calling deputies from each of the foreign Greek communities to the National Assembly which elected King George. They subscribe liberally to keep up a war like that of Crete; they are financial wire-pullers at Constantinople, and, if the Sultan's Government were not inferior to financial disaster, they would long ago have completed the ruin of his credit; they make the Greek name respected in their individual conduct; they build observatories and schools in Athens; they, in short, treat their country like a poor relation of good blood, of whose connection

they are proud but whose credit they will risk nothing to establish; they give their alms where they should give their fortunes and themselves, and leave the fate of their country to a youthful Sovereign, whose misfortune it is to be young, inexperienced, and an alien, and to be cast among a needy crowd of hungry place-hunters, who are generally as barren of moral as they are of financial independence. Why do not some of these foreign patriots, who are so ready with their interference in Greek politics, invest their money in their country? "There is no good investment," they may reply. But they are wilfully ignorant of the resources of Greece if they do so. There are wide, fertile plains awaiting the capital which might make them produce stores of wheat and wine and oil, while of the land that is cultivated the mode of tillage is miserably crippled. Capital in Greece would produce roads and good police, and order and safety in travelling, together with an increase of the revenue and a decrease of the burdens of the people. The presence of men of wealth in Athens would check the rapacity of place-hunters, and make monarchy possible by surrounding the King with subjects in whose independence of Court influence the people would believe.

If Greece had the capital which foreign Greeks could command, and they directed the policy of the Government, their fellow-Christians, who now think the Sultan

just as good a ruler as King George, and do not, in Epirus, in Thessaly, in Roumelia, show any determination to change, would quickly be attracted by the talisman of self-interest; for people do not value paper constitutions so much as security of their possessions, with economical government, and thus the ambition of Greece might be largely, if not wholly, accomplished by peaceful means.

But how far is the reality otherwise! During our stay in Athens, an English-Greek merchant asked several of his shop-keeping customers in the metropolis why they did not collect their large book-debts? "Oh!" they replied, "for this simple reason: You see —— and —— and —— owe us heavy bills; if we were to press them, they haven't the cash; we might get an order for so much a week, but we should lose their custom; they are the Opposition. Now, if we wait a while, they will be in power; then they will pay all. None of these people have an income equal to their expenditure; they make up for it when they get into office. If they do not become Ministers themselves, their brothers, or their cousins, or their friends will, and so we shall get our money."

I believe the present Ministry, headed by M. Bulgaris, is as good as any that Greece has had, but they have to encounter the displaced "statesmen" of sixteen cabinets which have held office since King George arrived at Athens in October, 1863. How is it possible

for them to meet with success the hostility of such a hungry phalanx? Thirty new men have received the portfolio of Minister since the accession of the King, and the cabinet loaves and fishes make a meal only for seven! They tell me there are nearly forty journals and periodicals published in Athens; but this wondrous disproportion of journalism to population must not be accepted as a sign of healthy literary activity; it indicates political activity only. The journals are the circulars of persons and of parties who find this a profitable mode of recommending themselves to the country. The occupants of office long for a power which no one in Greece dare exercise; the aspirants stick at nothing with the object of fingering the public money. Meanwhile the Government is so bad that petitions have actually been received and suppressed from districts on the northern frontier, asking for union with Turkey, if relief from the continued depredations of banditti cannot be assured. The children of Greeks have been taken by brigands from their schools to the mountains for the sake of the paltry ransoms their poor parents could afford for their redemption. It has been wittily said of the Greek "statesmen," that "when they talk of Pericles, they are thinking of Ali Pacha," the strong-handed Governor of Janina, who first gained favour by executing the death-warrant of the Sultan upon his own father, and then, proclaiming his own independence,

summoned the Greeks to aid him, and strike for their own freedom. Unable to subdue Ali by force, the Sultan gained his death by a treacherous dagger in 1822.

The Constitution of Greece, modelled in many respects upon that of England, with much theoretical excellence, is, I take the liberty of thinking, quite incapable of harmonious operation. I do not envy the responsibility of those who sent a boy-prince to administer such an instrument. Yet it should be said in their defence, that, since the King's accession, the Constitution of Greece has been modified in a most important respect. The Council of State, whose function it was to prepare and revise legislation, has disappeared, having been extinguished by the vote of the Boulê, or House of Representatives, on the 2nd of December, 1865. The power of the State is now, therefore, divided solely between the King, who holds the purse-strings against the Boulê, and this body, without whose co-legislative authority the King is powerless in regard to the national resources and policy. Everything is done in the name of "the Holy and Consubstantial Trinity," and, with the exception of the establishment of "the Eastern Orthodox Church of Christ,"—the ostentatious forbidding of proselytism, and some jealous restrictions against foreigners, rendered necessary in a State so nursed by Great Powers, all the rest is as free as the most liberty-loving Greek could desire.

Religious toleration, universal suffrage for males, trial by jury, secrecy of letters, vote by ballot, free press, rights of address and of meeting, *habeas corpus*, protection of members of the Boulê—all is granted. But nothing is to interpose between the King and the people; titles of nobility or distinction cannot be conferred or recognised, and the King, with a civil list of £50,000, reigns over something very like a pure democracy, which does not fail to observe and to comment upon the cost of Royalty. And, indeed, in so poor a country this £50,000 a year is a serious charge. The collected revenue in 1867 amounted to 27,000,000 drachmas, of which the King's civil list would absorb more than a twenty-second part. The gravity of this charge upon the Greek exchequer may best be estimated by comparing it with the much lighter cost of English Royalty. Taking the British revenue at £70,000,000, and Her Majesty's civil list at £350,000, the latter is equal to only a two-hundredth part of the former. If Queen Victoria's civil list bore the same proportion to the revenue of the United Kingdom which that of King George does to the revenues of Greece, Her Majesty's income from the nation would considerably exceed £3,000,000 sterling.

I cannot conceive a situation full of greater, peril or more entitling the young King to the personal protection of those by whose advice he accepted an impossible

situation. King Otho, upon whose expulsion the Great Powers showed themselves uncourteously ready to preside at the choosing of another monarch, reigned despotically till after 1843, when he submitted to a Constitution which his influence with Greek politicians, through his command of patronage, enabled him to render inoperative. His proposed heir, Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, was quite willing to be nominated his successor, but unwilling to submit to the necessary baptism by immersion, a needful qualification, as the heir must be an *Orthodox* Christian. He did not object to being baptized, but he wished to have his feet on the throne before he took off his clothes. King Otho was a Roman Catholic, his Queen a Protestant. The present King, I believe, courteously offered to change his religion, but the sacrifice was not demanded, and the Roman Catholic chapel of Otho now serves for the Lutheran worship of His Majesty. The Queen Olga is a member of "the Eastern Orthodox Church of Christ." It is quite in keeping with the thorough individualism of the Greek people that they should not demand of their king a change of religion, and the religious difficulty, a great one for King Otho, may for ever cease to be so for King George when an Orthodox Prince or Princess is born upon the soil of Attica.*

* The recent birth and baptism of Prince Constantine, whose name is so hopeful, will strengthen monarchy in Greece.

Though the birth of an heir to the throne will greatly strengthen the King's position, it will not affect the difficulty, I might say the impossibility, of a long continuance of the existing Constitution. The party in power ever seeks to strengthen itself by winning the monarch's support, and to make this support obvious is as much their interest as it is damaging to the King. I have just read a circular addressed by the late Prime Minister, M. Coumoundouros, to the electors of the kingdom, who thinks it necessary to inform them, with reference to the approaching election, that the Government has not the King's authority to claim popular support, and that His Majesty has deigned *to permit him* to declare that he has forbidden all intervention in the election, and that he has given such orders to his Ministers. I think it will be obvious to the most inexperienced Constitution-maker that, with such materials as the King of Greece supervises, it is only requisite for him to wish to intrude upon the Constitution to secure the co-operation of his Ministers. He must of course be in a position to guarantee them against popular resentment, and this he cannot do unless he should unexpectedly exhibit traits of a Napoleonic or Bismarckian character, and carry the popular voice by a daring and successful policy. The probable termination of this ridiculous Constitution and the King's danger will be in the mutual interest of himself and his Ministers to league together

until incautiously they are committed to a policy which, becoming less and less popular, will end in revolution. By nothing short of a miracle or a successful *coup d'état* can the King escape the dilemma. He is now a democratic king in a very poor community, the dispenser of patronage and favour. The Greeks did well to abolish the Council of State, which—composed of fifteen or twenty members, receiving 7000 drachmas* a year, nominated by the King—was amid the poverty of Athens nothing but a dangerous and costly weapon in the monarch's hand. He must be insane who expects the present *régime* to endure, if the King cannot by family influence still farther enrich the community and lessen the cost of Royalty, as he did by England's surrender of the Ionian Islands.

It is a part of the Greek idea that in this way their monarchy should be made remunerative. With really wonderful unanimity they voted Prince Alfred of England their King, when they had got rid of Otho. I have heard many Greeks explain the policy of this vote. Although tolerant in matters of religion, yet their Church exercises a great influence, which ages of Turkish oppression has strengthened to fanaticism among the many. Like all religious zealots, these most hate those to whom in religious opinion they most nearly approach, and the Greeks, who salute with divine

* 6000 francs. Drachmas become francs by the reduction of $\frac{1}{10}$th.

reverences pictures of the Virgin and the Saints in their churches, have far more liking for the Protestant than for the Roman Catholic Church. To the religious Greeks, a Prince of Protestant England or North Europe was far more acceptable than one coming from the Roman Catholic Courts of the South. Then they shrewdly calculated that they should get the Ionian Islands by this choice, and, what they coveted equally, the protection and perhaps the active assistance of the Mediterranean fleet. Of all the kingdoms of Europe, Greece has probably the largest seaboard, and her maritime sympathies are those of islanders. Several times Greeks have remarked to me significantly that while the choice of Prince Alfred was the result of a national *plébiscite*, the election of King George was made only by the National Assembly.

I have said that the constitution and the poverty of the Greek community interposes no power between the King and the democracy, but between him and them there is, in fact, a master-power at Athens—a knot of diplomatists palsied with jealousies and pernicious with intrigues. If the King suffered the fate of King Otho to-morrow, I doubt if any one of them would do more than place a war-ship at his disposal, with orders to land him wherever His Majesty pleased, while, if he attempt an external policy, each is ready to cripple him with counsels. The Greeks believe in English assistance as

the most disinterested, but to them England seems to friend the Sultan and frown on their ambition. They are always coquetting with Russia, but when, taking Russia's arm, they make the slightest advance together —as they have done notoriously in Candia—the great Bear of the North shows his giant paw ready to claw up all the plunder, and the Greeks, always selfishly timid—the natural result of their history—run back, determined not to attempt pulling the chestnuts from the fire if they are not sure themselves of tasting the roasted fruit. Religion and common hatred of Turkey draw them towards Russia, and probably Russia is their best friend. As to France, the Greeks hate her religion and despise her Government, which they believe only affects a disinterested chivalry on behalf of incomplete nationalities.

All these circumstances would recommend to the King a policy of quiet improvement at home, developing the resources of the country and avoiding all matters of a tendency to bring him into collision with his rival, the Boulê, or the finances of the kingdom into greater disorder. But this is just his greatest difficulty. He must go in for the Great Idea, and this phantom is ruining Greece. The collected revenue of the kingdom for the year 1867 amounted to 27,000,000 drachmas, of which the chief part was derived from Rent of National Lands with Imposts upon Agriculture, and Customs.

Of this revenue, the Greek Government have been for months past spending, directly and indirectly, in support of the Cretan insurrection, at the rate of 4,000,000 drachmas a month, or nearly one-half. It is the indispensable condition of the existence of the Greek monarchy that the Sovereign shall continue to prosecute the Great Idea. He is called "Basileus"—pronounced "Vasileffs"—as his cipher "G. B." everywhere betokens. Now this was the title of the Emperor of the Byzantine Empire, and if it does not actually confer right to reign at Constantinople, the King, in the view of his people, is bound to act as becomes a monarch bearing the title. And what is the Great Idea? I will not trust myself to define it; I will take the liberty of offering a translation from a Greek newspaper, dated the 26th of March, 1868:—

"They (the Levantine people) await from her (Greece) large contributions to civilisation, benefits comparable in grandeur and importance with those which we (the Greek people) have loaded their ancestors.

"They await from her the regeneration of the East, deeply corrupted and stupefied by despotism. That she should redeem the populations suffering beneath the Ottoman yoke, not only the Hellenic people and the Slaves, but also the Mussulman population scattered in Europe or in Asia Minor throughout the ancient patrimony of the Hellenes.

"That she should unite all these peoples by the federative union. That she should become the centre of an Eastern Federation, in which each people, as in the United States of America, should participate in the common sovereignty without ever being able to oppress its neighbours. In a word, that she should resume her ancient national policy.

"That she should conquer to the democratic civilisation the Moscovites, by propagandism and the force of example, as she has already conquered them to Christianity. She alone can render to humanity the immense service of transforming the Moujiks into men. These hordes, ready to throw themselves upon the West, to bring it under their Czars, as they have already subdued Poland, Finland, and Lithuania, will not cease to be formidable until they are civilised.

"THE EAST BY THE EAST; that is what to-day all healthy minds desire. They cannot permit that any of the Western Powers should make themselves masters of provinces torn from the Ottoman Empire. And they see none but Greece capable of giving an independent existence to Orientals."

These are probably the biggest dimensions the Great Idea ever assumed. A very able friend of mine, a Greek, claimed from me the recognition of moderation, because he would leave Constantinople to the Turks and be content with Epirus, Thessaly, and Candia, as an

addition to the Hellenic Kingdom. The Great Idea inflates all the political writing of Athens. "The principle of nationalities was," they declare, "first affirmed by the Greeks in their election of King Otho." According to Athenian writers, they have but to give the word and the Mussulman Empire will fall at the hands of its Christian subjects; it is by their forbearance alone that the enervated power of the Padishah still lingers on the Bosphorus. "Happy is the people that have no history!" The inheritance of ruins and a name is about the worst stock-in-trade a people or a person can possess. Many a man has been ruined by such an heritage; and I have observed several English "younger sons," whose natural gift of great powers has lain "buried in a napkin," because the crushing grandeur of their house made to seem contemptible those small, continued efforts which must be the first steps to success.

The Greeks have acquired independence, but they are born with what they believe to be good blood and great expectations, and they will rather jeopardise that which they have than abandon the Great Idea. I do not pretend to much acquaintance with international law; but considering their tactics in reference to Crete, I think the Greeks ought to feel somewhat grateful to those big ships at Piræus, floating English, Russian, and French flags, but for fear of which the Turks would have blockaded that harbour with justifiable war upon Greece.

It is curious, but appropriate, that vessels built for running the blockade of the Southern ports of the United States, should be now engaged in the same work between Greece and Crete; the *Arkadi* which was burned in a Cretan port to avoid surrender, had once been known under her English name of *Diadem;* and the *Owl* of Liverpool is now engaged in the same dangerous work under the Grecian name of *Amphrosia.* I believe there is no doubt that these boats were, in fact, bought with funds provided by the Greek Government, though they run under the management of a company.

A few days ago, at the Piræus, a man who said he was engaged in passing men and arms and food through to Syra, where they were shipped for running the Turkish blockade, kindly offered me a passage, which I declined, as I had understood that we must either live in a Turkish fortress and see nothing, or take part with some of the Cretan bands in their guerilla warfare. From personal inquiries of many who have had a share in the war, I have no doubt that the condition of the island is most pitiable. Colonel Coroneos, the Grecian hero of the insurrection, a volunteer, who has been fifteen months in the island, told me that without exception the Cretan villages have been burned or otherwise destroyed by the Turks; that the people whom we met in hundreds and thousands in Greece have been driven there rather by fear of starvation than any other danger. He asserted

that nearly 25,000 Cretans, assisted by a force of about 1000 volunteers, have so harassed the Turkish army that they are now confined entirely to the fortresses of the northern shore of the island. But it is admitted that the Turkish army in Crete has been reduced from 60,000 to 30,000 men. There have been statements in the Greek papers that the war has already cost the Turks more than £6,000,000, and whole sheets of one journal were covered with long lists of burnings and profanations, and cruel, wanton destruction done by the Moslems. It was asserted that in many villages the Turks had opened the Christian graves, scattered the bones, and exposed the half-decomposed corpses to be eaten by birds and vermin. In the village of Metochi, it was stated that the church of St. Demetrius had been disgustingly fouled, and that in the village of Laconia, the chalice of the church of Santa Trinita had been found full of most offensive water. That at Criessa, the Turks had fired upon the church pictures; that in many neighbourhoods, after burning the villages, the Sultan's soldiery had wantonly cut down the fruit trees, and broken the oil and wine presses.

Colonel Coroneos circumstantially asserted that all this was perfectly true: that the island had been laid waste; that in a country so naturally rich, he and the insurrectionists were often reduced to great straits for want of food, especially of bread. "We had plenty of live

stock," he said, "but the men's health suffered greatly from eating meat without bread; they had endured very much during the past winter from the cold, their only shelter being rude huts and caves." As to the opening of graves, he said that shortly before he left the island the corpse of a priest, lately dead, had been disinterred by the Turks, who, having torn the eyes from their sockets, hacked the body into pieces. The head of one of the Greek chiefs had been carried on a pole through the streets of Heraclion, and the son of Redschid Pacha had ridden round the town with the trunk dragging by a rope fastened to his saddle. These mangled remains Colonel Coroneos stated he had seen with his own eyes. He said, too, that he had seen a woman, in a dying state, whose arms and legs had been sliced to the bone with cuts at distances of about two inches; and another, who had expired beneath the outrages of more than forty soldiers. He said that he and his comrades had been sometimes forced to eat the grass and herbage of the hills for want of bread, and laughingly described how, after three days of almost starvation, when they had driven a detachment of Turks from their position and taken their canteen, they were rejoicing over an immense earthen pot, full of boiling potage, when suddenly the bottom fell out of the Turkish caldron and the much-coveted soup extinguished the fire. I have since heard this

gentleman's name mentioned in several parts of Greece as one of her best and bravest soldiers. I asked the Colonel how it was, seeing the island is so narrow—being in one or two places not more than fifteen miles in width—that the Turks did not, by a cordon drawn across, prevent communication between the insurgents of the east and west. He remarked that this was impossible, owing to the mountainous nature of the country, and he said, "the Cretans are light-footed as goats, and like cats in agility." The insurgents are, of course, miserably poor and ill-found with the necessaries of a campaign; but if these are supplied, as they probably will be by the Greek Government, he seemed to think that the insurrection would fatigue the Porte into concession, or, at all events, that it could be indefinitely prolonged.

It is impossible but that in all this there should be some exaggeration. Yet the broadest and most patent facts are evidences of a struggle which, after nearly two years' duration, must have become exceedingly embittered. The regular forces of Turkey have, for this long period, been unable to put down the insurrection; the Grand Vizier himself, after a prolonged stay in Crete, has left the work incomplete. Upon the lowest estimate, there are 50,000 Cretan refugees in Greece, and these the Greeks are every day supporting at a great cost to their revenue as well as to their private

purse. It may be that many of these people are attracted by the prospect of life without labour, with a free passage from an island where the fruits of their industry are, at least, insecure; but the Greeks are not sufficiently wealthy to give this multitude unnecessary hospitality; and though it may be politic to exhibit this starving crowd to Europe in the interests of the Great Idea, yet I am convinced from their statements, that with regard to the great majority of these people, they had neither home nor food, nor houses, nor the larger machinery of vine and olive culture, remaining to them in Crete. They have brought with them small-pox and fever; the first is now raging at Piræus, and I am sorry to say has extended to the sailors of the iron-clad *Lord Warden*.

I regard this state of affairs as a scandal to the world. Of two things—one, either the protecting powers—England, France, and Russia—are wrong in permitting their offspring, the modern Kingdom of Greece, to perish itself in financial ruin; or they are guilty of protecting flagrant outrages upon Turkey, their dependent. Greece can never make herself mistress of Candia, while her navy is so very inferior to that of Turkey. To expose her mercantile marine, large as it is, to be run down by the English-built rams of the Sultan, would be useless extravagance of life and treasure. Turkey, on the other hand, can never con-

clude the war, and crush the insurrection, while it is supplied *viâ* Syra with men and arms and stores from Greece. Looking to the great majority of Christians in the population of Crete, and to the facts that Greek is the language of the people, that their Hellenic sympathies have been tried and proved in this prolonged encounter, and, above all, that peace can be restored only by defeat of the Turks, I could find in my conscience the right, if I had the power, to demand the surrender of the island, and consent to its annexation with Greece.

Nothing good can come from the existing complication except the disgrace of diplomacy. This nursing of infant kingdoms, and propping up of old ones, is very disgusting to witness, and very hurtful to the best interests of humanity. The statesmen of the Three Powers are perhaps wise in letting the combatants alone, because it is certain that, completed in Crete, the propagandism of insurrection would at once break out in Thessaly. The whole affair is at a dead-lock, and the war that should settle the Eastern question anyhow, provided only the settlement had permanency, would deliver England from a great difficulty. Greece will stand, and Italy will continue, and Egypt will be a Mahometan power in the Mediterranean, and whatever happens to the Sultan, there will probably be some territory left to him in Asia Minor. France should not

be allowed to absorb into Algeria both Tunis and Morocco; and then, with England at Gibraltar and Malta, the Mediterranean is in no danger of becoming either a Russian or a French lake. One great blunder has been made, and one which I fear is not altogether in process of reparation. Lord Russell has written :—"The King of Greece should be a man of ripe years and experience in administration." George I. has neither one nor the other. There are young men like Leopold of Belgium who can mould with success the institutions of a new country, but then Belgium had no Pericles with whom to compare him. They say that some Greeks threw their votes for Palmerston, and some would have found a king in Gladstone. Such were the men who might have led Greece with a strong and experienced hand, but no friend to Mr. Gladstone or to his country would have counselled him to resign his grander sphere of duty at home, even to wear the crown at Athens, and find himself heart-broken among a class which interprets patriotism by patronage.

Such is the condition of the Greek monarchy; that of the Church is in no such danger. The Eastern Orthodox Church was originally governed by four patriarchs, those of Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, and Jerusalem. But Russia for a long time has governed her own Church by a Synod of Bishops, the Archbishop of

Moscow—till his recent death, the venerable Phaleret—being, under the Holy Czar, its spiritual chief. Greece, upon her constitution as a kingdom, followed this example, and the Archbishop of Athens is now the head of the Synod of Bishops which governs the Church of Greece. I have twice seen him officiate at high functions, and I think him decidedly the most grandly-robed prelate I ever beheld. The Pope at Christmas and Easter is gorgeous in white and gold, and his scarlet silk skull-cap is almost more striking than his white or his gold mitre, or than his jewelled tiara, but the Athenian archbishop, in the course of a fifteen minutes' toilet at the altar, transformed himself from a black-robed priest to something like a resemblance of Aaron in the picture-books, being invested by attendant priests in at least half a dozen garments, put on one over the other, of the most rich and costly silk stuffs worked with gold, the whole surmounted by a large, round-topped crown, apparently of gold set with diamonds, and having at the top an upright cross composed of brilliants. With his pastoral staff, a black rod, finished with a double crook of gold, in his hand, the Archbishop descended to his gilded chair. Around him, forming a rough square, stood the congregation, for there are no seats whatever in the Cathedral of Athens, and a few thin boards, laid anyhow upon the marble pavement, gave warmer footing to those who

feared cold contact with the marble floor. Men and women do not generally stand together in the Greek churches. In the galleries there is a majority of the feminine; on the floor, of the masculine sex; and the few women who were on the cathedral pavement, kept together upon the side least crowded and most distant from the archbishop's seat. The chanting was very distinctly nasal, and in a monotone much resembling that of the mollahs in a mosque.

The people well respected the limits of the red carpet on which the gorgeous archbishop and his priests were standing. An integral part of the ceremony was the waving of three lighted tapers, tied together with white ribbon, held in one of his hands, and of two, similarly bound, in the other. I supposed the three emblematically to represent the Trinity, and the two, the dogma of the Eastern Church—the union of the Father and the Holy Ghost; the doctrine of the double procession of the Holy Spirit, as declared in the Nicene Creed to be "of the Father and *of the Son*"—constituting the chief point of schism in the Eastern Church. There are many other differences, I believe: in the doctrine of Purgatory; and in the matter of Confession, one is pleased to see none of those unsightly boxes in the Cathedral of Athens. Confession is quite voluntary, and is made usually at the house of the penitent. The marriage law is strict in regard to consanguinity,

it being necessary to show, previously to marriage, that the contracting parties are removed from relationship by "seven degrees of consanguinity." A lady of the "nobility" of Corfu—for in that island there are nobles, whose ancient titles now go for nothing under the new Greek Constitution—told me that in their limited society this law is becoming so great a difficulty, that its reduction is inevitable; and certainly it does appear rather wide, though in a very good direction.

The priests of Greece are, with rare exceptions, taken from the lower orders of the people. They wear a long robe of black serge in the streets and a brimless "chimney-pot," flattened out wider at the top. They are permitted to marry at any time before admission to priest's orders, and to wear their hair long, which indeed is the distinctive mark of the "Levites" of the Eastern Church. Their long, ragged locks are, except when on duty in church, generally tied and tucked up in a knot resembling a very dilapidated chignon. Though marriage is not permitted to a priest, many priests who married before their ordination have wives. But no married priest is eligible for a bishopric. As a specimen of their quality, I have seen in the middle of the chief street of Athens a priest in canonicals use his fingers for the purpose in regard to which it is usual to carry a handkerchief, and on another occasion I saw a priest trudg-

ing through the same thoroughfare, with a small sack of corn on his shoulder, his wife following with one of similar size swung upon her back.

In the churches, some of which are not more than thirty feet in length, there are always portraits of the Virgin and of several Saints. Images are forbidden, and pictures only allowed. The pictures are not so tawdry as the images in the Roman Catholic churches of Southern Italy and Spain, but the reverence paid to them by worshippers, who often touch them with their lips, is quite as great. During the services, and frequently after the services, standing before some one or other of these portraits, the Greeks cross themselves with great rapidity, usually making the sign from the crown of the head to the waist, and not only upon the breast, after the manner of the Roman Catholics. A funeral procession in Athens is rather startling. The leader of the *cortége*, with rich and poor alike, carries the coffin-lid vertically; in the case of an ex-officer whom I followed to his grave, this was adorned with gilt edging and coloured ribbons streaming in the wind. Then came banner-bearers, the flags of golden broidery hanging, Venetian-fashion, on small poles slung across the longer staff. These were painted with portraits of Christ, the Virgin, and Saints, and followed by a military band playing slow, solemn music. After this doleful accompaniment followed priests robed in white,

green, black, and gold. At the ex-officer's funeral, a body of infantry succeeded, and then the corpse, which is always exposed to view, and propped up so that the feet and the face may be seen above the sides of the coffin, a very light structure of wood. There are no chapels in the cemeteries, the religious services for the poor being performed over the grave, while for those who can pay there is a preliminary service in one of the city churches.

The ex-officer was carried to the cathedral; the coffin-bearers and the followers, including no women, were in every-day dress; these all entered with it. There tapers were supplied to every one, even to by-standers; and in the curious light made by these with strong sunshine pouring through the coloured glass, lay the exposed body, a bunch of flowers, a forage cap, a sword and military jacket, concealing all but the face and feet. The Archbishop performed a short service, and then a lay friend mounted the lowest of the altar-steps and delivered an oration. The friends advanced, and one after another kissed the face and hands of the dead man. With the same order of procession the body was then carried to the cemetery, where a very shallow grave—I think not more than four feet in depth—awaited the deceased. Another short service at the grave, and then the props that supported the head and feet were removed; this seemed a very irre-

verent tumbling of the dead, but it was necessary in order to allow the coffin-lid to be put on. Before this was done, the decent suit of black the dead man wore was slit in every direction—I presume to deprive it of value: then the cover was adjusted, not fastened down in any way, except by the three feet of earth, which was quickly thrown upon it. The custom of carrying the dead exposed through the streets to their burial, seems to us barbarous, but where the heat of summer has made it usual to inter within twenty-four hours after death, there are good reasons for the practice.

I inquired the total cost of the ceremony, and was told that the expense to the relatives of the ex-officer would be about £68 sterling. Small sheets of white paper, upon which are written the time and circumstances of the funeral, are posted on the pillars of the churches and at street corners. These are black-edged, and invariably ornamented with an "inconsolate" sitting beside a tomb under a weeping willow. 'I do not think the Greek people are heartless, but as soon as the earth was thrown upon the dead, those who bore and attended him to his grave seemed to run to corners to light their cigarettes and to resumé life with little ceremony. Another day I witnessed the burial of a poor old man, which was much more simple. He had neither military nor music; three banners borne on high, and one white-frocked priest, made all the glory of the

procession. The short service at the shallow grave being ended, friends kissed the withered hands and features, then somewhat rudely removed the bundle of shavings which had lifted the old man's face above his coffin walls, and lowered it into the grave, putting the lid on after the coffin was placed in the hole. A common monument with the Greek poor is composed of the two smooth staves on which the coffin is borne. These, often decently covered with black stuff, are driven into the soil, and not unfrequently the bottom is broken out of an earthen pitcher, which is then passed over one of the staves, a quaint and ancient custom. Very many of these broken pitchers are to be seen in the Athenian cemeteries.

The cathedral of Athens is not more than five and twenty years old. The architecture is mean Byzantine, the doorways of marble, the window-frames of terra cotta, and the plastered outer walls of the church are coloured with alternate bands of pale red and yellow, which has a highly curious effect. The decorations of the interior, which is also generally plastered, are rich in colour, and the Archbishop's throne is the queerest, most uncomfortable high-backed chair imaginable. Economically speaking, Theophilus, Archbishop and Metropolitan of Athens, sets a good example to the dignitaries of another Church, for his annual archiepiscopal income is no more than 6000 drachmas (£216).

In marriage, according to the rites of the Greek Church, there are two ceremonies, the betrothal and the marriage. Sometimes, but not always, the one immediately precedes the other. In the marriage, the most important ceremony is the "crowning," emblematically signifying that the event is the crown of life. Rich and poor have wreaths or crowns, which are held over the heads of the affianced pair by the groomsman and bridesmaid, who cross and recross them in a mystical manner. The crowns are generally made of gilded leaves; in the recent marriages at the Russian Court, they were richly-gemmed coronets, and the arms of the holders were sadly tired by the performance. After the "crowning" is concluded, the priest hands a cup of wine to the bride and bridegroom, who both taste of it, this ceremony signifying their common lot in after life.

I should be glad, indeed, to find the 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 of the Greek Church accepting our more pure faith and forms of worship, but they know very little of how religious conversion is affected who look hopefully in this direction upon such acts as that of the recent "Pan-Anglican Synod," which, I believe, sent copies of the proceedings to all the Bishops of the Eastern Church. Every impartial observation confirms the truth that secular always precedes religious progress; the latter is sure to follow, but will not take

advance of the former. If religion attempts precedence, the invariable fall is more dangerous to enlightened faith than the previous ignorance. And they must be ill-informed, indeed, who suppose that Russian moujiks and Greek peasants can be advanced to English Protestantism by any Pan-Anglican Synod. Because they are trifles about which they differ, the Greek naturally hates the Latin Church. But, in superstitious observances, the Greek and the Roman Christians are much upon a level.

The construction of Greek churches is peculiar and universal; all appear to have a central dome, small or great, and to be cross-shaped. Inside, the peculiarity is the "Bema," or sanctuary, in which the altar is placed. This is shut out from the congregation by a screen, called "Iconastasis," from the holy portraits which are painted on its panels, or in other ways affixed to it. In the centre of this screen an arched or oblong doorway admits the ingress and egress of the officiating priests, a curtain or panel being usually drawn over this doorway when the service is concluded. I never saw any one kneel in a Greek church; sometimes there are planks laid about the floor, to which the thinly-shod people may retreat from the cold pavement. Priestly influence does not bear much upon the political affairs of the country. Within the realm, the Greek Church is quite supreme, and the clergy have neither learning,

nor zeal, nor funds for active propagandism abroad. In the Great Idea, religion is, of course, a most important element, and on this point priests and laymen are so agreed, that the former leave the aggrandisement of their church to the wiser and more active brains of the wealthier laymen. Yet, as proof that universal suffrage and a very democratic constitution are not inconsistent with illiberal ideas, I find a leading journal in Athens lauding the religious toleration of Greece, to which praise it is moved by the fact that M. Semos, a wealthy Jew of Corfu, is a candidate for the representation of the island.

I have written in this letter of the Greek Constitution as unlikely to be permanent. But it must not be hastily assumed that the Greeks who composed it regarded permanence as the point of most importance. They believed monarchy to be the form of government which would bring them best *en rapport* with the crowned powers of Europe; therefore they placed a king upon a constitution which the Grecian equality of condition and love of liberty led them to make so democratic as scarcely to admit of such an ornament. If King George discovers no more useful qualities than those which simply adorn the throne, his retirement will not be long delayed. Some Greeks say he ought to reign and not govern, while others transpose the words. There is no doubt that the condition of Greece is such that a strong

man, with the high connections of the King, might govern upon the condition that he followed with success the Great Idea. And this would not be difficult to the right man, could he be found for the place. If the King is capable of playing this part, the work will naturally fall to him; if not, he will be blameless, for he was committed to the task before his intellect was even ripe for the reception of political ideas, and the Athenian school of politics is not one in which a king will easily learn the true from the false.

I have spoken, too, against the Greek politicians and their policy. But you would quite misunderstand me if you infer from this that I think Greek independence a failure, or in any danger of a fall. Far from this. It is impossible to live among the Greeks without discovering them to be a restless people, intriguing with an instinct more cunning than daring in the pursuit of self-interest. They know very well that at this moment nothing but the ships of the Protecting Powers prevent the Turkish fleet from blockading the Piræus; they know, also, that this protection is not disinterested. They will stretch it and use it as far as they can, without any sympathy for the embarrassment they may cause to England, France, or Russia. And I cannot but think that a people so clever, so adroit, so temperate—drunkenness is unknown in Greece—so united by traditions of the past and by their religion, are destined

to attain in a great degree the fulfilment of their Idea. They most need a more laborious attention to the creation of wealth at home. Their roads are execrable, and including tracks, which it is charity to call roads, there are not more than four hundred miles yet completed. Agriculture makes no advance; their fiscal system is a sad result of the weakness of the executive, nor is it possible that for some years to come the King should have learnt sufficient of State-craft to be able to carry the people with him in the broad and very open path of improvement.

But it is not wise to judge the prospects of Greece without regarding the past. After ages of slavery Greece has had only five and thirty years of independence. It is not long ago since Lord Byron sat on Marathon, and "dreamed that Greece might yet be free." The rapacity of her politicians is an evil which unfortunately finds a parallel in some of our newly-enfranchised colonies, and is a frequent feature in the youth of States. Greece has doubled her population; she has founded and maintained a government which at least is as free from tyranny of every sort as any in the world; her national income has been doubled again and again, and the education of the people, though imperfect, has much progressed. The money that she has wasted in maintaining an armed mob of soldiers in idleness, and that expended in attempts to form a navy—

both large enough only to weigh down national progress, too small for action—might have been to far better purpose laid out in the execution of roads and water-works, and in the provision of steamboats for communication between different parts of the kingdom.

But if the promise of the past is fulfilled in the future, if, successful in Crete, she should learn, by the financial danger to which she has been led in the promotion of the contest, that the Great Idea will best be worked out at home—by showing her claims to succeed to some of the falling heritage of Turkey—in well-managed revenues—in more extended and productive agriculture—in improved communications, and in better security of property—Greece will find the Christians of Turkey, not doubtful like those of Thessaly now are of the benefits of change, but anxious to leave the waning Crescent for the White Cross of the Hellenes.

LETTER V.

Spring-time in Athens—The Palace Garden—Dr. King, the American Missionary—The King's Palace—The Queen's Drawing Room—M. Daniel—The Museums of Athens—Tombs on the Sacred Way—Mr. George Finlay—Ancient Coinage—Currency of Greece—The Sunday Music on the Patissia Road—The Greek's Beads—Seclusion of Women—King George and his Brother—Queen Olga—The Vocative Case—Brigandage—Kitzos' Head—Greek Brigands—Political Brigands—Neither Drunkenness nor Disorder—Road to Eleusis—Monastery of Daphne—"The Cretans are Liars"—Chapel at Daphne—*Via Sacra*—Eleusis—The Eleusinian Propylæa—The Great Temple of Ceres—People of Eleusis—A Roman Aqueduct—Tomb of Straton—The Flight of Ceres—The Road to Marathon—Ambelokypos—Quarries of Pentelicus—A Greek Village—The Plain of Marathon—Position of the Armies—Vrana—Marathona—Miltiádes—African and Athenian Soothsayers—Battle of Marathon—The "Soros" or Tumulus—The Great Marsh—After the Battle—Tomb of Miltiádes—The Fame of Marathon.

I WOULD not advise you to visit Athens before the end of March. Then the rains and cold winds are giving place to bright, warm, summer weather, and the country is fresh and verdant with an almost English greenness. There is no greener spot in the Greek capital than the Palace Garden, which is open to the public between four and six o'clock in the afternoon. The ex-Queen

Amelia is generally credited with the design, which, I dare say, includes more than thirty acres. Like everything about the King's household, its condition betokens no waste of his Civil List. It is, however, in decent order, and a large portion is destined to utility, growing vines and fruit trees. Judging from the thickly-clustered fruit upon a large plantation of oranges, the situation seems to suit them, though orange groves are rare in Attica, this fruit being imported from Crete.

The ex-Queen fortunately discovered several large mosaics in this garden. They have been cleared and covered with a summer-house. Of the largest, the pattern is curiously twisted, and another is in part composed of birds, their red legs of pieces of *rosso antico*. The work is doubtless Roman, and may well be thought to mark the site of the Emperor Adrian's residence. From their position he could command a complete view of that portion of the city most marked by his works. In the gardens we met with Dr. King, an American missionary, whose imprisonment and other wrongs once brought the American eagle swooping angry into the Piræus. In his *La Grèce Contemporaine*, M. About says Dr. King's crime consisted in that he, being a Protestant, amused himself by collecting orthodox Athenians at his house and converting them "*un peu*." One day these harmless gatherings were disturbed, and it appears that Dr. King

was likely to have been ill-treated, but that in a happy moment he bethought himself of the Stars and Stripes, the national flag which he had just received from Washington with his appointment as American consul. Unfurling the Republican emblem he put to flight the enraged Greeks, but ultimately, for the crime of proselytism, Dr. King was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment and subsequent banishment. As we met in the palace garden, I suppose this sentence was annulled at the time that compensation was granted to him upon the demand of the United States corvettes. From the few words I spoke with him, I should expect to find in Dr. King—with whom however I have no acquaintance—a fearless, honest witness of what he believes to be the truth, and a man exceedingly troublesome to those who obstructed him in that which he considers to be his duty. I was glad to see him returned to Athens, and obliged to him for pointing out to us in these gardens a rock commanding the best view of the Athenian ruins, which he said was Miss Bremer's favourite resting-place during her stay in Athens.

The exterior of the palace is very plain and white; the porticos and many of the more prominent parts are built of Pentelicus marble. Inside, the colouring of the cornice decorations, in patterns of Pompeian character, is exceedingly bright and effective. Upon

the grand staircase, four plaything pieces of ordnance, which, however, could be very deadly, unpleasantly suggest a state of siege, though the beauty and finish of their workmanship renders them very ornamental. The frieze of the ante-chamber, which opens into the grand ball-room, is painted with a procession of scenes representing the accomplishment of Greek independence. There are the patriots in Albanian costume fiercely bayonetting the Turks, and then the Republican episode with Capodistrias for chief, who was assassinated, they say, because suspected of playing the game of Russia; then comes King Otho, riding triumphantly in a military suit of blue. The Independence of Greece appears to have been accomplished in the ex-King, for with him the procession ends, and loyalty has left no room for his successor. The ball-rooms, three in one, are of very handsome dimensions, and the marshal of the palace told us they look "*magnifiques*" when their 3,000 wax-lights illumine the royalty and rank, the beauty and fashion of Athens. They are, however, in great want of looking-glass. All the men-servants wear the Albanian costume, with fez and *fustanella*.

M. Rodostomos, the marshal, was evidently proud of his palace, and indeed it is kept in excellent order. A Sèvres dessert service, the gift of the Czar to the Queen, his niece, is very handsome, each plate and

dish containing an original picture, the edges being of darkest blue and gold with pearl and turquoise ornamentations. "The Duc d'Aumale," said the Marshal, "when he saw it, pronounced it a *chef d'œuvre*." The Queen's drawing-room is tastefully arranged, and contains two large Sèvres jars, with pale green ground, the gift of the Emperor Napoleon III. I was not surprised to hear that Her Majesty had suffered much from cold since she left St. Petersburg, for there was no sign of fire in the Royal apartments, and Byron's line about "Eternal summer" is certainly not true with regard to the Greek winters. In the cold countries men build their houses and arrange them for warmth, and they are warm. But in the south, where the sun really shines, his absence is never sufficiently supplied. Indeed, though the climate is at times during winter excessively cold, many of the best rooms in Athens are without fire-places, and wood, the only firing, is excessively dear. At the Hôtel d'Angleterre, we pay two francs for a small basket which a man can with ease carry in his hands.

When Queen Amelia saw that the French, during their occupation, had laid out the garden and town, and occupied Piræus with so much success and popularity that neither she nor the King were welcomed when they got rid of these unbidden guests, Her Majesty prudently sent to France for an engineer, in order

that the same might be done for Athens. M. Daniel came, and many of the fine streets in the best part of the city owe their lines to his hand. The names of the Athenian streets are generally derived from the past. Sophocles cuts Socrates Street at right angles; Aristides and Euripides, the statesmen and the dramatists of ancient Greece, are all remembered.

The museums of Athens will never be furnished as they might have been if the art treasures of Greece had not been exported to all countries, and consequently, even when the completion of the new buildings displays the now-scattered collections, they will never be famous. The Natural History Museum attached to the University contains a fossil tusk of an elephant found in the Peloponnesus, which may have passed down the Nile and have been drifted on to Grecian land, or may be held to prove that the climate of the Morea has become very much colder. Among the fragments of sculpture are many tablets carved in *alto relievo* with representations of final leave-taking. It may have been the practice to insert these tablets in memory of the lost wife in the rocks around the city, upon which there are many vacant niches of corresponding sizes. In all there is a very curious similarity of design. The lady, seated in a dignified, and by no means drooping attitude, is clasping with her right hand that of an Athenian, who is probably her husband. In the back-

ground are two sympathisers. Perhaps in the stately city of Minerva this is how the ladies made their last adieux. In one collection there is a marble tablet found at Thera in Candia, upon which in bas-relief are lions and tigers chasing goats, the figures executed with great skill and reality.

A recent excavation near the site of the new railway station has disclosed some very handsome tombs, evidently in their original position. It appears to me that these tombs, according to the ancient plan of Athens, would have been situated not far from the gate which opened upon the Sacred Way to Eleusis, and that these monuments bounded the ancient road upon the left hand. The finest, which is a work of rare beauty, represents in bas-relief a triumphant horseman over a prostrate foe; another is a parting scene such as I have described; and another, more curious than all, represents the loaded boat of Charon on the Styx. If we may form any opinion from the time-worn features of the passengers, the voyage is as simple as that from Wapping to Rotherhithe. In some of the private collections of coins in Athens we saw the thin "oboles" of gold and silver with which the dead were provided for the payment of this taciturn ferryman. Authentic ancient coins are very plentiful in Athens. The silver coinage, having on one side the head of Minerva, and on the reverse the owl of the goddess, is represented in

pieces of one to four drachmas. In a drachma there were six oboles, and the silver money of ancient Athens descends by very small gradations till we find its lowest and least representative in a quarter of an obole, about the size of a flattened sparrow-shot, and about three-eighths of a penny in value. With very imperfect machinery, the Athenians appear to have been greatly successful in the relative weight of their coinage. Mr. Finlay, author of the *History of the Byzantine Empire*, a gentleman second to none in authority upon all subjects relative to Greece, who had weighed many, assured us of this fact. The stamping was a much more random process. The engraving of the dies, like all Athenian workmanship, was artistic and laborious; but whether the whole or only half the image appeared upon the bit of silver which was to be coined does not seem to have been within control. The smallest touch of the die was sufficient. With us the wide unstamped edges would be subject to clipping, but probably in the few monetary transactions of the Athenians the seller always corrected his counting by weighing the money.

We noticed much ancient base money, copper covered with thin plate of silver. The money of Corinth bears the winged Pegasus, and that of Sicyon is adorned with the lion-goat-and-dragon-headed Chimæra which Pegasus is said to have destroyed. The greatly inferior art of Roman times is shown very plainly in the

money, and also the childish tyranny of imperial debasements of the coinage. Probably this was a frequent source of wars in ancient times. Suppose England were to declare that in the payment of Irish taxes sovereigns would count as shillings, what would The O'Donoghue say?

What has become of the money of modern Greece nobody knows. There is no doubt that King Otho coined gold pieces of twenty and silver of five and of one drachma. But if you ask change for an English sovereign in Athens, the probability is that you will get a gold piece of ten francs French, a Mexican dollar, a dollar of Spain, a zwanziger of Maria Theresa, and the rest in the only Greek coins of which there are plenty, copper pieces of five or ten lepta. Some say that Otho put too much gold or silver in his coins; if he did, it was very unlikely that he had a Greek master of his mint. The Greek politicians may not have had time to become acquainted in those early days of independence with political economy, and may have blundered as to which side they should charge the cost of coinage. So it may have become profitable to melt the image of the Bavarian King; but certainly, whether for this cause, or for loyalty to George I., or from the more probable reason of the insufficiency of the coinage, the effigy of Otho is very rarely to be met with, and the most common silver coin is the zwanziger of Austria.

This is worth ninety-five, the drachma a hundred, and the franc a hundred and ten lepta. The copper coinage has the value upon one face, and on the reverse the crown and cross of Greece surrounded in Greek characters with "Kingdom of the Hellenes," a very appropriate omission of the Sovereign's image in a monarchy which seems not unlikely to become permanently elective.

If an Athenian had money, one of his purchases would be a riding horse, or, if he were married, a carriage to attend the Sunday music, which is performed upon a raised orchestra, situated in a small plain lying between Mount Lycabettus and the Patissia Road. I was there last Sunday, and was nearly ridden over by these "centaurs," whose display consists in riding furiously, clad in very unclassical monkey jackets. Of the pedestrians nearly all were men, and very fine men the Sunday Greeks are. Grand Pallicares—as the wearers of the Albanian costume, are called, from its being the invariable dress of the mountaineers—marched about, some saluting in Arab fashion, laying their right hand on their breast, with ample petticoats of spotless white, and frequently in their hands a circlet of beads, black or brown. Many Greeks, even of the higher classes, and in dress such as our own, carry this plaything as a pastime. It looks odd to see a man with fierce moustache, well-dressed, and evidently with much education,

playing as he walks along with a string of beads, passing one after another with a half-unconscious counting through his fingers. There is nothing religious about the usage; the habit is simply an idle one, but it is so general that I observed priests as well as laymen playing with their beads on the Sunday afternoon, and I have heard that one of the great luminaries of the Greek Parliament lately made an oration with such a plaything in his hand! Does this curious habit mark the restlessness of mind which is certainly characteristic of the Athenians? They circulate about the orchestra, but there is not one of them who would not rather talk politics than listen to the brazen music. There are very few women on foot, but the few present are Parisian in everything except the head-dress. It looks droll to see a Greek in a "chimney-pot" hat arm-in-arm with his wife, who wears a fez. The few carriages are for the most part filled with ladies in Parisian costumes. Their beauty is not striking, and indeed throughout Greece the males make the finer appearance. The men are always gossiping in the street; there would be less political vapouring and more real learning and industry in Athens if they did not prefer talking and lounging and cigarettes. But the women rarely leave their houses, and *enbonpoint*, with little animation of features, are the results. We have seen Eolus Street crowded, while only one woman was visible; the Greek women

retain much of the Turkish habit in this respect, and in the Frenchified streets of the capital I observed with surprise only one set of apartments to let. The Greek, like the Turk and the Englishman, prefers a house to himself.

The music at Patissia had scarcely commenced when the King's outrider, in the Royal livery of blue and silver, the national colours, appeared on the scene. The King's carriage followed closely, and, circling three times round the orchestra, exhibited its occupants. George I. is a thin young man of three and twenty, with prominent rather than handsome features. The suspicion of a moustache is the only thing that conceals them. His figure and manner are awkward. Such youth often produces great manhood, but the features of the King of Greece mark opiniativeness rather than firmness, and, if I mistake not, he is one more likely to cling to an early-formed opinion, because it is his own, than to master and direct a great policy. If I had to choose from that carriage my King, I should prefer the Crown Prince of Denmark, who sat beside the Queen of Greece. Probably upon the head of this young man will be found some day the crown of the United Scandinavian Kingdoms. The fortunes of his family are in the ascendant, and Sweden, Norway, and Denmark may find the interest and the consenting influence of Europe combined to widen the throne of this Prince,

who looks more amiable and less priggish than his younger brother.

But if ours were an elective monarchy, I should always vote for a Queen. Perhaps my reverence for Her Majesty Queen Victoria may have something to do with this resolve. Yet, indeed, for serious reasons, I think a female sovereign more fitted for the throne of a constitutional state. The homage of her people is more sincere, the regard of her Council is more devoted, and, while the love of her subjects is more attracted by feminine character, she is not so likely to be exposed to political resentment. The Greeks made no cheering as the carriage slowly moved onwards, but nearly all silently uncovered while the Royal party passed.

I thought they directed more than half their eyes towards Her Majesty, who looks a pleasant, stout, fair school-girl of seventeen. She is not of the type imagination forms of the Grand Imperial family of Romanoff. Her Majesty is fresh and pretty with youth, but her blonde features are very ordinary, much like those of the comely daughters of many an English country parson. I should be surprised to hear that she does not think her husband a modern Pericles, and is not guided in everything by his opinion. If I can impart to you something of my own impression of the excessive individuality of the modern Athenians, you will feel, as I do, how hopelessly difficult it must be for a Northern Prince

to be popular as King of Greece. I believe George I. has been as successful as it was possible he could be, and in their loyalty to him the Greeks know very well the difference between a German of the Wittelspach family and a Dane who is the brother-in-law of the Prince of Wales and of the Czarowitch of Russia. But King George can never be an Athenian; no one who was not born beneath the Acropolis could suitably twiddle beads or speak sonorous mouthfuls of the Great Idea; or, what is equally important, use the vocative case so like a true citizen as to carry the voice of Athens. "We address ourselves again to you, O distinguished great *citoyenne* of Greece," is the moderate style in which a committee of Athenian dames lately indited a letter to Madame Dora d'Istria. The vocative is the case of Greek oratory.

An experienced diplomatist in Athens told me that brigandage is a common and a facile engine in the hands of the Opposition. He stated that, in prospect of the approaching elections, it was said a brigand of great bravery and cruel disposition had been imported from Crete. However, during our stay we heard nothing of him, and he may have had no existence. But such things have been done, and the brigand's work encouraged to discredit the Government. Then, when the news of plundered Grecians frightens the timid street-talkers of the capital, the leader of Opposi-

tion rises triumphant, and in the vocative case demands, with his finger pointed at the Government, "Is it to such men, O Grecians, that," &c. &c., the obvious moral being that there would be no brigandage if the speaker were in power.

Very much has been said about brigandage in Greece. The Greeks say it exists only on the Turkish frontier, but they are excellent advocates in their own case, and never fail to lay any disorder at the door of the Turks. The country is admirably adapted for the operations of brigands, the roads being bad, and the plains divided from each other by mountain ridges, away over which they can hurry their victims or their spoil with very little chance of being perceived or followed. Happily, I speak of the Greek brigand from inquiry and hearsay —I have never had the misfortune to meet him in the flesh. Yet I might have done so had we been a month earlier in Athens, when the head of the famous Kitzos was exposed to the public gaze. After committing many atrocities, and declining, "for his country's good," to expatriate himself in Crete, Kitzos was shot by a soldier, and his head lifted to public view upon a pole near Nauplia. It was afterwards carried to the capital as a warning and an evidence that the brigand was no more. A friend of ours saw the head brought into Athens in a tin box upon a cab full of soldiers, the street boys crying after it, "Kitzos' head! Kitzos' head!" The ghastly

witness was exposed behind the University, and the features much admired by some of the Athenian ladies. In Naples, brigands are heroes, and I have lately seen the brutal physiognomy of dead highwaymen exhibited on *cartes-de-visite* for sale in the best shops of the Strada Toledo. And in Greece such marauders certainly exist, for it is not long since Lord Alfred Hervey and his friends were taken and ransomed in Peloponnesus; and, quite recently, a Greek of Argolis only obtained his liberty from a band of brigands by a ransom of 30,000 drachmas, more than £1000 sterling.

The Greek brigands do not fight; the traveller's life is safe. Their leader, with politeness, directs the voyager's attention to the guns of the band pointed at himself. The leader may be guarding his person behind a rock while these preliminaries are going on. Under the muzzles of their guns the trembling traveller will probably be asked to deposit those articles of dress which may secrete offensive weapons at some distance from himself by the roadside. Then the bold brigands approach and arrange the ransom. The victim at once writes directions to have the agreed sum paid to the gentlemen, or he refuses. In either case he is hurried off into the mountainous recesses with which Greece abounds. If he has written for the money, the brigand to whom his note is entrusted goes to the town for the cash, the prisoner being a hostage for his safety;

if he refuses, he may be gently tortured or starved into submission. All the while the band are on the look-out for their enemies, the soldiers, who get a handsome reward for every undoubted brigand they can shoot. Hence the sport is rather keen, and the prisoner is not likely to want exercise, if there is the least likelihood of the brigands being tracked. I read in the Greek papers of a lady, captured in the eastern part of Greece, whose thin boots were quite unfit for such forced promenades upon the stony mountains. The brigands, awaiting her ransom in a country where it was necessary for their own safety to be always on the move, were so complaisant as to measure her feet and send to the next town for stronger shoes.

I asked a rich Greek merchant, settled abroad, why he did not buy land and benefit his country as a proprietor. "No, thank you," he replied; "one fine morning there would be fifteen men come into my dining-room and carry me off. I had rather not; get rid of the brigands here, and then it might be different." "He was speaking in Athens, and, as he afterwards explained to me, alluded to the politicians who form the King's Ministry and Opposition. I suppose it was not entirely a figure of speech which M. Coumoundouros employed when he spoke last December of the good work of his own short-lived Ministry, and the benefits it had already accomplished. Speaking of the time of his accession

to office, he said: "The brigands reigned throughout. Myself, in returning to my province, I was forced, to my regret, to demand an escort of forty men. There was not, then, surety anywhere. Here, even in Athens, who dared to leave the town to breathe the pure air of the fields?" I do not believe that the golden age commenced or ended with M. Coumoundouros. Very likely he was speaking to Buncombe. We, at least, were never fearful of walking in the environs of Athens, nor do I think there was the slightest cause for alarm. In the suburbs, where there were thousands of half-starving Cretans, I never beheld anything in the shape of a soldier or a policeman on duty, and I am bound to say that in my many walks about and around Athens I never saw a drunken man, nor an assault, nor any breach of the peace. If you think I have been at times severe upon the modern Greeks, please record this assertion in their favour.

Notwithstanding these sinister warnings, we could not be content to visit Athens without seeing something of the interior of Greece, and our first journey was to Eleusis, situate about thirteen miles from the capital, on the northernmost shore of the bay covered by the Isle of Salamis. The road to Piræus and that to Eleusis are the best in all Greece, and, indeed, they are very good. We passed through the olive groves, which occupy the richest part of the plain

of Athens, crossed the precious waters of the Cephisus, and soon commenced the ascent of the hills leading to the Pass of Daphne, through which lay the road to Eleusis. The Monastery of Daphne is the first object of interest after leaving the city. It is supposed to occupy the site of a Temple of Apollo, and many finely-carved marbles, built at random into its walls, give an appearance of truth to the suspicion. From one of the walls of this monastery three Ionic columns were removed by Lord Elgin, and are now in the British Museum. The dilapidated courtyard was full of Cretans, about a hundred of the refugees having found shelter in this ruinous place. They are, generally, a very handsome people, with a beauty of which neither sickness nor idleness can deprive them. Among the groups we noticed one or two children, their eyes nearly closed with small-pox, which is very rife among the "Cretians," as our servant called them.

I never meet these people without thinking that St. Paul grievously wronged them. Suppose, in the immortal work which contains his Epistle to Titus, he had written to a Bishop of London concerning the Londoners as he did to the Bishop of Crete—"One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretans are liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true"—might we not have found such an universal publication as this of the opinion of Epemenides a heavy weight

to carry upwards on the path of improvement? I think there are liars in the Levant, but I don't think the Cretans excel others in that respect; they are certainly not evil beasts, or, with 50,000 cast dependent upon Greece, they would have infested every path with bands of robbers and murderers. And whatever "slow bellies" may mean, I don't think that is true; their appetites seem voracious, though they are not suffering from want of food, and a Greek, who had fought with them for a year, told me that on their stomachs, on all fours, or on their feet, they were the most active irregular soldiery that ever handled a musket against an enemy.

There were the materials for a striking picture in the courtyard of the monastery of Daphne, through which we passed to the chapel. The dome of this building, mosaiced with a fine head of Christ, had been blackened with fire by the Turks, and the features spotted with pistol bullets by enraged Moslems who tried ineffectually to hold the Pass of Daphne against the Greeks. This chapel is older than the Mahometan occupation, and a large sarcophagus ornamented with the *fleur-de-lis*, now rudely mounted upon the top of one still more ancient, showed this to have been the burial-place of one of those French Dukes of Athens who reigned in Attica during the fourteenth century. From a military point of view, the position is important, and

from the roof may be traced remains of almost every domination the soil has known. The ruined walls are the work of Venetians, and a broken minaret tells of the departed service of Mahomet. But the scene which we most wished to call to our fancy was the great Athenian procession crowding joyously through the Pass to celebrate the Sacred Mysteries at Eleusis. This quinquennial festival is said to have been introduced at Athens as early as 1356 B.C. And as the glory of the city grew, these ceremonies increased in importance. I think they may be called the freemasonry of the Athenian citizens. Initiation was given to persons of all ages and both sexes, and death was the punishment of those who made an appearance without introduction.

Ceres, the presiding goddess, was propitiated with offerings of the fruits of the earth, and fish, generally the mullet, were also burnt on her altars. Superstition the most extravagant, ceremonies the most curious, seem to have characterised these assemblies; but it is impossible, in contemplating the pure idealism of the temples of the Athenians, not to feel that their worship was an elevated, if an unsuccessful attempt to reach the "Unknown God."

Not far from the monastery, upon the opposite side of a watercourse to that on which we rode, a part of the ancient *Via Sacra* may still be seen, a narrow roadway, not more than ten feet wide, the lower side built up with

rough stones cut from the bare rock it traverses. Here and there between the hills were a few patches of cultivated land, but the hills themselves, sloping gently to the road through the Pass, are bare blocks of whitish limestone. Descending, the view of the Bay of Eleusis is extremely beautiful, so land-locked by Salamis that all outlet is invisible, and the blue water appears to be that of a lake. All the hills of Salamis were mirrored in the calm sea, and as we rode round the grey sand of the semicircular shore, a succession of magnificent views opened before us. At one point we could command a distinct prospect of the Acro-Corinthos, the high stronghold of the city of Corinth, which the President, Capo d'Istrias, wished to make the capital of Greece.

Behind it rose the broad, snow-covered mountains of Peloponnesus; there were the squalid towns with the great names of Megara and Eleusis lying on the shore, and above them Mount Geranea and "dun Cithæron's ridge." Eleusis is now a village in which there is no house having a second story. Most are built, like those in Turkish villages, of cakes of mud, the flat, mud roof supported by beams of timber. An Eleusinian told our servant that not unfrequently these roofs decay and fall upon the tenants, with disagreeable and sometimes fatal results. There are a few new cottages with sloping roofs roughly built of stone, their interior consisting of one room with the flattened soil for a floor, in which all the

operations, sleeping and waking, of the family are carried on. In a small space lying between some of these cabins and a high rock, probably the Acropolis of Eleusis, the ground is strewn with blocks of white marble, the ruins, it is supposed, of the Propylæa to the Temple of Ceres.

You probably know the story: how Ceres, in search of her daughter Proserpine, who had been carried off by Pluto, came here and, in recompense for the kind reception she experienced, gave to Eleusis, agriculture and the Mysteries. The first temple erected in this place to Ceres was destroyed by the Persians in their retreat from the disastrous field of Platæa; the second, the ruins of which we beheld, was built by the architect of the Parthenon, during the administration of Pericles, and destroyed by Alaric, King of the Goths.

Though the white marble columns have been broken, with very evident force, at their bases, close upon the pavement, it is not difficult to recognise that the Propylæa at Eleusis are a copy of the building upon the Athenian Acropolis. The Goths did their wicked work thoroughly. They left, however, the pavement, upon which, in a doorway, the deep ruts worn by Athenian chariots are still visible. Some of the tracery upon the fragments is very beautiful; among the blocks, a few are worked with a Roman hand; even where there are no Roman letters, work of the Roman times may be distinguished from the pure Grecian by its great

inferiority of finish. The broadest stone is an immense medallion of white marble, which contained, within a richly chased border, the bust of a soldier, probably a Roman Emperor. The head of the bust has been knocked off. Though nothing but the ground plan, except these broken fragments, is left of the Propylæa, it is not impossible for imagination with these materials to reconstruct the edifice, but this cannot be attempted in regard to the great Temple of Ceres, which it is supposed was more than twice the size of the Parthenon, and the largest temple in all Greece.

Some ponderous masonry which formed part of its south-western foundations is all that remains of this great Temple, the site of which is occupied by wretched cabins. I do not suppose the dwelling houses were much grander in ancient times, or that the thousands of Athenians who attended the ceremonies were careful for other accommodation than Nature would afford. The site of the temple was, like that of all the most important Grecian works, admirably chosen, on a plateau raised not very high above the sea, exactly in front of the channel from Piræus, between Salamis and the main land. Below, on the shore, the ruins of a small port show that the Greek engineers knew how to provide for the escape of the sand, which, without any such provision, would have quickly filled up this shallow harbour, the broken wall of which protected two boats of

Eleusis. The people of the village seemed miserably poor, but, as usual, in no want. The tailor sat cross-legged on his board, patiently embroidering an Albanian jacket, the publican seemed to have some trade in resined wine and coffee; for the rest, some of the women were spinning with hand-bobbins the cotton which the men had grown, and others weaving this coarse yarn into strong cloth, all in happy ignorance of the inventions of Crompton and Cartwright. Resined wine is about the nastiest compound you can conceive. From some want of knowledge in making or storing, the inferior qualities of Greek wine will not keep, and the gummy juice of the stone pines which grow about the hills is mixed with it, imparting an execrable flavour. However, habit is always superior to taste, and the lower-class Greeks really like this resinous wine, which is, they say, a healthful stomachic.

In returning, we noticed, near to Eleusis, the remains of a Roman aqueduct which conveyed water from Mount Parnes to the city of the Mysteries. A little nearer to Athens we came upon the ruined Tomb of Straton, who certainly had a picturesque burial-place, and, farther still, upon the site of the Temple of Venus-Phile, the rock close by covered with empty niches from which had been taken votive offerings to the Goddess of Beauty. Again we found the picturesque Cretans seated idly about the monastery of

Daphne; if we had been Athenians returning from the Mysteries we might have relieved our full hearts, for to the Cretans, and to them only, was it lawful to speak of the Eleusinian mysteries, because the Athenians had received their initiation from Crete. As it was, we rather avoided them, on account of the small-pox and fever which are carrying off so many of these poor refugees, and passing over the pretty plain on which the French encamped during 1854–57, enjoyed during our descent into the Athenian olive groves the finest view of the city and of Hymettus.

Because Ceres was "chaffed" by an old woman called Jambe, upon her arrival at Eleusis, the bridge over which we crossed the Cephisus between Daphne and Athens, was, in ancient times, the resort of people who there systematically waylaid the procession with badinage, much, I suppose, as Clapham and Epsom will resound next May with pleasantries aimed at Derby-going sportsmen. Poor Ceres! Her worship is now, as formerly, very much neglected in Attica. If the Athenians made Ceres, like Minerva, an every-day goddess, their city might be stored with corn and wine for exportation instead of producing a barren crop of paltry journals.

The state of the soil between Athens and Eleusis inclines me to think that Ceres has left Eleusis—that she does not dwell amid the ruins of her most gorgeous temple. On one of the broken blocks of marble there

are, finely-wrought, the torches which she lighted at the fires of Etna to seek her daughter, and one or two capitals of exquisite workmanship are adorned with the winged griffins that drew the outraged mother into the presence of Jove. The sow, her favourite offering, deserved her fate by grubbing, before our eyes, in the Eleusinian fields, where among the green wheat grew Ceres' own flower, the sacred poppy. But the plenty which Ceres herself was supposed to bring will never be the result of Greek agriculture until the cultivation of the soil is more generous and the labour more effective.

Another day, and fortunately a fine one, we started for Marathon. The distance of the battle-field is about twenty-four miles from Athens by the nearest route, and we were obliged to send on horses the night before to relieve those which took us from Athens, about midway on the journey. The morning air was cold as we left the city, about seven o'clock, by the road passing the King's palace, and many Cretans thronged the way at this point, where several large houses have been filled for weeks past with these people. There are no fences in Greece, and the patches of wheat are entirely unprotected except by the fierce shepherds, who carry a long crook of quite Arcadian pattern. On this side of the city there is neither water nor olive trees to beguile the way which passes over gentle undulations, some rudely cultivated, some growing nothing but wild

bushes and coarse wiry herbage neither good for man nor beast. Ambelokypos, about two miles from Athens, is a charming cluster of houses. The landscape was very pretty at this point; the wheat grew rich and green, with a few olive trees among it of palest colour. Above them, the cloudless blue sky was cut with tall, dark cypresses, and on either side, the brown rocks made the scene appear a gem of beauty in a most appropriate setting. Passing near to the villages of Khalandri, Maroussi, and Cephissia—the last the most important and the highest of all—we approached Mount Pentelicus. Below the summit, which is 3650 feet above the sea-level, many large, white patches indicated the quarries from whence the material of the Parthenon, as well as that of the Museum now in course of construction, has been obtained. At Stavros, an escort of mounted soldiers awaited our arrival. We had received so much official council in Athens to have such a guard against the briganns, that we felt unable to neglect these repeated cautions; accordingly, a corporal and some men had been ordered to attend us at this point on the road. We left Stavros with an advanced guard, and two men closely following our carriage.

The next resting-place was a quadrangular shed, about 200 feet square, into which we drove, creating no small astonishment among the inhabitants of this village. For a village it was, though it seemed nothing but a

huge cattle-pen, very much resembling the desert caravanserais in which I have slept on the northern borders of Sahara. Partitions in the long, low shed divided it into habitations. These interiors were furnished with beds on the floor, rolled up during the day-time, blocks of wood or stone for chairs, a bigger block for a table; there were no windows, and one cottage could boast a piece of looking-glass about four inches square.

Yet there was no appearance of abject misery about the people. A common oven, with recent marks of usage, stood in the open square, the two narrow entrances to which could be easily closed upon the stock of the village or against intruders. In one cottage, a woman was busily rolling out a good paste; in another, the mistress was diligently weaving; and their stout handiwork seemed, in a great measure, to clothe both themselves and their husbands. A few miles farther on, the road descended through a wooded valley to a ruined bridge, mended after the fashion of an American corduroy road. It was a matter of interested speculation with us whether the three logs with which the bridge had been repaired would bear the unusual weight of our carriage; but, however, with many a swing of the vehicle and groan of the logs, we passed in safety, and, beneath a high rock on the farther side, found our relay of horses tethered to a stake. The day was too fine, and the country too pleasant, for any

troublesome thoughts of brigands; besides, our escort was armed to the teeth with carbines, swords, and pistols. But no part of the route could be better chosen for attack than this wooded dell, in which we changed horses. The nature of the ground shut out all view of the country, and down to the edge of the rivulet, which was crossed by the rickety bridge, grew tall, thick bushes sufficient to conceal an army. As it was, the greenness and the freshness and the beauty of this oasis held all our thoughts as we strolled onwards while the horses were being changed and the soldiers refreshed themselves with a cigarette. If it had been night-time instead of bright morning sunlight, I think it is very likely we should have kept close to their protection.

At length we commenced the long descent upon the Plain of Marathon. The district we traversed, though brilliantly green with new shoots of the wild pines, of oleanders, of acanthus and arbutus trees, was without any sign of cultivation—probably in precisely the condition it bore when the Athenians marched over it to do battle with the Persians. The approach to the Plain sloped gently towards the sea, and across the blue water of the channel rose the high land of the Island of Eubœa. Before us was the Bay of Marathon, a smooth, round, shallow bay, enclosed from the Channel of Eubœa by the tail-shaped high land, Cynosura, terminating in Cape Marathon. Rounding Mount

Argiliki, a bare, pyramidal hill, one of the numerous attendants upon Pentelicus, we overlooked the battle-field—a plain as level as a bowling-green, irregularly bounded by hills on all sides but that exposed to the sea. The dimensions of the plain are about six miles from east to west along the sea-front, with an average width of two miles.

Long distances go for little in this clear atmosphere, and it is very difficult to estimate the extent of the field before one has been over it. The sea-front is a smooth, softly-curving line; on the land side the plain runs into two bays of unequal depth formed by the Pentelicus hills, in each of which is situated a village claiming to be the ancient Marathon. The hills are stony and impossible of cultivation, but the plain is as rich as any part of Greece. Not even the careless cultivation of the peasantry is able to hide its fertility. Yet now, as in the time of Miltiades, you can walk from end to end of the battle-field, for there are no fences. A few peasants engaged in weeding the wheat patches—a few more, opening the roots of their vines to the warm, spring air,—these were all the people we saw, except two shepherds, who idly guided their mixed flocks of sheep and goats across the plain.

The western entrance to the battle-field between Mount Argiliki and the sea, is divided about the centre by a marsh, part of which would probably have been

impassable even on the September day in 490 B.C. when the fight was fought. About six miles distant from this, at the other end, is a much larger and more dangerous marsh, which renders the exit from the plain in that direction more contracted and difficult. Authorities are not unanimous as to the position of the line of battle—whether it was parallel with the sea-front and to the greatest length of the field, or whether both armies engaged with their wings resting, one upon the hills, the other on the sea.

I am quite inclined to agree with Mr. Finlay, who has written with great circumspection both of the site and of literary authorities upon the subject,* that the latter was the position of attack. The road by which we came would have been left open to the advance of the Persians if, as is commonly supposed, the Athenians had marched across the heights of Pentelicus, and descended to drive the Persians into the sea. The Athenians were by no means light-armed troops. Their enormous helmets, their body and leg armour, with their heavy spears, would discourage a quick march over the mountains; besides, why should they leave the lower and easier road open to their enemy? In the Persian army there was a man who knew the country well, their former tyrant, Hippias, son of Pisistratus, whom the Persians came to replace on a dependent throne.

* Mr. G. Finlay on the Battle of Marathon.

Grasping at power in his old age—suborned by his ambition even to lead his country's enemies against her freedom—Hippias was not likely to care for anything so much as the possession of the easiest road to Athens. It was he who directed the landing in Marathon Bay, and, as Mr. Finlay, in my humble judgment, properly urges, it was the lower road, entering the plain at its western extremity, towards which the jealous, eager tyrant would direct the forces of Persia.

Adopting this theory with regard to this first of the great battles of the world, we should place the Athenians, about 10,000 strong, upon the rising ground from which we first saw the plain, the slopes of Mount Argiliki towards the sea. It is a very strong position. Their eyes commanded the entire plain. Near Mount Argiliki, upon which their left wing rested, is the modern village of Vrana, which Colonel Leake, a great authority, has identified as the ancient Marathon. This is in the first and most southerly of the land-bays of the plain. The low, round hill projecting into the plain, forms the two bays, falling on the farther side into the larger and northern bay, high up in which is Marathona and the stream that afterwards disappears in the marshes and the sand.

Most people, of course, gladly find a ready-made Marathon in this Greek village with the ancient name. Lower in the same bay is Bey, another village

which has other Turkish marks than its name. The great marsh lies below these, and we may suppose that when the Athenians first beheld their enemy the Persians were encamped on the wide ground between the mountains and the sea, this marsh being some distance in their rear, the long semicircle of their triremes darkening the sand behind them in the highest and most sheltered portion of the Bay of Marathon.

The Greek army has preserved all the characteristics of that which fought and won at Marathon; its weakness consists in its democratic individualism, in the useless number of its officers, and in their preference for an individual policy. There was no man in the army at Marathon so fitted to lead as Miltiades, whose name, by the way, the modern Greeks pronounce "Miltiádes," the sound of the "i" being almost lost in that of the broadly accented "á." All the Greeks knew this, and consented to his leadership; he alone had previous experience of the Persians, he had been driven by them from his seat of government in Chersonese, therefore his pre-eminent right was unquestioned. But if the Archangel Michael descended to lead the modern army of Greece against the Turk he would find a rival in every colonel, and many colonels to every regiment; and Miltiades, though elected leader, discerned so much reservation of opinion in favour of themselves among the chiefs equal to himself in

authority, that, although most anxious to attack, he waited until the day arrived on which by right it would have been his turn to command, and then he bade the Athenians run down upon their enemy.

Last year I saw a negro Obeah-woman seated in a pretty cove on the African coast with a pen of fowls behind her. Her assistant gravely handed one to her; she drew her knife across its throat and then threw it into the sea. If the poor bird died there, the omen was good; if it fluttered, as sometimes happened, out of the waves and expired on the shingle, the evil spirit was still in the ascendant. It seemed to me so impossible to realise that the well-dressed man behind her, who anxious and motionless watched the operation, and I presume paid for it, could believe in such a ceremony. And so upon the field of Marathon one is fain to disbelieve, but that is not possible, that these Athenians went down to the charge happy that their soothsayers had found in the entrails of birds good omens for the day. One's mind does not so revolt from the wilder imagination of those who beheld, giant-like, the form of Theseus hovering over them, encouraging and urging them forward to the fight. In their narrow lines ran Aristides, too great to be jealous of his leader,—ran Æschylus, the mysterious tragic poet,—ran Themistocles, whom the glory of Miltiades was to excite to conquests equally great,—ran too Callimachus, the Polemarch, a

title given to one of the Athenian archons, whose vow to sacrifice a goat for every foeman slain was to cost his country a larger flock than he supposed. The Persians, surprised at the presumption of their enemy, astonished at the attack, wondering still more to see the Athenians running with full speed towards them, advanced from their camp and formed line across the middle of the plain, an excellent position, as probably their leaders thought, for the evolutions of the cavalry, of which, though they had but a small force, the Persians were greatly proud.

Fancy a battle along a line about two miles in length unclouded by smoke, the shouts and screams and clash of swords and spears distinctly heard where there was neither rattle of musketry nor roar of cannon! Each point of the combat might be clearly seen, the thin Athenian line bulging at the centre as the Persians forced it back. In vain Aristides, waving his sword, rallies his forces, the swarthy enemy, glittering with mail and gaudy ornaments, breaks through, and the Athenian centre is routed to the hills. But the Platæans on the one wing and the brave Callimachus on the other are pressing the Persians too closely for the successful centre to pursue the Athenians; the retreating division is brought back by Aristides, and the Athenian wings, closing up, make fearful retaliation upon the Persians. Here was the battle decided; here

fell Callimachus the Polemarch, stuck full of wounds; and upon this spot, where it may be said the fight was fought and won, upon the ground occupied by the Athenian centre, stands the mound which is the sole authentic witness of the combat. Beneath this heap of shingly clay, if we may trust Pausanias, rest the remains of the 192 Athenians who fell in the fight.

Time, and the excavations of treasure-hunters, have rendered the monument shapeless. It is about five and twenty feet in height, with a diameter at the base of a hundred feet. Wild pear bushes and daffodils grow upon this grave of the heroes of Marathon. There needs no historian to tell the visitor the heap is artificial, for the plain out of which it rises like an island from the calm sea quite sufficiently shows this. He knows that here is one fact of the great battle, and standing on the monument, his eye passes onward over the ground occupied by the defeated Persians, and imagination follows them to their boats.

Before the mound, where fighting was thickest, may have fallen in the obscurity of the crowd the traitor-tyrant Hippias. He had been stricken with fear on landing when one of his teeth dropped upon the sand; he took this for an omen that he was to fall also. The omen was too true; but the night before the battle he dreamed he was with his mother—he, the rejected tyrant, coming to avenge and thrust himself upon his unwilling

country, lay dreaming on the battle-field of peaceful and happier infancy; this Hippias accepted as a good omen, as an assurance that he should regain Athens. Like the first it was true also, and when the day darkened, his corpse lay unknown beneath the heaps of Persians slain, and he had joined his parents in the sleep of death. Hurrying away over what had been their camp, the Athenians drove the Persians—every step strewn with rich arms and ornaments and spoils of the flying Asiatics—towards the great marsh which from the hillock looks a dark patch of brown rushes. "Death in the front, destruction in the rear," into this deadly swamp numbers were driven, and there in the grave into which they sank, may yet rest, well preserved, their accoutrements, and, perhaps, something of their bones and clothing.

All along the shore, round to Cynosura, where the plain is contracted, the Persians were scrambling to their boats, not utterly routed, for the Athenians only captured seven of their ships. Dying, the victors bore back with them Cynægirus, the heroic brother of Æschylus, whose hand had been chopped off on the gunwale of one of the boats he gave his life in attempting to stop. But the field was their own; Attica was free of the Persians, except those dark heaps of bleeding dead and dying that lay all conspicuous on the level plain. And as the Athenians panted with hardly-won victory, some already

envious of the glory of their leader, the Persian fleet was passing out into the broad Ægean, its daring leaders steering south-westward, hoping to surprise Athens before the victors could arrive to defend the capital with their presence and make it joyful with the news of victory. But Miltiades was not only a brave, he was a wary general, and probably by the agency of some traitorous Athenian the Persians knew as they stood in to Phalerum Bay that the conquering Greeks were prepared again to do battle, and that within sight of the Acropolis.

Let us return to the field, and sympathise, if we can, with the just Aristides left in charge of the scene. The night mist would hang over the plain, and the only sound would be the groans of the wounded crying with pain and for water, sounds growing fainter and fewer as the morning broke. Then, probably, they collected the dead Athenians beneath this hillock, which, according to Mr. Finlay, stands 1660 yards from the hills and 900 from the shore, the entire distance, 2500 yards, being the length of the Athenian line. Soon the 2000 Spartans, too late to take part in the fight, in time to recognise with ill-concealed envy the prowess of their gallant neighbours in the heaps of spoil and fallen foes, arrived upon the scene. How they must have cursed the dilatory superstition of their Government, which kept them at home until the moon's

fulness! They had heard at Athens of the victory, but, being on the march, they could not resist an impulse to visit the scene of so much glory. And we, English pilgrims to the same scene, followed them at an interval of nearly 2358 years! The glory of Miltiades has aroused not only Themistocles but many in all these ages. And of him, the conqueror, they say the square foundations about the middle of the field mark his grave. He lived to be disgraced by the solemn verdict of his countrymen and laid under a fine, which his son Cimon paid after his death. Thus, too cruelly punished for what may have been his mistaken abandonment of the siege of Paros, the bones of Miltiades were perhaps brought to this spot by his son. Upon the green ruin a shepherd had fixed four poles, and, fastening others across them at a height of about eight feet from the ground, had made himself an elevated bed and a watch-tower, from whence in summer the flocks or the crops could be observed by day or night. "And this is all," said one of our party somewhat scornfully, "that is left of the glory of Miltiades." "*All!*" I answered. "Of whom can it be said that three-and-twenty centuries after his death people will come from all quarters of the earth to visit his tomb, and will speak his name as one enshrined in deathless glory?"

I do not wonder that the Athenians, then as now inclined to be boastful, magnified the forces of their

enemy in their accounts of the battle. They, at least, were wiser than the Persians, who brought marble for a trophy, the very block which Phidias afterwards carved into a statue of Nemesis for the now ruined Temple at Rhamnus, which stands upon a beautiful elevation not far from the north-eastern corner of the battle-field. The account of Herodotus has generally been accepted as correct. Thirty-four years after the fight he read his history at the Olympic Games, where it may be supposed that gross mis-statement would not be permitted. He sets the Persian killed at 6400, and the number of the Persian triremes at a figure—I believe 600 for the infantry—which would not admit of the transport of an enormous army. Authorities less mindful of truth have raised the numbers of the Persians to 300,000 and even to 600,000. In the decline of Athenian independence it is not unlikely that Truth also took wing from Athens. But the battle remains the first and the most famous defeat of despotism by freemen, and its memory has endured throughout all succeeding ages as a warning and an encouragement.

LETTER VI.

The Greek Boulê—Payment of Members—Supplies for Crete—The Old Style — A General Election — Churches for Voting-places — The Ballot Boxes—Voting for Thirty Candidates—Disorder in the Provinces—Real Secret Voting—Order at Elections—Salamis—Ægina—Hellenic Steamboat Company—Calamaki—Isthmus of Corinth—The Isthmian Theatre—Cutting the Isthmus—The Acro-Corinthos—Ruined Columns at Corinth—Site of the Old City—Yes and No—Mounts Helicon and Parnassus—Patras—Missolonghi—Zante—The Hotel Byzantio—Mount Skopos—Fine Olive Trees—Lombardi is Elected—Lombardi's Triumph—The Citadel of Zante—The Venetian Rule—The English in the Seven Islands—Mr. Gladstone's Italian Speech—Prison of Zante—The Plain—The Tar Wells—Agricultural System of Greece—The Tax-Farmers—Peasant Proprietors — The "Alonia" — Bad Effects of the System — Greek Peasants—Greek Landlords—Woods and Foresters—A Murderer in Office.

THE Greek Boulê, or House of Representatives, consists of 180 members, each of whom receives 2000 drachmas for the annual session, a little more than £70. In Greece this paltry sum has a very different value in the eyes of politicians from that it would have in England, yet we cannot suppose it is to obtain this remuneration that Greeks expend from 2000 to 10,000

drachmas in the costs of a contested election. I am credibly informed that there are other ways, less legitimate, but not unknown to candidates, of making the position of a deputy of pecuniary value, at the expense of the State. The members of the Greek Boulê, which, with the King, forms the entire legislative authority of the country, are elected for four years; and for extraordinary sessions they receive only their travelling expenses. The ordinary sessions commence on the 1st of November, and while they cannot terminate in less than three, they may not be prolonged for more than six months.

It is not the fault of the members that the payment is not better proportioned to their own valuation of their services. The framers of the Constitution of 1863, knowing that the House was likely to entertain a higher opinion of the worth of its wisdom, put in a clause to the effect that no financial proposition relative to personal payments, salaries, or pensions, could originate with the Boulê. Yet, in spite of this, the House did make an abortive attempt to increase the payment of members. It seems to me, that from the peasant who defrauds the tax-farmer up to the Minister who enjoys his salary and deals in patronage, the Greeks feel no shame in what may be more coarsely than falsely called, robbing the State. In Athens, the State is the bounteous mother of all success; for there is no in-

dustry but place hunting, and no promotion but by patronage. If Greeks loved their State, they would discharge its creditors; yet no Minister dare propose a financial policy dictated by honour and honesty. A witty Frenchman has written that "the Greek State considers its national creditors as indigents a little more interesting than the hungry." I do not think this is true, for the Greek Government, while disdaining a look to its creditors, gives half its revenue to the Cretans whom its policy has driven from their homes. When Greek politicians become patriot statesmen, they will appreciate, and their policy will show that they appreciate, the value of financial honesty; at present they are willing to earn temporary power and popularity, bidding against each other which shall most quickly bring the State to financial ruin in the pursuit of an idea.

I was walking with one of the candidates for Athens a few days before the general election, a man of much ability, who had held the portfolio of a Minister, than whom no one was better informed as to the position of affairs in Crete, and he told me distinctly that it would not be possible for the insurrectionists to prolong the war without the supplies which came to them from Greece. The Greek Government has done everything short of sending its badly organised army to help the war in Crete. It systematically exports Greek brigands to prey upon the unhappy island. The English engineer

of a Greek steamboat on the Gulf of Corinth told us how his vessel had been chartered to take a band of brigands from Bœotia to Kerigo. "They was the roughest-looking lot I ever see," he said; "they'd have cut off anybody's head for sixpence; all day long they played cards on our deck for English suvverrins, and knocked our old cap'en out o' their way when he wanted to keep 'em out of the saloon. Yes, sir, we landed 'em at the island of Kerigo, and there one of the blockade runners took 'em off to Crete." A fighting policy is, however, the most popular in Greece, and provided the loudest "cry" in the general election, which commenced on the 2nd of April—the 21st of March, according to the "old style" reckoning of the Greeks.

No stranger in Athens would have supposed that an excited struggle for power had commenced, when the poll opened. The new Parliament is summoned to express the confidence, or the want of confidence, of the country in the new Ministry. In no city with which I am acquainted are politics so generally the subject of conversation; if you see two or more Greeks engaged in earnest talk, the theme is probably political, for in trade they are rather deliberate, and discourse with slow tongue-fence. There are no measures to which some on both sides will not resort, rather than lose the political battle. To the Greek politicians,

failure generally means debt and poverty; while success opens the path to the Ministerial portfolios, and to the patronage which is more coveted than the portfolio. Add to all this that the people are by temperament most quarrelsome, and you will expect, as I did, that a Greek election would be at least as riotous as a similar ceremony in Ireland. On the contrary, English people do not go to their churches and meeting-houses in a more orderly manner than the Athenians betook themselves to the poll. And it cannot be doubted that this remarkable absence of anything approaching disorder was due to the mode of election —by ballot. In Greece, a deputy must be a citizen of the eparchy, or electoral division, by the vote of which he is returned to the Boulê, and to be nominated as a candidate, he must be recommended by a thirtieth portion of the electors to a court which presents the candidates for the choice of the population of the eparchy.

Athens, with its neighbourhood, returns five deputies; there were, however, thirty duly qualified candidates. These would-be deputies were themselves sufficient in number to make a small mob, yet there were no placards about the streets, no party emblems, no apparent interruption whatever to the business and trade of the city. I had to seek the guidance of one of the candidates to find the four voting-places, two of which were churches. Around the entrances there stood, in

knots of five or ten, about fifty men, formed for the most part of the lingering stream of electors that poured gently in and out the church doors. At these doors, with bayonets fixed, stood a guard of soldiers. Now and then they cleared the doorways, and repressed the curiosity of street boys not of voting age, which commences upon the completion of the twentieth year.

I watched many electors enter and record their votes. They met with no solicitation or obstruction outside the doors. On entering, the centre of the church was seen occupied by thirty ballot-boxes, ranged in three sides of a square; upon the fourth, facing the door, was placed the clerks' table, at which the electors' names and right of voting were identified. The Greek churches are well adapted for such a ceremony, as there are no seats, and the floors are perfectly clear; yet it seemed strange to see the long-haired, nasal-drawling priests so entirely dismissed, and the smoke of a score of cigarettes "weaving its light-blue tangles in the air," which one had supposed sacred to their incense. The gaudy portraits of God the Father, of Christ, of the Virgin, and of Saints, which at other times the Athenians kiss with apparently devout reverence, were now moved aside and entirely disregarded. Greek priests, like English peers, are prohibited from taking part in political elections, and these churches seemed to be, during the four days for which the poll is open, entirely in the hands of

the civil power. In each commune a Commission is appointed to watch the election in the interests of all the candidates, and by these gentlemen the sealed ballot-boxes are guarded. Upon each of the boxes is a placard bearing the name of a candidate. A horizontal funnel, about a foot in length, is fixed at the top of the box, into which the voter inserts his arm. After his name has been recorded at the clerks' table, one of the attendants, carrying a wooden bowl containing thirty small leaden bullets, advanced with each voter into the hollow square formed by the ballot-boxes. The attendant pronounced the name of the candidate upon the first box, at the same time handing the elector one bullet.

To an old Greek, clad in dingy *fustanella* and shaggy capôte, he had to give a complete explanation; but this rarely happened, for most of the voters had a clearly intelligent acquaintance with the entire formula. To this particular Athenian the attendant explained that the external painting of the box, one half black, the other white, corresponded with an internal division, and that the bullet dropped into the black half would count against the candidate, as if thrown into the white it would assist his election. On the black was written "No," in white letters, and on the white half he could read "Yes," in black letters. On passing his arm up the funnel his hand would, unseen, reach the division, and he could drop his bullet

to right or left according as he wished the success or the defeat of the candidate. Looking at him, over the box, were the members of the Commission appointed to see fair play; and several ardent friends of the candidates appeared also to have taken up this position. So the attendant followed each voter to every one of the thirty boxes, presenting a bullet at each box. I observed only two sly attempts at solicitation during the Athenian election. A partisan, looking over a box at a voter, who seemed for an irresolute moment to balance the bullet in his fingers, said, touching the candidate's name with his finger, the single word "*patriote*"; and another, anxious to secure as many "white" bullets as possible, displayed, from time to time, above the box of his favourite candidate, a small line engraving of the works above the Laurium Silver Mines, near Cape Sunium, which many Greeks say were lately "jobbed" away to their present French owners, who are making heaps of money out of the good bargain they obtained from the Greek Government. This candidate had protested against the concession—a public service for which his friends now claimed recognition. The men who peered over the ballot-boxes, scanning the features of the voters, may have had a successful power of intimidation in their eyes, but I do not think that the movement of the voter's biceps could have told them whether his fingers dropped the bullet to right or left.

It is possible that an attentive ear, very close to the box, could detect the significance of the vote, but it would be easy, by placing a railing behind the boxes, to defeat this, the only method of knowing which way the elector voted. Through ignorance, the bullets are sometimes dropped into the wrong boxes; and one puzzled elector confessed that he had voted for all the candidates; but such errors, which must occur, are equally divided among the candidates, and do not appear to diminish the confidence which all seem to feel in the honesty of the system.

In the districts far removed from the chief seat of authority, such excellent order is not maintained. In the Island of Eubœa, I saw a demarch who was popularly accused of having stopped up the entrance to the "No" half of his candidate's ballot-box. They said that he set people to watch with their ears against the ballot-boxes, in order to report the votes given against the Ministerial candidates. He had assembled, so the people of the island told us, a band of sixty armed men to intimidate the voters with threats of brigandage, and when his opponent and predecessor, the ex-demarch, armed forty followers as a counter demonstration, he and his band surrounded and disarmed the forty on the ground that they were illegally carrying arms during an election. The tyrannical demarch had law at least on his side. and this wholesome rule was so strictly enforced in

Athens that whenever I approached any of the polling-places, the soldiers on duty relieved me of my walking stick before permitting my approach to the ballot-boxes.

When the poll is closed the bullets are counted upon wooden frames filled with rows of sunken holes like those on a bagatelle board. The bullets are passed over these frames, and when all the holes are filled, the number upon the frame is known, and the laborious process of counting is thus avoided. The Ayes and Noes in each box are balanced, and those candidates who have the largest surplus of Ayes are declared elected.

I do not think there is anything immoral in giving an unseen and secret vote. But I am not prepared to assert that the practice of secret voting is beneficial to political morality. The American and the French system of balloting with cards or tickets, certainly fails in securing secrecy and in protecting the voter from intimidation. In the United States, a voter is obliged to accept the ticket of his party or to pay the price of independence. With the Greek system, properly regulated as it might be under a strong government like that of England, absolute secrecy and protection is given to the voter. Of this there can be no doubt whatever. With such ballot-boxes as I have seen used in Greece it is not possible to know how the vote is given, if no one's ear is allowed to be within a certain distance of the box. But the great advantage of the

system is in the good order which it certainly secured in Athens. With the vote by voice in Athens, after the English manner, we should certainly have seen the streets of the Greek capital full of bloodshed. Every other man in Athens, and in the Greek provinces every man, is armed with weapons not slow to take life, and street fighting had many fatal results in Athens no later than 1863. Colonel Coroneos, whose acquaintance I made there, then fought in the streets, unsuccessfully struggling to keep for himself the portfolio of Minister of War. But during the election, owing entirely to the satisfactory action of the ballot, all was peace and order, and I think that the security of these during a political election is of more value than any mode of voting, both for its good effect in the preservation of authority, as well as because it secures to the elector a calmer political atmosphere in which he may listen to reason in the formation of his choice.

The day before the poll closed we left Athens to visit Corinth, Patras, and the Ionian Islands. The Hellenic Steamboat Company seem to fix their time of sailing without regard to sleeping hours, and we had a lamplight breakfast attended by somnambulist waiters at 4 o'clock A.M., before we took carriage for the Piræus. When we steamed out of the port, the splendid beams of a golden sunrise were streaming over the broad top of Hymettus, lighting up the ruins of the Acropolis, and

bathing the hills around in rosy-purple colours. Westward, over the unrippled bay, we passed between the Isles of Salamis and Ægina, the stony hills and valleys of the former showing where the Athenians fled for shelter when the Persians occupied their city; the greener slopes of the latter leading up to the ruins of the temple, which draw many visitors to Ægina; then the town of Megara appeared in sight, and soon the Isthmus of Corinth barred our farther progress and completed the first part of our journey.

This is one of the best lines of the Greek Steamboat Company, now that they are prohibited by their own Government, during the Cretan insurrection, from entering the port of Constantinople or any Turkish harbour. But the company is in the condition of most Hellenic affairs—it does not pay. "Why not?" I asked a well-informed person. "First of all," he replied, "because the Government owes the company more than 2,000,000 drachmas for postal and other service; then there's the baksheesh. Look," he continued, "watch that man collecting the tickets, and you will see that not more than half, or at most two-thirds, of the passengers have tickets, for the rest, they are friends of the captain, or the directors, or by some indirect or unfair means they are passed without payment. In Greece everything goes on in this way." He pointed to two carts upon the deck. "There," he said; "I have been running about to find somebody

to whom I could pay the freight for those carts; they arrived too late for it to be paid at Athens, and now I am told that the demarch of my own town is an agent for the company and will receive the money. But he is sure not to take it, and when I offer the money to him next week he will say, 'Never mind,' and refuse it, expecting that some day I shall requite the exemption and fraud with a larger favour."

As I was agreeing with this gentleman that no company could prosper under such management, our steamboat let go her anchor in the pretty Bay of Calamaki, on the north-east side of the Isthmus. A few new houses, scattered about the shore, formed the town, the spasmodic industry of which appeared to be set in action only by the arrival and departure of the steamboats. The largest houses were wine and food stores, the front all open, exposing the greasy cookery which was carried on in the background. Of drinks there were none but coffee without milk, the nasty resined wine of Greece, and fiery raki, a sort of absinthe drank without water. As I thought we might prefer, if possible, to stay a day here on returning, I inquired of the host of one of these places if he had bedrooms. With evidently conscious pride in the great resources of his establishment, he led me up an outside staircase at the back of his house into two rooms perfectly destitute of any article of furniture. Such bedrooms would not

astonish a Greek, as they usually in travelling carry their bed with them, but they were useless to us, who had nothing to furnish them with except a box and a portmanteau. The company provided an omnibus for their first-class passengers, in shape very much like a plain hearse, and the rudest farm-wagons for those of the second and third classes. The road crosses the Isthmus diagonally from Calamaki to Corinth, a distance of about five miles. Within sight of each other, throughout the route, are patrols of irregular soldiers, who wear the Albanian costume. The corps to which these men belong is composed of volunteers who are reputed the best soldiers in the Greek army. As the word signifying "irregular" in the modern Greek is pronounced "rebel," an Englishman is likely to be puzzled when he first hears these picturesque troops spoken of as "the rebel soldiers."

The Isthmus is almost entirely without cultivation. There were a few patches of wheat, but its surface is, in a great part, ruggedly broken with blocks of the limestone of which it is composed, and stunted pines, with an occasionally thick covering of bushes, form the principal vegetation. After rising for about a mile from Calamaki we looked down upon the small plain where the famous games were held, and, though the marble seats and all appearance of construction had vanished, we could easily distinguish the form of

the stadium, and the general dimensions of the natural theatre in which the Isthmian Games were celebrated.

Do you remember the shout of laughter Lord Palmerston excited when he moved the adjournment of the House for the Derby-day, referring to the races as "the Isthmian Games"? As we looked on the scene of these ancient celebrations, which were green and grey with spring leaves and limestone, there was nothing living in the landscape but a shepherd, who, with his flock of black goats, well served to show the proportions of this most ancient theatre. From the summit of the Isthmus we had a fine view of both gulfs, and could measure this obstacle to navigation.

I should not estimate the highest point at more than 150 feet above the sea-level, and I do not think the mean level of the Isthmus exceeds eighty feet above the same line. We saw the marks of Nero's attempt to cut through it, and the remains of the smooth road which they say was made to haul ships over the land. Some day, I have no doubt, a company will successfully undertake the labour of cutting a canal through the Isthmus. The work will be costly, but not difficult; the limestone is not sufficiently compact to blast with great effect, yet there are no insuperable obstacles to an enterprise which, with the existing system of European railways, would greatly shorten the route to Constantinople, and, if the Euphrates valley

route were adopted, to India also. From Brindisi, through the Isthmus of Corinth, a steamboat would make a very short voyage to the Bosphorus, and the Piræus would then hold a valuable position upon a great highway instead of being, as it now is, quite an out-of-the-way port. I think the proposal to make Corinth the capital of Greece was wisely abandoned. Upon neither side of the Isthmus is there a good position for a great harbour, and the cutting of the Isthmus will give all the advantages of the locality to Piræus, while the capital is free from the unhealthy malaria of the plain of Corinth.

As we descended the western slope of the Isthmus into Corinth, we noticed the remains of ancient walls erected to protect the Peloponnesus from northern invaders, and before us lay all that remains of the great city of Corinth, flanked by the grand, grey mount, the Acro-Corinthos, which Byron calls "that hoary rock, the keystone of a land." Perhaps it was out of my great respect for the writings of St. Paul that I felt such unusual interest in approaching the site of this once famous city; perhaps because "*non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*" As our hearse-like omnibus rolled through the unmade streets of modern Corinth we saw low houses, built, some of mud bricks, some of rough stone, scattered in every direction, widely and sparsely, with apparent plan, but with no continuity.

The site of the old city, distant about three miles from modern Corinth, is interesting as a site, and nothing more. You may sit there, and read St. Paul's Epistles or Byron's "Siége of Corinth," and picture, with all the aid of grand scenery, the vicious, voluptuous life of ancient or the bloody conflicts of mediæval times.

Not even the greenness of spring could make the scene aught but desolate. The city has been many times rebuilt, but after a recent earthquake, which has ruined the houses, it was deserted for the modern Corinth. The remnants of the earthquake have little of the picturesque, though much of melancholy, about them; the inhabitants of the old city are now only a few cottagers, the cultivators of the plain. Just outside this miserable collection of houses, upon the first slopes of the Acro-Corinthos, there are six ruined columns, the only surviving architectural monument of the ancient city. They were evidently placed at the south-eastern corner of a temple of which the architectural style was Doric. The columns are short and clumsy in appearance; the limestone of which they are composed seems to bear traces of having been covered with stucco. Behind them, the spring rains had made a green background upon the slopes of the Acro-Corinthos; and above, out of this there rose, grey and seemingly inaccessible, the huge limestone rock on which are very extensive Venetian fortifications. Excepting the citadel of

Nauplia, this is the strongest natural position in Greece; without exception, there may be obtained from its summit the most comprehensive view of the kingdom. The Acro-Corinthos is about 1800 feet high; its broad, flat top, surrounded with walls, encloses a small garrison of Greek soldiers, and many relics of Venetian and Turkish domination, but nothing of antiquarian interest. The ascent is so bad as to make the mount almost inaccessible.

But we were obliged to hasten from the classic land towards our second steamboat, which was ready to "break the blue crystal of the seas" in the Gulf of Corinth. Among our fellow-passengers was a young deacon of the Greek Church, whose long, flowing hair, softly curling round his rather delicate features, gave to him a very feminine appearance. I attempted conversation with him, which ended in a failure. Talking with a Greek is rendered more difficult because their sign for "No" is made very like our "Yes," by once throwing back the head, and their short word for "Yes" is *Nei*, which sounds very much like our negation. I found it, on the whole, more profitable to look on the beautiful scenery of the Gulf. For a long distance, the plain of Corinth, rich with currant vines, spread upon the water's edge; and farther on, upon the same coast, green patches of wheat showed, terrace upon terrace, the ancient beaches of bygone periods. Volcanic move-

ment must have been very active in the district, and there could be no more curious proof of such activity than these very distinct and abruptly-divided levels.

Opposite, upon the Bœotian shore, the clouds slowly lifted from the top of Helicon, but we had steamed along the Gulf for several hours before they permitted us to behold the snowy summit of Parnassus, and from it to fix the position of the oracular Delphi. The dark scenery of the narrowest portion of the channel, before we reached Patras, was extremely beautiful, because the sun was setting; for indeed Grecian scenery is most attractive during the magical hours of sunrise and sunset. Then, the bare stony hills, which have a sameness of colouring in the daylight, become glorified and their rugged outline is made beautiful. At the western entrance to these straits, on two low tongues of flat land, are fortresses about three-quarters of a mile apart, the fortress of the Morea facing that of Roumelia, and both completely commanding the narrow channel.

Passing between the forts, we entered the Gulf of Lepanto, and bearing to the south-west, as the channel widened, soon anchored off Patras; the town, lying on the western foot of Mount Panachaïcon, is completely shut out from the east. I have seen Patras by day and night, and, beyond its very picturesque situation, there is little to admire in the place. From the sea, the town appears as a collection of white houses rising above the

shore towards a strongly-placed citadel, which was the acropolis of the ancient town. In September, the place is full of life, and the little mole with a pretty white lighthouse, which forms the only harbour, protects, as well as it can, a large fleet of English ships engaged in the currant trade, of which Patras is the capital. The air of the town is of boats and business, with a strong English flavour. Next to currants, its life is occupied with recollections of St. Andrew. Patras believes itself to be the burial-place of the Saint. His remains are supposed to rest beneath a white church near the shore, close by a holy well which bears his name.

No Englishman can pass Missolonghi without thinking of Lord Byron, who sickened and died in that low-lying, unhealthy place. Brown and steep, with very little possibility of cultivation, the hills rise behind the little town, and from it the eye can trace the outlines of three of the Seven Islands which have so lately been detached from the British Crown. Approaching them more nearly, little Ithaca divides herself from mountainous Cephalonia, and pretty Zante shows her picturesque town, nestled away from the ruder seas of the Adriatic, upon the eastern side of the island.

The rising sun was gilding the campaniles of Zante as we steamed into the harbour. Tired with the voyage from Athens, we were building pleasant hopes of rest, and something better than the food of Greek steam-

boats, upon the faith of promises we had received of "an excellent hotel" in the island. With a confident prospect "of every English comfort," we pronounced the name of the hotel, and followed the lead of boatmen bearing our luggage. In a few minutes they stopped in a narrow street about ten feet wide. On one side there were wooden bazaars, where were sold all things that smell strongly — olives, caviare, dried and fresh fish, intermingled with plenty of tobacco and wine shops. The hour was very early, though the sun was shining, and only a few groups of men were lounging and smoking about the street. The building before which our boatmen stopped was occupied on the ground-floor, with a vegetable and bread store, and my incredulity was only convinced when I read "Hotel Byzantio" on a flapping board fixed upon an angle of the house.

On mounting the dirty stairs, the first object we beheld was a man *en chemise*, and upon the landing another man as much undressed, and, last, a woman equally *en déshabillé*. Our rooms looked out upon the tiles of the odoriferous bazaars, and a *soupçon* of their contents was too often wafted in at our windows. But the landlord, who spoke English and cooked tolerably well, proved superior to his inn, and some better tea than we had tasted for a month went far to mollify our disappointment. Besides, we always resign ourselves to the inevitable, and there was no better hotel

in Zante, nor any means of leaving the island for two days.

The town was scarcely awake when we set off on foot for Skopos, the Belvedere of Zante, a high limestone hill at the southern extremity of the island. Upon the shore, near the town, were some exceedingly curious rocks, seemingly composed of broken talc with some mixture of fine mud. The approach to Skopos led through splendid olive groves, in one of which we measured an olive tree having a circumference of thirty-one feet, and beneath the trees blossomed wild flowers of all colours. Many of these olives were twenty-five feet in height, and the olive groves in Zante were generally finer than any we have seen in Greece, or indeed in Italy, France, or Spain. Under the highest peak of the hill, which was composed of large, bare blocks of limestone, stood a dilapidated monastery. On seeing its white walls, I thought what a delightful retreat such a place would be, but the interior, which smelt like a badly-kept sheep-pen, soon dispelled the illusions which the beauty of its situation had called up. A very dirty priest offered us hospitality in a chamber which smelt horribly of man and mice. Every part of the monastery, except the chapel, seemed to be a sheep-walk. Yet the necessities of the Greek Government had spared a silver shrine in the dilapidated chapel, and when we escaped with the priest into the fresh air, his pleasant manner

and conversation interested us greatly. He led us by a way difficult to find to the top of the huge, bare mass of conglomerate rock which crowns Skopos, and there named the different points in the very extended view. Though Zante measures twenty miles from north to south, our eyes covered all the length of the island. Between our standing-place and the main land lay the scene of the battle of Lepanto, the naval fight in which a kindly shot carried away the left arm of Cervantes. If it had taken his head, we should have lost "Don Quixote;" if it had entirely spared him, the great Spaniard might always have preferred the sword to the pen.

Returning, we found the town in commotion. Out of every other window hung the blue and white flag of Greece; we met crowds of men parading the streets with bunches of lavender in their hands; we heard shouting on every side; and the explanation of all this was that "Lombardi was elected" to the Greek Parliament. There was a secondary cause of rejoicing, which, though officially more important, seemed only, in the eyes of the Zantiotes, a national homage to the election of Lombardi. The day was the anniversary of the raising the standard of insurrection near Patras by Germanos, the patriot bishop of that town. We found that Lombardi was the popular man of Zante. At midday we saw him ride through the narrow streets on a very sorry nag, cheered by a rough crowd. The cause of Lom-

bardi's popularity was, that he had put down the Greek soldiers in Zante. The islanders are a most independent people. Every man may sit under his own vine or his own fig tree in Zante, for there are few except peasant proprietors, and no appearance of poverty. The Zantiotes did not dislike the British, but they determined not to be ruled by the Greek soldiery, and shortly after the English departed they beat a Greek colonel, who, in their eyes, took too much upon himself. Whereupon, as my informant said, in broken English, "the Athens Government sent more soldiers and another colonel, who beat the populations." But Lombardi, the champion of the ill-used islanders, went to Athens, made it plain to the King that the Zantiotes were not to be kept in order with the stick or the bayonet, and hinted that if the garrison did not give up interference with the people, insurrection would follow. The garrison gave way, and Lombardi was master of the situation.

Our arrival in the island seemed to be taken as indirect homage to the popular favourite. In the only carriage of the town we drove in the afternoon through the narrow streets, the unusual sound of wheels drawing every one to the doors and windows. The men, full to the lips with cheers, gave us a noisy greeting, and outside the town we met two bands of about a hundred men in each, well armed with muskets and swords of every description, following large Greek stan-

dards, in something like military order. These demonstrations of the islanders resolved to be free might have had a very disastrous termination if the military had appeared in any force upon their route. As it was, the people were happy in the success of Lombardi, and waved their caps in answer to our salute of the flag. A solitary sentinel upon the ramparts of the citadel was the only sign we saw of the power of the Greek Crown.

The good road which winds from the town to these fortifications is one of the remains of English rule. The heavy gateway of the citadel and the walls are Venetian, and high above the entrance is a marble tablet sculptured with the winged Lion of St. Mark. The high cliff of whitish clay, on which the fortifications rest, rises directly behind the town, and completely commands the port. The neat guard-houses and mess-rooms were evidently built with English money. My wife and I, with the assistance of a fellow-traveller who accompanied us in our visit, might have retaken the citadel, and raised the standard of England, for the garrison appeared to consist only of the single sentinel. There was not a gun in position; a pretty carpet of wild flowers adorned the parade-ground, and, stretching into the embrasures, filled their wide mouths with the purest emblems of peace.

Towards evening the streets were filled with men making merry. Just beneath our windows a rat-hunt

attracted a large crowd; in another place a military band drew a concourse of men. There was scarcely a woman to be seen in the streets; the fair sex in Zante watch the street life from their windows, all the hours of the day. While the band was playing there were at least a hundred women in sight lolling upon their arms out of the windows overlooking the square; but not a single one was to be seen upon the crowded pavement.

The Venetians have left many more enduring marks of their rule than the English. The town is northern Italian in all its architectural features. The houses are low, from fear of earthquakes, which are of frequent occurrence, and the footpaths are covered with heavy arcades as at Turin; the towers of the very numerous churches are campaniles, and not unfrequently a marble tablet in their walls is graven with the image of the Lion of St. Mark. Of the English, there will soon be little trace in Zante. Our garrison was not large, and the islanders have not suffered grievously, like the Corfiotes, by its departure. In Corfu, there are but few who can afford to be patriots, and rejoice in the annexation of their island to Greece. "A hundred and ten pounds went into the market every day," said a distressed Corfiote to me, "for the supplies of the English garrison. Think of that, sir; and that's what we've lost by these beggarly politicians." The destruction of the costly fortifications on the little island

which guards the port of Corfu is a sad sight for the British taxpayer. Though these islands are the richest portions of the Greek kingdom, they were to the English Crown nothing but a costly incumbrance; therefore we are well rid of them, but it will be a long time before Corfu ceases to mourn the loss of English gold. I heard a Corfiote lady speak with enthusiastic praise of the three hours' speech which Mr. Gladstone delivered in their Parliament House in faultless Italian; but neither British justice nor the eloquence of her foremost statesman would content the restless politicians of the Seven Islands. The memory of the English has in Zante nothing to keep it green; even the bronze bust of Sir Thomas Maitland has his name inscribed in Greek characters, and there is nothing upon the monument to show that he was not a Zantiote chief. A few of the people speak bad English, but probably their children will know nothing of our language. Thanks to an English-speaking turnkey, we saw the prison at Zante, which was as horrible a place as a prison could be.

The male prisoners, about fifty in number, were confined in two cages which had walls on two sides; the third was occupied by their night-box; the fourth being iron-barred, the bars extending over the top at a height of about nine feet. There was no space for exercise—little more than sufficient room to move. In bad weather they must all crowd into the night-box;

there was no prison dress, and all the sanitary arrangements were barbarously filthy.

As we were condemned to pass a second night in the Hotel Byzantio, we escaped the place during the day by making an excursion to the great natural wonder of Zante, the tar-wells, which are mentioned by Herodotus as having been active in his time. Across the plain of the island we passed through seven miles of level country, richly cultivated, producing wheat, olives, figs, artichokes, and, to a great extent, covered with currant vines. The small, oblong patches of tillage were separated one from another by low earth banks, and upon those which bordered the road grew giant aloes, and occasionally wild artichokes. For the most part, the peasants in Zante are their own landlords, and if their cultivation lacked some improved methods, there was certainly no waste, nor any poverty visible. After driving seven miles, our coachman stopped at the commencement of a narrow, rugged lane, by following which he said we should arrive at the wells "in three-quatt' ora." Interpreting this jumble of English with Italian into three-quarters of an hour, we thought the walk not impossible, and made our way over the stony path. Fortunately, before we had proceeded half a mile, there came upon us a priest, a boy, and a donkey. The priest could not speak a word of English, but he lifted his reverend arms in absolute horror at the thought of

a lady walking to the wells, and made us understand that it was very desirable to take the donkey and the boy with it for a guide. My wife mounted on the donkey, and we followed the lad for two hours up and down hills, through stony valleys, by miles of little bridle-paths to a small bay. The "three-quatt' ora" proved to be a walk of three or four hours. There some wooden sheds were erected for working the tar-wells, which produce three barrels a day of saleable tar.

A circular pit, about eight feet in diameter, holding clean water, the level of which was a foot from the surface of the ground, was the principal object of our visit. The water was fourteen inches deep, and tasted strongly of tar. At this depth the bottom of the pool was occupied with large bubbles of tar which were always in motion, gently expanding and breaking, then again expanding and slowly bursting, the largest bubbles being about six inches in diameter. The tar was drawn off into a side-well, by a conduit placed beneath the bubbling surface. Near at hand, under a wooden shed, one of Clayton and Shuttleworth's steam-engines was used to work a pump which had been put down in another place to obtain greater supplies; but I believe, though tar has so been obtained by pumping, the operation has not been generally successful. I suppose the very curious rise of the tar [illegible] this place is caused by the heat of volcanic action operating upon a

hidden bed of bitumen or coal. Yet it is most remarkable that this steady distillation should have continued to be observed for more than 2300 years. The scene is one of the most lonely imaginable. There is no house within sight, nor any road by which the place can be approached, and a deep marsh, the black rushes growing upon it seemingly impregnated with the volcanic tar, divides the well from the sea. Croaking frogs in this impassable morass show that life is possible in its waters, but we sincerely pitied the poor Greek in charge of the unsuccessful works, condemned to pass his days in a locality so unwholesome.

I may not find a better place than this to tell you something of the agricultural system of Greece, which is indeed only a good sample of that generally adopted throughout the East. The rich plains belong to large or to peasant proprietors; the mountains and the less fertile land to the Government. I do not mean to say this is invariable, but generally this division of ownership holds good throughout the kingdom. As a rule, also, the peasants' land is the best cultivated and the most productive; that of the large proprietors next; while the Government lands are usually the worst managed, and yield the least produce. To the large proprietors, the rent is, with scarcely any exceptions, paid in kind, while the Government rent is paid in money, according to a recent law. But whether the peasant

cultivates his own land, or that of proprietors, or of the Government, his energy and independence are alike crippled. If he tills his own land, the produce must all be conveyed to the public *alonia*, which is the threshing floor of the village, and there the corn is trodden out under the eyes of the farmer of the tax of one-tenth upon agricultural produce, the money value of which is assessed upon the peasant and is a first charge upon the crop. For the local administration of the demarchy in which he lives, a tax is levied equal to the one-hundredth part of the produce. In Turkey, these agricultural taxes are still collected in kind, and until within five years they were so collected in Greece.

Then the farmer of the tax was absolute master of the peasants. To secure a good bidding from the farmers the Government gave them large powers; they determined seed-time and harvest. No operation could commence without their fiat; they were permitted to draw their tithe from the first produce, and to compel the unhappy peasants to convey it any distance not exceeding six leagues. With their large aggregate they commanded the early and empty markets, leaving the poor handful of the peasant to supply a glutted demand at a low average price. The system is so far remedied in respect to the peasant agriculturists, that they now pay the value of the tenth in money, but they are only in a very little less degree the slaves of the

tax-gatherer. Still their produce has to be dragged to the central threshing-ground, there to be weighed or measured in his sight or in that of his deputy: the rats and the birds may be preying upon it for many days before his convenience permits the attendance of the official—the weather may be spoiling it, though during the long Greek summer this is rarely the case. These are great tyrannies, but they are not the worst. With the Greek peasants money is a very rare commodity, and the introduction of money into their dealings with the tax-farmers is for many the beginning of debt and difficulty. They accept advances on terms which leave them even less free than before, and then, notwithstanding the commutation, the tax-farmers are still the hard masters of the peasant, who revenges himself by fraudulently concealing his produce in every possible way.

I have heard the older generation of English farmers laugh at the recollection of their boyish frauds upon the parson's tenth, before the operation of the Tithe Commutation Act; how, when the green boughs had been placed on every tenth lot of sheaves, as a sign to the carters that these were not to be carried to the farmer's barn, they would pluck down the rectorial emblems and rob the parson of his dues—a theft which they regarded as quite venial. But it is not so easy for the Greek peasant to cheat the tax-farmer, to

whom the Government, in order to secure a good letting of the taxes, gives all assistance in the recovery of his debts. The peasant has no barns; his one-roomed cabin, the only hiding-place, is open all the day to the visits of his peasant neighbours, who would be jealous of his gaining any advantage they did not share, and would probably inform against him if they saw any corn housed in his cottage. He is directed to carry all his produce to the dry ground of the *alonia*, and there he stacks it round one or more stakes, to which, when it pleases the tax-farmer, the threshing-horses will be tethered. His barn floor is the natural surface of the ground, and in summer this is hard enough, and not a bad one. His crops are remarkably free from weeds, for the wife and children labour constantly in cleaning the land, and the weeds are used as vegetables in the family pot. I have found boiled poppy leaves and wild asparagus so obtained very good eating with the stewed lamb, which was always our *pièce de resistance* in the interior of Greece.

But the greatest economic evil in this system lies in its application to a country where there is so much uncultivated land, and so much need of pressing the extension of agriculture. If Greek politicians could be made to comprehend the theory of rent as laid down by Ricardo and Mill, they would know that in such a country it is of the first importance to encourage the

cultivation of land which can produce neither rent nor tax. A peasant might be disposed to undertake the labour of clearing a piece of land together with the cost of tillage and sowing, if the crop would yield him a profit equal to the value of a tenth part of the produce. But if the land would yield this profit upon his labour and expenditure, he will still have no inducement to undertake the work, because this surplus tenth is claimed by the Government. It is quite impossible that under such a system the agriculture of Greece can progress as the interests of the country require. To bring uncultivated land under tillage it is necessary that neither rent nor tax should be demanded for such land as can produce neither after satisfying the smallest demands of the actual cultivators. They will, perhaps, undertake the cultivation of land which will yield a profit of a shilling an acre, but with a peasant proprietary this land will be left uncultivated if a tax sweeps away all profit, and turns the gain into a loss. I think there are signs that the agriculture of Greece was formerly much more extensive and productive, and that its present progress is scarcely any advance. I have been over many thousand acres of Greek lands, but never saw any manure applied. In some parts, wheat follows maize, and maize wheat, with unvarying succession; in others, the land simply lies idle, unploughed and untouched, for a year after the wheat crop is drawn;

the plough in all cases is the same which was used 2000 years ago—an iron-shod pole drawn through the shallow surface soil by two little brown or grey oxen, with no pretence at turning the sod, and indeed merely scratching the ground. Though they are weighted with these burdens, the Greek peasants appear very comfortable, according to the habits of their country and the necessities of their climate. The evils of repeated subdivision do not occur, it may be said, because the area of unoccupied land is still very great. The charges for irrigation water where vines are grown are heavy upon them, and the supply is miserably insufficient. If the wretched army of Greece learnt the use of the pickaxe and the shovel in the construction of embankments across many of the well-adapted mountain valleys for the storage of water, it would be far more usefully occupied than it has ever been or is likely to be, and indeed nothing is more important to the agriculture of Greece than to secure this neglected supply of water.

Thus far I have spoken of the peasant proprietors only; and though very many of the observations, especially those in reference to the method of cultivation and harvesting, apply also to those who are the tenants of large proprietors or of the State, yet in some respects the position of these last is different and worse. The large proprietors generally receive their rent in kind,

one-third part of the produce. Virtually in this case the tenant is the serf of the landlord, because he cannot afford to detach himself from the soil. He holds his piece of land by no tenure but the will of the proprietor; for his cottage, belonging to the landlord, he pays no rent; in fact, money never passes from him to the proprietor, only money's worth in the shape of labour or produce. If he wishes to increase his holding he asks and readily obtains permission to clear a piece more of the uncultivated outskirts of the plain; he never hedges, nor manures, nor spends a drachma upon the land. If he wants to buy an ox or a mule, he borrows the money of the proprietor, and repays the loan by labour or with wheat. The proprietor takes his third of the produce, the Government assesses the value of its tenth, and the demarch of his hundredth part for the local tax, at the proprietor's *alonia*. There is very little difference in the quality of the produce, because all the land is farmed under equally bad conditions. The proprietor's interest is to keep the peasants all at one dead level of dependence, and they seem to be generally successful in this respect. The position of these dependent peasants does not appear to me to be much more respectable than that of our own agricultural population, though more often than our farm-labourers they possess that good moraliser, some property. In Greece, the peasants are much as the stock on the estate; it is only with

difficulty they can raise themselves or leave it. A boy peasant of more than ordinary talent finds outlet and career for his superior energies as a brigand. Yet a Greek peasant, however dependent, looks far more a gentleman than poor simple English Hodge; the meanest of them smoke the aristocratic cigarette and wear the graceful fez, a brightly coloured waistband, an embroidered jacket, and if the *fustanella* is dirty they excuse themselves by saying that to grease the white calico and make it black with filth is an antidote against vermin. Their long elf-locks wind upon their necks; their moustache, fiercely bristling, would frighten honest Clodpole; and although quite as good a man as they in point of bodily strength, but not nearly so lithe nor active, he would not like the look of the long knife which every peasant carries in the leathern waist-pouch, serving also for a money-bag and a general receptacle. Much of this difference of manner is owing to the democratic spirit which is so really abroad in Greece, and is shared by the meanest of the population. The salutation of the peasant is no deeper than that which he receives from the proprietor, yet I have never heard the proprietors speak but well of the peasants, and, for myself, I thought their manners exceedingly good.

In the case of the Government lands, the rent and tax are collected together. The Government also levies a tax upon felled timber, and employs an army of

foresters, who course the country, entering in their books the dimensions of the trees which they find cut down. The theory is, that when any proprietor wishes to fell timber he should give notice to the forester, who will attend and assess the duty. But this is never done. The forester finds the trees lying in the woods, and, like the unjust steward, he very generally makes to himself friends of the proprietors, by asking something for himself in consideration of his defrauding the Government. I have met with several foresters who enjoyed the reputation of being murderers and brigands. One, who bowed to me with great grace at Chalcis, I was told had just returned from imprisonment for a murder; he had cut a boy's throat, and then, to give the crime the appearance of suicide, had held the lad's hand to his neck until it stiffened in that position.

So it is with the agriculture of Greece; that which should be esteemed first of all is last of all and the servant of all. The broad back that bears the nation's burdens, the patient helotry that provides the national subsistence, is loaded and hindered by ignorant politicians who despise agriculture, and who believe that the whole duty of man can be worked out by talking politics in Athens.

LETTER VII.

The Island of Eubœa—Our Friend's Body Guard—Easter Markets—Don Pacifico—A Blunder by Byron—Cape Sunium—Euripus—Chalcis—The Last of the Turks—Shaggy Capôtes—Sheep's Milk and Butter—Shooting the Euripus—Fasting Food—The Channel of Taranti—Lymni—Village Hospitality—Buying Boats in Eubœa—Forearmed, Forewarned—The Pedlar from Smyrna—An Attack by Brigands—A Dervish Danced to Death—Our Albanian Runner—How to Kill Vermin—View in Eubœa—A Village in Eubœa—The Village Inns—An Amateur Doctor—Fine Timber—A Torchlight Reception—A Home in Eubœa—Eubœan Peasants—The Village School—No Tenant Right—A Good Friday Ceremony—The Bier of Christ—Captain Tucker—The Captain's Dream—Catching a Big Fish—Jimmy's Death—Jimmy's Coffin.

On returning from Zanté we changed boats at the Piræus, and were soon steaming southwards bound for the Island of Eubœa. The English proprietor of a large estate in that island had kindly invited us to spend a few days with him—an invitation we very gladly accepted, as affording us an opportunity of seeing life in the remote interior of Greece, in a locality where, perforce, hospitality does duty for hotels. Indeed, out of Athens and the Ionian Islands there is scarcely an

hotel to be met with in Greece. There is one at Nauplia, and another at Patras; these are commercial towns, but in the interior there is no such accommodation.

Our friend, to whom we are much indebted for this hospitality, was on board the steamboat with his native attendant, a fine fellow, most grandly dressed. He was a Suliote, the fiercest of the fierce races of the Levant, and had served for some years as a soldier; then he had passed three years as a brigand, and was now peacefully engaged as our friend's servant. Clad in the Albanian dress, he wore on his chest a small silver breast-plate, engraved with the images of the Virgin and Child, this being supported by a number of silver chains which passed diagonally from the central ornament over his shoulders and beneath his arms. Below this cuirass, he wore a large waist-pouch of leather covered with gold embroidery, which he told us was only manufactured at Janina in Epirus, and in this, being unarmed during the voyage, he carried his master's purse and papers. At either side, upon his waist, were two silver cartridge-boxes graven with images of saints, and from a silver chain which hung equally low dangled a flat circular box of silver, beautifully engraved with images of St. George and the Dragon on one side and the Virgin and Child on the other; this contained what our friend called "holy bones," sacred relics, in the efficacy of which for personal protection I have no

doubt the ex-brigand firmly believed. In all probability these trinkets were bought with the ill-gotten gains of brigandage. There is always a curious admixture of ferocity and superstition in this class of Greeks. A gentleman, whose house had been attacked and plundered by brigands, told me that some of his money was found to have been left at the village church, about fifty yards from the scene of the robbery, an offering to God and the Saints from the brigands, who had not omitted to make their prayers there in passing with their booty.

The steamboat for Eubœa belonged to the same company as that which had taken us to and from the Corinthian isthmus, and I observed that the same system of subordinate patronage had introduced nearly half the passengers without tickets. In the Greek boats there is always, upon the sideboard of the saloon, one or more common combs and hair brushes, and the beds are made with an under sheet only, a very common practice throughout the Greek houses, which, in reference to such customs, are very nasty. We embarked the day before Good Friday, and the markets of the Piræus were filled with Easter eggs and candles. There is scarcely a Greek so poor as not to have a candle and a red egg on Easter morning. Twenty years ago it was the custom to burn an effigy of Judas Iscariot in Greek towns on Maundy Thursday. And the Greeks,

excited with this ceremony, not unfrequently followed it up by ill-treating any Jew they could lay hands upon. The ceremony might still have continued, if, in 1847, they had not attacked the house of one Pacifico, a name afterwards made famous by Lord Palmerston. Don Pacifico was a British subject, and appealed to England in order to obtain for him redress and compensation. It suited the policy of Lord Palmerston to take up his demand, and, for the sake of Don Pacifico, the Piræus was blockaded by an English fleet three years after the outrage, and the Greek Government compelled to pay the required compensation.

We passed close to the grave of Themistocles, which I described in my second letter. In reading lately the commencement of "The Giaour," I saw at once that Byron was quite ignorant of the position of this tomb, which lies so low upon the water's edge that every wave dashes into its empty walls. The description in "The Giaour" is:

> "No breath of air to break the wave
> That rolls *below* the Athenian's grave;
> That tomb *which, gleaming o'er the cliff,*
> First greets the home-returning skiff.
> *High o'er the land* he saved in vain,
> When shall such hero live again?"

In the "Isles of Greece" Byron is more correct in his allusion to "Sunium's marbled steep," which we rounded

a few hours after leaving Piræus, and the next morning when the sun rose we were slowly steaming north of Marathon, up the beautiful Channel of Eubœa. Snow-covered mountains on both sides, the sapphire water edged with plains covered with emerald wheat, the slopes of the hills showing the sober colouring of pine and olive trees, all together made up a scene of inexpressible beauty. Near Chalcis, the channel narrows so as to become quite land-locked, and our steamboat seemed too unwieldy for such nice steering. Curving round a tongue of Eubœan land, on which stands a ruined Venetian tower, we passed into the small lake-like sheet of water from which the outlet is the famous Euripus, where the four diurnal currents so puzzled Aristotle, who made unsuccessful study of the phenomenon, and failed to explain the mystery.

I have no intention of attempting anything more than to give you a plain description of what we saw at this point. The channel, which at the Euripus separates the Island of Eubœa from the main land, is about seventy feet in width, and is crossed by a swing bridge. We were obliged to cast anchor before it for two hours, waiting the turn of the current, which, at the time of our arrival, was setting towards us through the channel with eddying, bubbling force. Every six hours, with little variation, the current changes, and vessels await the slack water, about the

turning-point, to run through the narrow strait. The delay permitted us to see the ancient town of Chalcis, or Negropont. Our debarkation was watched with great interest by quite a crowd upon the shore, their communication by steamboat with Athens being only of fortnightly occurrence. The walls which encompassed the city in Venetian times are still very formidable and perfect, but of the ancient city there are no remains except the fragments of marble built into these walls. In one old gateway, there hung a whale's jawbone and a block of wood, the first reputed to be a rib, the other a shoe belonging to a giant of Chalcis.

From these walls the view was very wide, commanding every part of the town, which has now extended in squalid confusion far beyond its Venetian limits. Two of the largest churches had evidently been built as mosques, and, slowly making their way across the bridge for a morning walk, we saw the last of the Turks in Chalcis in the persons of three ladies, who, we were told, belonged to a family that had outstayed the Revolution. Upon the muezzin's tower, from which probably the eldest of them had heard the call to prayer, there now hung an unmusical Christian bell, and the marble fountains, at which the faithful had been wont to wash themselves before entering the mosques, were now neglected ruins. A wide, grass-grown ditch beneath the wall of Venetian Chalcis, divides the old town from

its modern extension, into which we passed over a drawbridge.

The day was Good Friday, when no orthodox Greek would taste even milk, and to eat a vertebrate fish on that day would be sinful in his eyes. It is not here as in France or Spain or Italy. Lent with the Greeks, like Ramadan with the Mahometans, is a real fast, and Good Friday a day of abstinence; therefore we could get nothing to eat in Chalcis. Nor was the aspect of the place very tempting; tobacco seems to be the one thing which is never forbidden to the Greeks, and they appear to revel in the exemption. The tobacco of Greece, mostly grown about Argos, is excellent, and is smoked everywhere. In the filthy prisons the malefactors roll and smoke cigarettes, and no attention is considered more polite among the peasants than to roll a cigarette, lick it and stick it, and then present the luxury ready for illumination. I have often received and abandoned such a *bonne-bouche*. About the town were numerous flocks of lambs, guarded by fierce shepherds, who all wore the shaggy capôte, which serves them as a nest by night and a certain shield against rain upon the mountains. These mantles are woven of goat's and cow's hair; their weight is generally from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, and the thickness of the material is about half an inch. The lambs were brought into the town for consumption on Easter Day,

when, in every Greek family possessed of five or seven drachmas, a whole lamb is roasted. Whole at Easter, and in pieces upon every other day in the calendar, lamb is the universal meat of Greece. Beef is bad and scarce, and the sheep does duty for the cow. For two months past we have had no butter or milk but from sheep, and I was not before aware how much richer the milk of sheep is than that of cows, and their butter, exceedingly white, is very nice.

Upon the bridge over the Euripus we found that the current was becoming less violent, and returned to the steamboat, which, as soon as the eddying circles had disappeared from the channel, lifted her anchor and made for the bridge, which was now parted in the middle and swung back. But our captain had miscalculated the dying strength of the current. There was yet sufficient to carry round the head of our ship and defeat the helmsman; it was, however, the last effort of the southward-flowing water. Again the ship's head was directed towards the channel, and with many feet to spare on one side, and but six inches on the other, we scraped through the narrow strait and entered upon the Channel of Taranti, which widens out so quickly that there would be no great difficulty in blasting away the low rock which narrows the Euripus, and in this manner enlarging the strait. Good Friday or not, it became necessary to have some breakfast, and in answer to my

inquiries the steward replied in Greek that he had nothing but "fasting food." Where there was no choice, the matter was easily arranged, and our first dish required to be eaten without being seen or thought of. It was composed of polypus, craw-fish, and vegetables, mingled together, and floating in oil. The dish was not bad, though it had a pretentious richness of flavour, which was rather due to the ill-made oil than to the flesh of the bloodless polypus. This was followed by a much more pleasant *plat* of fried sepia, in taste not unlike what I should suppose would be the flavour of boiled cow's horn, moderately softened by soaking. Caviare and oranges finished our Good Friday fare, with which we had nothing better to drink than resined wine, tasting just as thin claret might if you boiled a number of very rich fir cones in the wine, and then bottled it for use.

The beautiful scenery of the Channel seemed, however, to be improved after this satisfaction of hunger, and at two hours from Chalcis we arrived off the little village of Lymni, where we were to disembark. We had there reached one of the grandest views in the Levant. High above clustered hills of green and brown rose the snowy giant form of Parnassus, clad in white that glistened under the hot sun as though the mountain were a vast block of crystal, and beneath it, on the coast, we could distinguish the Pass of Thermopylæ.

Parnassus is the highest of the Grecian mountains, its elevation being little less than 8000 feet above the sea-level. Only less grand was the scene behind our landing-place in the Island of Eubœa. Our friend, pointing from a black, pine-clad mountain, the high snow-cap of which made it easily visible, to another about ten miles distant, said that his estate stretched from the watershed of one to that of the other, and included about fifty square miles of plain, forest, and mountain. All the boatmen who clambered for our luggage shook hands with him, and with us as his guests. Though he had only been away three weeks, every one seemed delighted to welcome home again the young lord of this large estate.

On the shore we had to endure a very numerous hand-shaking. Then women and children took us in hand, and many followed us upstairs into the large, clean room of a ship-captain, at whose house we waited until the mules were ready and our baggage packed on their backs. The costume of the women of the house, of whom there appeared five or six, was pretty and peculiar, and is that generally worn by the women of the interior of Greece. Their stockingless feet were encased in wide shoes of red leather, with large tufts of silk upon the pointed toes. To their ankles descended a long, white chemise, the border worked by hand with a pattern something like Etruscan, in red and blue worsted. A

thick, white jacket, woven of lamb's-wool, ornamented with a border and pipings of black wool, covered the entire body, and fastened in front with two tapes, without quite meeting over the chemise. Upon this a much shorter jacket, embroidered with coloured wools, a winter garment only, hung loosely; a white or coloured handkerchief, prettily tied upon the head, completes the costume. But I have omitted the gay scarf which encircles the waist upon the longer jacket. With married women this is generally blue; but the rule is not without many exceptions, for when a married woman possesses a handsome scarf—and scarfs of gold and red are often presented to them as wedding gifts—they are too fond of the ornament to sacrifice them to mere custom.

The children of the house greeted us shyly; two of them dragged about the floor new pairs of shoes, to be proudly worn on the coming Easter morning. The bare boards were beautifully clean, and when one of the men dropped tobacco-ash from his cigarette, the women at once ran at it, and removed the offence. On the white walls were several gaudy battle scenes—French marshals doing what they never did or could do out of a picture, and Turks flying affrighted before the Cross uplifted by Greek patriots. From a good-sized, French chest of drawers, which supported an earthenware bust of King George, staring sillily, as these highly-coloured busts always do, the housewife busily collected all her

best glass, and china, and plate, a movement which seemed to foretell hospitality. Presently she returned with a tray, on which were three tumblers of water, another full of orange preserve, a little glass dish holding seven or eight small lumps of "rahat-lakoum," the Turkish sweetmeat, and six very pretty spoons, which, if they were not real, at least well counterfeited silver.

We took a spoonful of the preserve, returning the empty spoon to the tray, a lump of the lakoum, and a glass of water, a light repast, no second spoonful being allowed or offered. In her grandest coffee-service, the lady of the house afterwards gave us a cup of thick, sweet coffee, and, having satisfied her maternal anxiety as to whether we had or had not children, and one or two other questions as to our stay in the island, she was ready again to shake hands and lay her hand upon her heart in token of farewell. The men, with Turkish manners, never removed their fez caps in the room; in saluting each other they shake hands, kiss upon the lips, and then lay their hand upon their heart. In greeting us, I am happy to say they omit the kiss, and touch with the palm of the hand the front of their fez.

We were obliged, however, to wait an hour about the village of Lymni for our friend, who was buying two boats, intending to send them at once to the eastern side of the island, where an English brig had just arrived for the purpose of loading magnesian stone,

which is found in large quantities upon his estate. At last the bargain was complete, and for 200 drachmas, of which he paid eight as deposit, our friend was absolute owner of two boats which together would carry about ten tons of stone.

Thick gay carpets of native manufacture, striped with red, blue, green, and yellow, covered the pack-saddles of our patient mules; the stirrups were of stout cord, and the bridles were simple halters with a guiding-rope of plaited goat's hair. Nobody was so happy as to have his saddle all to himself, and mine was beset with an umbrella, a hat-box, and two leather bags, to say nothing of myself and my walking-stick. This was my only weapon of defence, and is with me an old favourite. But the Euboeans are not content with such harmless equipment, and doubtless they know their country and its requirements better than I. Our host, who in this remote end of Europe nobly bears the name of a noble English family, is the son of a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, if I may take the liberty of judging from the well-selected library we enjoyed in the island—one of the few Englishmen who, connecting themselves with Greece in the time of the Revolution, have maintained a residence in the country.

His son, our friend, buckled round his waist a belt which held a plain six-chambered revolver and a neat yataghan; the gorgeous Suliote armed himself with a

brace of brass-hilted pistols and a cruel-looking sword, while a running attendant, an Albanian, with light feet and locks that danced round his fez as he ambled forward leading my wife's mule, tied around himself with a pretty blue and white cord a Turkish scimitar of formidable dimensions. A Smyrniote ship-carpenter, who, unarmed, rode a donkey, completed the party. From his general appearance, and the snatches of Italian song with which he relieved his impatience to be upon the journey, I called him "The Pedlar," a name by which he afterwards always passed among us.

I asked our friend how this man became attached to his estate.

"I hardly know," he replied; "he came over some time ago, to cut and trim fir trees, and has remained ever since. I saw his wife, of whom he says he is dotingly fond, in Syra last week, and she told me—certainly thinking that I should be gratefully impressed with her words—that the Pedlar meant to die on my hands—that he was my slave, and would never leave me."

The Pedlar jogged foremost on his donkey; he, like the rest of us sitting sideways, whistling and singing as he went; he had evidently no present intention of resigning his life to anything worse than good, free quarters, and a kind indulgent master. We had a five hours' ride before us, over a track which it was not possible to pass much more quickly than at the rate of

three miles an hour. The path wound steeply upwards from the village, over hills thickly covered with pine trees, and beneath these a strong underwood in which the laurel, the myrtle, and the arbutus formed a large part. The talk ran, as it has a tendency to do in Greece, upon robbery and murder.

The house to which we were going had been plundered by brigands some years before, when our host was a boy living with his father and sister. He told us how they lay for three days in a wood near the house, hoping to entrap his father out of doors; at last, failing in this, twelve in number, they advanced and took possession of the house, some of the band remaining outside to shoot down any of the peasants who might come to the assistance of their landlord. The domestic garrison was taken unawares, and had to surrender at discretion a large sum of money which happened to be in the house, besides submitting for some hours to the insulting presence of the murderous wretches. Our host, however, thought it matter for congratulation that his father had not been carried off to the mountains for ransom as others had been, or murdered, as poor Mr. and Mrs. Lees were, in 1855, a few miles to the north of our track. Panagioti, the Suliote, could tell stories of brigandage, an evil trade he had practised for three years; but one of his tales was especially horrible. When he formed part of the Greek force which

invaded Thessaly, in 1855—to which I have referred in a former letter, as causing the occupation of Piræus and the Plain of Daphne by English and French soldiers—they captured an innocent dervish, for whom they collected a heap of the most prickly bushes. Spreading them into a thorny platform, Panagioti saw the unhappy dervish compelled to dance barefooted on the brambles for the amusement of the Greeks, till his feet were lacerated, torn, and shapeless; then, at a sign from the commander, who I believe now occupies high office in Athens, the tortured man was relieved by the loss of his head.

The light-footed Albanian had also smelt Turkish powder. These fellows make a campaign very easily; the shaggy capôte is at once their bed and bedding, tent and blankets; a small goat's-hair bag slung over the shoulder, containing a lump of bread and a handful of olives, forms the simple commissariat of the day. He could run up a mountain without being breathless, and if his rifle failed, he has a large knife in his waist-pouch, the keen edge of which is protected by a wooden scabbard. His mien was quite that of a gentleman, his smile gay and pleasing, but his dirty, greasy *fustanella* suggested an inquiry why he wore a costume which bore the marks of long usage so badly?

His reply was to our friend in the Albanian language.

"Effendi, we make them greasy to keep away the vermin; if we changed the *fustanella* frequently, the painful vermin would come upon us often. When they get into our clothes, we light a fire and shake them out into it; then, when we kill a goat or a sheep, we rub the fat over all our clothes, and when they are black like this"—he held up his skirts loaded with greasy filth —"the vermin will not come near us."

We moved slowly onwards, with the sun so hot that I was obliged to tie a white handkerchief over my hat, and often passing beneath the pine trees in delicious shade, meeting none but two old men mounted on donkeys—one wearing a whitish nightcap—who were jogging homewards from Lymni with huge wine-bottles slung across their saddles. Everything is cheap in Eubœa: good bread a penny a pound; fresh, lean meat threepence a pound; there are fish in the rivers to be had for the catching; birds and deer upon the hills and in the forests; thin wine in plenty; only money is scarce, and it must have been very scarce with these old men, who, for the difference in price of something like a farthing a quart, would jog by these by-paths to fetch a supply from the village. After an hour's ride, we were able to look down from the heights upon the interior of the island—upon fertile plains, over which, here and there, a hanging cloud of smoke showed the position of a peasant village, where a few moving specks

upon the green wheat, or following two lazy oxen at plough, marked the inhabitants of these homesteads—over pine forests which, crowning the lower hills, severed plain from plain and one village from another,—across the island to where—near the opposite coast—rose another range of snow-topped mountains, between which we could see the blue water of the Archipelago, and the islands of Skiathos and Scopelos rising from its surface.

Our young host proclaimed a very welcome halt on reaching the first level of the plain, and there, beside a clear, noisy river, we enjoyed some home-made wine with home-made bread and home-grown olives. At the end of the third hour of our ride, the barking of many dogs announced our approach to a village. In the thick wood, we could see nothing of the houses, and when they became visible they resembled — as much as is possible for permanent habitations — an encampment of Bedouin Arabs. Some built of mud, others of rough stone, and some of nothing but wattle woodwork; the houses were all very low, and contained but one apartment. The village was built on no plan, and of course there were no roads; a patch of the forest had been cleared, and there the huts were set down at pleasure. Through winter nights, the little oxen, hot from the plough, occupy one end of the apartment, and the human family the other; the cocks and hens roost at will on

the gloomy beams; there is a chimney, but the smoke of the family fire wends its way leisurely through the room, and, judging from the atmosphere of a Eubœan cottage, it is as often as not unsuccessful in its efforts to reach the outlet. I hardly know if this state of things is made less shocking to decency, by the fact that the peasants very rarely change their clothing. Much immorality must result from this bestial mode of rearing children, and our friend tells me that, since the departure of the Turks, village virtue has declined. The Turkish laws against immorality were so strict as to be in a great degree, among such a people, repressive of vice; the more careless legislation of Christian countries is said to be not so effective.

We rode to the inn, a wooden shed, with no entrance for light but the narrow doorway, and as this was blocked by the broad shoulders of two or three peasants, I could only very dimly see, through the darkness and the fire-smoke, a few dangling goat-skins filled with wine, some very dingy ornaments cut in coloured paper, and an unlevel range of bottles above a wooden counter. It is politic in such a country to stay at all the inns, and we tried the wine and "lakoum," without liking either. Before a second inn, at the end of the village, we pulled up again, but of my wine I made a libation, and declined the sweetmeat. At both, we had to shake several very dirty hands, but this part of the day's work was

not worse than "canvassing" at home; and the pure air of the island made the process seem less disagreeable.

Our progress was hindered at this point by our friend's high reputation as a doctor. To increase his power of doing good and relieving suffering among his poor dependents, he had attended lectures and studied for some time in one of the London hospitals; and to him and his medicine-chest the poor peasants bring their ailments, with a most touching faith in his healing powers. Now, two women held up to his saddle a pair of moping babies, and I firmly believe his frank, pleasant smile did both mothers and infants lasting good. Every one saluted him as "Effendi," a Turkish title, generally used by the peasants to great proprietors in Greece, which has outlived the Revolution. An old man whom he had cured of asthma came hobbling up to thank him for a recovery which the patient regarded as little less than miraculous; which our friend whispered had in truth been worked by faith and mild doses of ipecacuanha.

At length we escaped, and soon my mule's quickening pace foretold the approach of home. It was becoming dusk when we crossed the wooded ridge which was the northern boundary of our friend's estate, and it was quite dark when the dogs of his own village barked at us an inhospitable welcome. I could hear the running water of a river along the bank of which we were ad-

vancing, and, though there was no moon, could see the large, dark stems of plane trees which bordered the stream. Except in England I have never seen such fine timber. I left the choice of the path to the mule, who seemed to know every one of the rough stones, but he was less well-informed, or quite careless, as to the branches which whipped the face of his rider. Presently a friendly torch showed a light upon a little elevation, to which my animal was making his way. At this moment I had the honour of leading the cavalcade, and soon another and another and another piece of flaming wood stood in the roadway, and in two minutes more we were all upon our legs in the midst of a crowd of servants, guards, and peasants, violently shaking hands with persons whose faces we had never seen and could not see, except when the torch-light gave favourable opportunity.

Through the ample kitchen, in which the cook was already at work for our benefit—through two or three other apartments of good size, we passed to a large room, where a comfortable fire and lamp-light showed simple furniture and books, the one necessity of such a solitude. Our friend's establishment was that of a bachelor, and we had no one to meet but dependents. These appeared to be legion, and with their noiseless shoes walked about the roomy house as though it were their own. Beside the cook and housemaid and

Paraskevé, the pretty waiting-maid—the only woman in the village who wore petticoats of the West—and Fritz, the Swiss servant, who had taken to *fustanella* and the Orthodox church as a Swiss should, and frequently took to Greek wine too freely, there was Panagioti, the brigand attendant. There were half a dozen peasants whose names are generally either Nicholas or Demetrius or Spiro; the schoolmaster, the *fiancé* of Paraskevé, a handsome, thick-bearded young Greek, who had brought his book-learning to this wild village from the University of Athens, for the pay of house-rent and a salary of sixty drachmas a month, and others, each with their report to make, and their welcome to give to their young master. By nature, or the habit of his life, our friend has acquired the patient, silent, passive manner of the East, and listens to the long small-talk of these people; to their parable-like sentences, without the hurry or irritation which few untrained Englishmen could repress.

In quick, short speech his orders are given, but with rare good nature he accepts all the words with which they are received. These Greek peasants, with their wild, free manners, are not tongue-tied like poor Hodge of England. His talking machine moves as slowly as the giant hoofs of his lumbering team; but these active Eubœans, who can rarely read or write—who sleep with family and oxen in one smoky shed—who think them-

selves well fed on bread and olives with an occasional egg—made use of eloquent and not ungraceful gestures in talking with their master, and as for words, no bore of the House of Commons could be so voluble. Obedient of course they are, for all that belongs to them is in the power of the landowner. The position of the landlord in such a country is feudal, and law and free institutions have only a pretended influence. Everything depends upon the personal character and habits of the proprietor; the peasants have one remedy against injustice, not an ineffective one; they may shoot the proprietor or stab him with their long knives with very little danger of the murderers being discovered; but as to law, they know nothing of it, and it is too far from them to come at their want.

The principal village upon our friend's estate, where his house is situate, stands upon a rocky rising in a plain which at this season is brightly green with young wheat. The houses, with one or two exceptions, have each but one room; they are strewn about the rock in no particular order, built of rough stone with mortar, and roofed with red pantiles. Prominent in the village is a neat, well-built church, of course devoted to the Orthodox Eastern faith and ritual. Near it is a good school-house, where the brown-bearded schoolmaster educates the youth of the village. In many of the villages of Greece there is no school whatever; the

Greek Government, true to its bad policy of beginning at the wrong end of every national need, provides higher education gratuitously, and only assists with careless niggardness the general schooling of the people. I am ashamed to say it is not from England but from Turkey that Greece may take an example of compulsory education. Were it not for our friend's sense of duty, the children of his village would be without this great advantage. The school was commenced upon the understanding that the peasants were to provide one-half the master's salary; but it seems probable that rather than make this payment, which would cost each of them about sixpence a month, they would take their children from the school. Their landlord attends the peasants, and treats them most kindly as a doctor; not unfrequently during our visit he would, after a hard day's riding, make up a dozen powders and a mixture or a plaister with his own hands. As a rare mark of favour, he is occasionally their godfather in marriage, which entails presents and the right of naming the children. But if on a long ride he met a man to whom he thus acted, the peasant would run from his work, glad to do the duty of walking by his master's horse, for the godfather is almost a relative of the married man. To one such who was nimbly walking beside our horses carrying our host's rifle, he said, "Will you ride?" offering to dismount that the peasant might rest on horseback. "God for-

bid!" replied the walker, laughing, his long hair shaking as he turned his head to make the answer.

The peasants have no agreement, no tenant-right but their landlord's good will. At his consent they plough farther into the waste and sow the ground. In the June harvest they bring the ripe wheat to the *alonia*, where it is threshed. The landlord takes a third for his share; the Government assesses the taxes which are afterwards collected in money; the rest is the peasant's. If he has a surplus over his own requirement, he carries it in goat's-hair bags to the next town and barters it for goods or for drachmas. There are no enclosures, except where one or two patches of vines near the village are kept from wandering mules or oxen. Above the village, highest, and alone upon the rock, stands the house, the thick stone walls of which have, not quite uncracked, withstood the frequent earthquakes, which in ancient times earned for the island the title of "easily-shaken Eubœa." Below the room in which I am writing I can see some trellised vines that in summer shade the rooms beneath, beyond them a large fig tree putting forth fresh green leaves, and some plane trees in fuller foliage, almost hide the little village where some sixty huts are clustered together. Through the trees I can see the flutter of the Greek flag upon the church, and occasionally a red fez and white *fustanella* moving about. Beyond, over the plain, wheat is growing round

bushes and trees and burnt stumps, upon ground not yet cleared of these obstructions; the whole is belted with dark pines, shut in by low hills, and closed on one side by a steep mountain, more than 4000 feet high, whose tall summit is blanched with patches of departing snow.

No one of the peasants would have shared the pigeons, or even the eggs, with which we refreshed our strength on Good Friday, the evening of our arrival. Wishing to observe their curious Easter ceremonies, and guided by our friend's lantern, we went to the church, which was lighted with candles made of bees'-wax. In the centre of the church stood a bier, shaped very much like a hand-barrow with a covering. It was decorated with flowers, and inside, where the body would have lain—or where, if it had been an Indian "dawk," which it much resembled, the traveller would have reposed—was a rude portrait of Christ, which every one who entered the church devoutly kissed.

Our fellow-traveller, the Pedlar, had come to make his devotions, and with that simplicity which I have observed in all Greek congregations,—I think in some measure to be accounted for by the fact that they have no seats,—he walked about telling the groups of children, who sat upon the floor impatient for the festival ceremonies, to sing—I presume that we might hear them. The soft monotonous wailing they set

up at his bidding was neither unmusical nor unsuited to the strange scene. And a few hours later, about two o'clock in the morning, we were awoke and summoned to our bedroom windows by the repetition of this music with much louder voices. By what authority they assumed that Christ was placed in His grave at that hour, I have no notion, but this was evidently their belief; and, in the dark, moonless night, the villagers, each with a lighted taper in the right hand, to the number of about 100, were following the bier we had seen in the church in most orderly and solemn procession round the village. I know I cannot impress you with the solemnity of the scene. I cannot convey to your ear the uncivilised silence of the mountainous island, the dark, grand outlines of Nature in robes of unmanufactured majesty, any more than I can sketch the wild faces of the peasants seen grimly in the light of their home-made tapers, or imitate the monotonous dirge with which their voices accompanied the procession.

The next day, while we were slowly shaking off the fatigues of the journey, the villagers did nothing but prepare for the festivities of Easter Day. The Saturday was quite an idle day in the village. Nobody laboured, and our host, who had ridden early to the coast to see the captain of the English brig, which lay there to be loaded with magnesian stone from his estate,

brought him up to spend the day at the house, as none of the peasants would work at putting the stone on board till the Easter rejoicings were over. Out of politeness to my wife, our friend was unwilling to introduce the captain to our society; at the same time he was anxious, for obvious reasons, to keep the sailor in a good humour. But she was, I think, unfeignedly glad to make the acquaintance of such a good specimen of a Devonshire shipmaster. He was a pattern of behaviour; he neither drank nor smoked, and his affections were evidently well moored in the Torbay home where "his missus and the younguns" waited with longing affection for the father's return.

He was a short, thick-set man, about forty-eight, with blue-grey eyes and strongly curling dark hair. His Sunday hat became him very ill, and certainly had no familiar acquaintance with his curly head. The Sunday suit of blue cloth had rather a "shore-going cut," but the hugely flapped pockets of his trousers, turned down once for all, afforded a natural and constant home to his brown hands. I should not trouble you with a description of Captain Tucker, but that I want to tell you a dream just as he told it to me, and you cannot appreciate the story without knowing something of the man, who, however, is by no means an uncommon creature upon his own coast. We were walking in the garden of my Eubœan friend's house on

this Saturday afternoon talking of his voyages, when I asked the captain if he had ever had a death on board his ship?

"Yes, sir, I had one fine young chap out of our place to home."

"What did he die of?"

"He was pisoned—pisoned by eating fish. But the strangest thing was that that lad's death was told to me afoorhand."

"Really?"

"Yes. I drempt one night—we was coming out o' Madeery at the time—I drempt I was in a hoorchard and my creew was a picking the apples like one o'clock. I was a stannin' lookin' round at what they was doing, when a young chap comes up with a branch o' happles quite full o' freuit.

"Says I to him, that ain't right, pick what you like but no breaking;—well, the words was 'ardly out o' my mouth, when Jimmy—that's what we used to call the young chap that died—he came up to me, an' he says, 'I didn't break none, I've bought a ha'porth.'

"The dream was so partickler plain that it rested on my mind like, and I told it to my mate—cos he had a dream-book—and there, sure enough, we found that to dream o' happles meant trubble."

"Does it always mean trouble?" I asked gravely.

"Allays," replied Captain Tucker, with an air of

solemn conviction. "And you take my word for it, sir, you dream o' hany freuit,—let alone apples, it may be plums,—you make all clear, for there's trubble comin'. Well, our trubble was to be Jimmy's death, and that happened in this ere way.

"We was, as I sed, a comin' out o' Madeery, and two days after my dream I hooked a big fish, a fine, thick fish as ever you see. I dressed it myself, and, for our teas, me and the mate had a plate 'eaped up ever so high. It was as nice a tasted fish as ever I heat, and I cut the rest on it in stakes for the creew.

"Jimmy, he was at the tiller, and he give bad breath to the other men when he come off, cos they hadn't cooked the fish ready for his tea; howsomever the others what messed with Jimmy, they didn't eat much on it,—tew of 'em had been at sea for years, and one said to the other that these ere deep sea-fish was often pisonous, so they didn't heat much on it. But that made all the more for Jimmy, and he heat his sheere and theern tew.

"In the night, the mate comes down to me in my state-room, and says he, 'Cap'en, Jimmy's a groning and takin' on wonderful.' So I was up in a minnit and mixed a dose o' tincture o' rhubub and sends it forard; then I turned in agin till mornin'. He was still bad.

"So I asked him to come haft. I tewk out the medicin' beuk and questioned Jimmy like as he oughter

be questioned, about his inside and the like o' that; but I was a'most afeard to leuk at him, his face was that dredful dra'ard down. Well I guv him a dose o' jollop, and that didn't ease him; then I gin him another dose o' rhubub, and arter that a dose o' ile, but he didn't get no help of his stommick.

"Well, you see, sir, I couldn't do nothink more for him," continued Captain Tucker, gravely; "I know'd his bed-place was small, and I told one of the creew to make him up another where there was some nice clean sails to lay on. Hopposite to the sails, there was the place where we'd stood our beef and pork tubs, and it was damp-like. Well, perwersely, Jimmy would have his bed made in the damp place, and they guv way to him without my knowing of it.

"The damp struck to his stommick, yer see, sir, and mortification set in, and poor Jimmy's ead began to go wild-like. He says, 'I shall be glad when ten o'clock comes,' and they sent for me thinkin' he was a dyin'. Them was the larst words he spoke, and when I went down below I see it hall.

"The happles was come, sure enough. Jimmy's head lay on one side, and"—this the captain said triumphantly, with emphasis—"the—young—chap—that—in—my—dream—brought—me—the—branch—o'—happles,—his—arm—was—round—Jimmy's—neck. There it was, yer see, there was the happles and

there was the branch o' happles. Jimmy give a little shiver like, and then he died.

"But there was the 'aporth what Jimmy bought had got to come," continued the captain, "and that warn't long a comin'. I'd towld all the creew about the dreem, and we was a turnin' over in our minds about the proper berryin' o' Jimmy, when I had up a new sail what had been split, meanin' to cut a piece out of it for his corffin. We spread what was to be Jimmy's corffin out on the deck, and as none of the creew hadn't a knife ready to cut the canvas, I put my 'and into my breeches pocket, when, s'help me Gord"—I never but this once heard Captain Tucker use so strong an expression—"if a hapenny didn't come up betwixt the blade and the handle and fell *on to* Jimmy's corffin.

"Them and me, we was all struck like thunder,—Jimmy had bought his haporth and there it was,—a canvas corffin. My creew all see it at once,—that was Jimmy's haporth, and there was the dreem all out."

At this concluding point of the story my wife came towards us, and asked the captain if he should not be glad to see his wife and family again? At the mention of them his eyes brightened with delight. Perhaps the unaccustomed tones of an Englishwoman's voice brought the dear ones closer to his recollection.

"Ay, that I shall, mum; I've got a dozen boxes o' this

rhat-lakum for 'em, and in a'most hevery port I picks up somethin' or other for the little uns."

"How many have we got, mum? Why, six,—there should ha' bin seven by rights,"—and the captain's voice fell sadly,—"but the little un of all—she died. I never see her, but I was a good bit trubbled about it."

For all his superstition, Captain Tucker is the sort of man in whose charge I should like to find myself on a stormy night at sea.

LETTER VIII.

Easter Day morning in Eubœa—Peasants bringing Presents—Red and White Eggs—The Population of the Village—The Peasants' Church—Easter Day Ceremonies—Paraskevé, the Belle—Picturesque Costumes—Jewels of Money—The Eubœan Dance—Captain Tucker's Opinion—Eastern Courtship—Eastern Wives—The Priest's Blessing—Peasants' Property—Peasant Purchasers—Concluding a Loan—Port Peleki—Kerinthos—Magnesian Stone—Greek Shipping—Greek Timber—Vines and Olives—Weights and Measures—Eubœan Farming—Peasant Rejoicings—Democratic Manners—The Priest's Income—Baptism—Saints' Days—Girls' Education—Swallows at Home—A Hospitable Kitchen—The Village Postman—Infanticide—Direct Taxation—Local Institutions—The Division of Greece—Political and Municipal.

I DID not dream of apples on Easter Eve, but, if my dreams had been of brigands, the firing which awoke us in the dark, small hours of the morning, would have seemed a veritable confirmation of my sleeping fears. Our kind friend had told us to expect shouts and the firing of guns in the early morning. From our windows I could see the little space before the church doors crowded with the peasants, each illumining the darkness with a lighted taper. With resounding shouts of

"Christ is risen!" they saluted the Easter Day, one or two occasionally stepping outside the throng, and firing their guns into the air, the noise reverberating through the valleys, and echoing back again from the sombre mountain. Another presumption of the Greek Church seems to be that Christ rose from the dead at this hour, and His image, brought from the church by the priest, was kissed by all in the crowd successively with enthusiastic devotion. Everybody shook hands with everybody; they embraced each other with congratulations upon the Rising of Christ; then the guns ceased their *feu de joie*, and the shortened tapers lighted the peasants to their humble homes.

After we had finished breakfast, and were seated in the drawing-room, the peasants dropped in by twos and threes, each bringing a few eggs in his Manchester cotton handkerchief; half the number presented were boiled and coloured red. Every man in the village wears the fez and *fustanella* except our host and myself, and on Easter Day all had clean, if not new, clothes. During the morning there were as many as eight at one time in the drawing-room. They entered without any shyness, saluted by shaking hands or laying their hand upon their breast, then deposited their eggs upon the table without saying a word, and accepted their landlord's invitation to be seated. Coffee and small glasses of raki were served, and any one who pleased

rolled and lighted a cigarette. The conversation was general, and mostly turned upon topics relating to the estate. One old man, with finely-cut features—they all have these facial marks of good breeding—with a great reputation for wisdom in the village, spoke little, but wagged his fezzed head from side to side as though the talk were settling down into his interior. I dare say that in the subsequent village coterie he became oracular. Their behaviour was admirable, and their seat not the least awkward. The hair of some streamed from beneath their cap in long, uncombed locks, which almost reached their shoulders. All had a keen, active expression of countenance, with dark eyes, and all had a formidable, bristling moustache, their chins and cheeks being shorn. One or two little girls, and, once or twice, a woman, came into the room, and quietly, without speaking a word, or making any gesture, except a circular nod, laid their red and white offering upon the table, which, towards twelve o'clock, became almost loaded with eggs. At one time there were upwards of 200 upon the table, and, besides these, our host received some curious presents. One woman brought a flat cake of bread decorated with red eggs which had been baked into its crust. Two women, whom he had given away in marriage, sent each a shirt of rough silk, made and woven in their own houses. Another, a shepherdess of the mountain, sent a pair of

strangely-woven socks of stranger shape, which might have been too easily induced to slip off the foot without the use of the garter attached to the stocking, and woven with it. One man brought a lamb, which is a very common Easter offering in Greece, and I suppose, with very few exceptions, the population of Greece dined upon lamb on this Easter Sunday.

Soon after twelve o'clock we went to the church to witness the principal function of the day. Have I succeeded in giving you some notion of the constitution of this village? A priest in the quaint costume of the Greek Church, about a couple of hundred peasants, young and old, male and female, including a bearded, Athenian-bred schoolmaster; a young, handsome English gentleman, the proprietor, and three guests, one of whom was my friend Captain Tucker, of the *Rose of Devon;* a lonely settlement, in the heart of a picturesque island, connected with no other community by sight or roads. When we entered the little church, the priest was ready to commence his office, which the old man kindly suspended till our arrival. The body of the church was filled with peasants; round and about their stalwart legs ran a few errant children escaped from their mothers, who, with all the girls and old women, occupied the end next the door and the little gallery. The whole scene brought to my mind a picture of

primitive Christian worship. Facing the congregation, hiding from our sight the altar, was a screen, gaudy with highly-coloured pictures of saints and angels; before it stood, in well-grouped order, the long-haired peasants, each with a knife at his girdle, and an unlighted taper in his hand. Near them, against the wall, leaned a dozen long, brass-finished guns of a pattern quite unknown to this age of breech-loaders. These were ready for the *feu de joie*, which frequently startled the service. A screen, divided into rude stalls for the aged and infirm men, severed the masculine from the feminine worshippers, and from behind this, as well as from the gallery above, came always the wailing of babies and the gentler sound of the mother's soothing voice.

A country rector who can give to his "poorer brethren" only the cold corners and the comfortless aisles of his church, and then complains that they are inattentive to his ministrations, might have learnt a useful lesson in this village church, where every place belonged to the peasantry. A tray, loaded with tapers made of native bees'-wax, laid close to the door, and many dropped copper pieces of five or ten leptas into it as they took up a taper. There was a good deal of easy talk and smiling before the priest drew aside the part of the screen which concealed the middle of the altar, and, standing in the doorway, holding a triple light in

his right hand, began the service. Then, immediately, all the men crowded round him to light their tapers at the sacred flame; the tall ones reached over the heads of the shorter; none was content to take light from his neighbour, but each must have it from the priest, a man of rather over middle age, with long, ragged hair, a good-humoured and intelligent expression of face, but all over terribly dirty. His great difficulty in performing his holy office seemed to be in retaining his slouching, clumsy shoes upon his feet. These were visible below a shapeless robe of cotton material with a pattern like that most often seen on Cashmere shawls, upon which was worked a cross in gold thread. This should have been in the centre of his back, but somehow, as Captain Tucker whispered to me, "the cross had got slewed on to his port side."

After some prayers had been chanted, the priest, preceded by two bright-eyed urchins who grinned with pleasure in their chintz robes,—the ground of which was light green, with immense purple flowers,—bore aloft the image-covered Bible into the centre of the church, and there read a few verses. Then, a tall peasant, whose hair, parted in the middle, fell down on either side of his wild face nearly to his shoulders, raised a gilt cross, and, followed by others bearing tinselled lanterns and screens rudely painted with the face of Christ and His Mother, headed a procession which included the priest

bearing the Bible, and all the congregation. Out of the little, homely church, made with their own hands, into the grand presence of the sun and the mountains, —beneath the deep-blue sky, into a scene with which their humble worship appeared perfectly in harmony.

The priest stood against the outer wall of the church, holding the book between his hands, his standard-bearers ranged on either side; then all the men successively advanced, kissed the volume, and, passing onward, shook hands with every one in circular order, inclining the head first over the right, then over the left shoulder, the imitation of a kiss on each cheek. The peasants did this with remarkable solemnity of manner and evident feeling, saying to each one as they held his hand, "God forgive me as I forgive you." Then the women advanced in order, and kissed the book, but did not, probably through timidity only, repeat the hand-shaking. This ceremony concluded, the entire congregation, with the priest at their head, formed again into procession, and encircled the church three times, bareheaded, chanting as they walked. Conspicuous among them marched the Pedlar in almost unrecognisable grandeur; his Smyrniote dress, consisting of baggy blue trousers, red waistband, black velvet vest, and mantle of black cloth with red velvet collar, distinguished him among them all. Like myself, I thought the Pedlar was a stranger in a community which must

have common bonds of feeling more binding than those which unite less isolated communities. I felt how impossible it was for us to get beneath the surface of this village life, which showed itself to us like painted scenes—so coloured, so curious, so seemingly unreal! I watched pretty Paraskevé, the belle of the village, shyly holding in her hand a taper more handsomely coloured and thicker than common, the love-gift of the schoolmaster, which told her engagement to all present, and thought how, here in this narrow circle, as everywhere, beat the passions,—the love, the hate, the jealousy, the envy, the ambition, the covetousness which make the world our own, and man one family!

With a little gun-firing the religious ceremony came to an end, and the villagers prepared for a dance. From all that I have written you will have some notion of the dress of the men, but you cannot conceive the gorgeous colours of the women's clothes as they arranged themselves for this Easter dance. Many wore 300 or 400 Turkish coins upon their heads, strung across from ear to ear like beads, and some wore as many as twenty or thirty silver coins, large as five-shilling pieces, upon the long plait of hair which descended below their waist. Aprons, scarlet, mauve, and yellow, were tied upon their white chemise, and veils of all colours, one a bright apple-green, completed their head-dress. Some

had their breasts covered with silver ornaments, and others with tawdry gilt jewelry, while some—looking not less happy—wore their babies there, with perpetual satisfaction to the infant appetite. A fiddle would have horribly vexed the harmony of the scene, and the polka, or the noisy country dance, or vulgar kiss-in-the-ring, would have seemed disrespectful to the white head of the great mountain, which looked down upon the revels. But the Eubœan villagers gave no offence to Nature. The men joined hands, ten or twelve of them in a row, the last holding a handkerchief with a woman who led about a dozen other women, and these were succeeded by a continually diminishing row of children.

Probably by choice—it seemed to me by chance—all so arranged themselves that the line was headed by a man six feet high, and without gaps, with even gradation descended to a small toddler whom a yard-measure would have much overtopped. Forming themselves into a coil, like a ram's horn, the dance consisted in the grave and very gentle expansion and contraction of the volute, the music being a simple bar of notes sang by all, and repeated with each advance and retreat. The movement was so grave and dignified that I confess it was difficult to see where the fun lay for the performers, but for a spectator the scene was delicious. I would I could have painted it with its background of mothers and old men and dirty huts, from whence this

brilliant crowd had issued, and emerald-green wheat and dark pines and snowy mountain, and above all the bright blue sky.

But Captain Tucker was not of my mind. "I call it a houtlandish rig, sir," he said into my ear. "No good don't come out o' this; give me a Hinglish gal and proper petticuts, and a good quad-derille is a deal more sensible." I thought of Byron's Eastern friend objecting to the waltz, "Does nothing come of this?" and here was an English sailor suggesting immoralities concerning a dance which I should think would suit the Quakers and Mr. Spurgeon. However, I don't think the Captain's mind was quite at ease, for his chronometer was running down in his ship's cabin, and if he did not return before night to wind it up, Greenwich time and all his reckoning would be lost. I think, too, he had fears that the fate of Captain Cook might be his before he left this wild island, and gained his cabin, after riding through the thickets which separated us from the shore.

One great feature of Western life—and a very pretty one—is entirely wanting in the East: there is no love-making. In Eubœa, the parents of young people generally make up the matches with a prudent eye to worldly gifts. Then, the peasant suitor, shy and blushing, is brought to the house of the bride's parents by his own progenitors; guns are fired and a feast is given

in honour of the engagement, the lover on this occasion making a present of money, about 100 drachmas and a gold ring, in return for which he receives, as a pledge of the lady's affection, some piece of needlework, often a rough silk shirt. The wedding, which follows a previous ceremony of betrothal, generally takes place on Saturday, and the happy pair do not leave the house of the bride's parents till the next day, when they are escorted home by their godfather, who sometimes, according to the good old custom, precedes them bearing a cold shoulder of mutton on a pole. If the girls like to brave the parental anger they may, of course, refuse the swain, but if they accept his offering they are publicly acknowledged as engaged. As a point of honour, the girl is expected to spend this money in useful articles or ornaments for her person, and not a few, they say, are entrapped by the present into a consent, which, when the money is laid out, they do not know how to retract. I never saw a "spinster" in England, where all the ladies, unmarried as well as married, have laid aside the spinning-wheel by which they earned this appellation. But all the Eubœan girls are spinsters, and with a hand-bobbin can twirl rough yarn from a lump of cotton wool on a stick and then weave it into garments. They are rarely or never unmarried, and are not allowed to waste their accomplishments in the desert air of single life.

The handsome taper which the schoolmaster had given to Paraskevé on Easter Eve was an understood symbol of love, but, though a young, handsome fellow of good address, the schoolmaster had never told his love in any more direct manner. I wish every woman in the East had the power and the spirit to resist her suitor until she was properly "courted" and said "yes" for herself. The contrary custom has its foundation in a lack of respect for women; the Greek thinks he loses self-respect by showing devotion to a woman. And the women, obliged to marry, where to be unmarried is deemed disgraceful, tremble as they surrender themselves to a man of whose inner nature they have seen and can know nothing. Perhaps he will be very cruel to them, as many husbands, even in this little village, are to their wives. We are shocked with cases of wife-beating in England, and, owing in some degree to the facility of appeal to our laws, these cases are made to resound throughout Europe to our national discredit, but with us it rarely happens that husband and wife do not know something of each other before marriage. The acquaintance may be short, but when a man is "proposing" he cannot but show something of his real self, and if he exhibit a false one, the counterfeit is then most easily detected. Besides, love and marriage are both degraded under the Eastern system; the union should be mental as much as physical, but this cannot

happen where the wedded have never talked nor walked together.

Our host had to send several presents—cakes with pieces of money stuck in them, gay shoes, and handkerchiefs—to those of whom he was the honoured godparent, and on Monday morning we were sitting together talking of these things and of his estate, when the priest quietly entered, and, with merely the slightest salutation, commenced singing a prayer through his nose and splashing the walls with water from a tin pot which he carried on one finger of his dirty left hand. After swinging his brush about to right and left, during which performance I followed my friend's example of rising from his seat, the priest approached us, and, having put a crucifix to our lips, touched our foreheads with the wet brush, kindly, at the same time, pronouncing a blessing. We dropped some money into the holy water, at the bottom of which there were other pieces lying, and, the ceremony being concluded, the priest sat down and greeted us as friends. The day, our 13th of April, was, according to the Greek style, the first of the month, and this blessing of the house and its inhabitants is customary on the first day of every month.

The good priest asked if I was pleased with the ceremonies of the preceding day. I answered that I was greatly pleased, and observed how fatiguing the prolonged duties by night and day must have been to

himself. His answer was conveyed in the enigmatic form which is so universal in Eastern conversation. "Yes, I did feel tired, but then a great piece of meat is not easily roasted." The peasant church here is entirely and efficiently supported by the peasants themselves. I noticed with how much pride they lighted up their many home-made candles on Easter Day, and with what thrifty prudence they snuffed them out with their horny fingers before the ceremony was hardly concluded. If Hodge, the English peasant, would not pay a farthing to a voluntary church-rate, whose fault is it?

Though this is an extremely poor country, there is not one of the peasants who would not think it a degradation to change places with an English peasant, and, though their homes have no floor but the bare earth, and no windows,—though their oxen are almost their bed-fellows, and their knives their law,—yet there is hardly one who does not possess some property and more thrift than English labourers. I have justly found fault with them for not asking the love of women who are to be their wives, but there is not one of them who would not consider it a deep degradation, if, from the hundreds of coins which form his wife's head-dress, he took any for his own use. I well know the working class of England, and I could not say so much for them. Here, temperance, health, and the magical effects of the possession of property make all the difference. There

are many estates in this island, and, perhaps, some day this will be added to the number, which belong absolutely to the peasant community. The illiterate, hard-working men have bought out the proprietors, binding themselves to pay the purchase-money in four or five years. In all cases it has been paid, and they are the possessors of the best-farmed, best-managed, and most productive properties in the island. I was astonished to find that a community of peasants, only two or three of whom could read and write, were able to conduct and conclude such a purchase without fighting among themselves; but it has been accomplished and achieved most successfully in many parts of Greece. They parcel out the arable lands with a rope, which at one measurement includes a *stremma*, about a fourth of an acre, and each peasant pays to the purchase-money according to the area under his plough; the forests, and the mountains, they pay for and profit by in common.

Under proprietors in such a country, their lot depends almost entirely upon the personal character of their landlord. On this estate the treatment of our friend, and of his father before him, seem to have made them fearless, respectful without servility, and honest. Three came in last evening and obtained a loan of 600 drachmas to buy oxen. They laughed and talked as the money, mostly in Austrian zwanzigers, was counted

down, gave neither receipt nor promise to pay, and, upon inquiry, I was told the practice was to take out loans in labour, and that repayments of money by the peasants never ended satisfactorily. My friend wanted their labour in getting magnesian stone shipped upon the coast, and this loan amounted to an advance of wages. One of the three knotted the heavy bundle of money in his handkerchief, and cheerfully repelled our friend's caution not to spend it in drink before they saw the oxen. After these came two women, whose babies had pains in their respective stomachs, and our kind host was at once busy with rhubarb and magnesia, making gratuitous powders. So is occupied the time of a Eubœan proprietor.

Yesterday morning we buckled on swords and pistols, and rode down to the shore where the *Rose of Devon* is taking in her cargo. In a country where every man goes armed, where law is distant and not easily set in motion, it is quite necessary to carry arms. In progress of time, if the kingdom endures, order will become more secure in Greece; but at present, the recollection of a period when there was no Government is fresh among the islanders, and their hatred of the Turks and Turkish rule led and accustomed them to barbarities. Not far from here there is a man living who tortured two Turkish women to death, by pouring boiling oil over their naked bodies, which he had suspended by

the feet; and I have been told the doubtless equally true and sad story, of a Turk who lived near this village, and wishing to retire from the country, asked permission to join a party on the road to Chalcis. They impaled the poor wretch on the way, leaving his writhing body transfixed with a stake. These things happened during the Greek Revolution.

Upon the hills around us we can yet see the traces of Otho's dethronement, the next interregnum of law in Greece. To prove that they were rid of their King, the peasants wantonly set fire to many of the forests, and thousands of blackened pine trees remain, soiling the landscape. I am sure that the virtue of humanity comes only of education and habit. I have seen men, who I know now to be sincerely humane, who would shudder with horror at the sight of cruelty inflicted upon any animal, most wantonly cruel when as boys they were my schoolfellows. Some peasants near this village caught a wolf the other day, and were with difficulty prevented from skinning the poor beast alive, in revenge for the supposed depredations he had made upon their flocks. But generally, during many days spent among them, I have found the Eubœan islanders a quiet, well-behaved population; and I confess to having felt ashamed of my own countrymen, when I have reflected that, during four months in Greece, I never saw a drunken man.

Our road to the bay where the *Rose of Devon* was anchored lay through four miles of my companion's estate, of what, in the language of auctioneers, would be called "park-like" beauty. Giant plane trees—one of them measuring six and thirty feet in circumference—were putting out new leaves above underwood already green with myrtles and laurels; every now and then, bright green lizards, nearly a foot in length, crept noisily among the dead leaves upon our path. We forded the gently flowing river three times, in which were many water-tortoises, and stayed a moment on the rock-bound coast, looking at the ruins of the ancient city Kerinthos. A few remnants of huge stone masonry without mortar, and scattered heaps of broken pottery, were all that was to be seen. In the forest, we had passed the quarry from which the magnesian stone was being obtained; the position of the stone appeared to be vertical, in beds of loose, ferruginous rock. It is of dazzling whiteness and brittle, breaking with a fine, sharp edge, like plaster of Paris. The stone might well be used for all purposes to which this celebrated plaster is devoted, but at present I fear it is only imported for the adulteration of cotton cloth, to give it a fictitious weight and substance. This white stone, obtained in Eubœa, goes to India as cotton cloth, to the great damage of British credit in the far East. Some of it, I suppose, finds its way into the chemists' shops; but

the 300 tons which the *Rose of Devon* took in during our stay in Eubœa can scarcely be imported for the sole purposes of medicine. Two Greek brigs were also loading for England upon the same coast. Ships are cheaply built in Greece. One of these was about the same size and tonnage as the *Rose of Devon;* but while the Brixham-built vessel cost £3700, the Greek had cost nearly £1000 less. Captain Tucker said the Greek was only lined with inch planking, and that she was the "lightest-built vessel" he ever saw. He said she would never stand the rough work of our channel and coasting trade, and her cotton sails would probably split, while his would "carry on" before the same wind; but for all this, such a difference of cost is a most important advantage to the mercantile marine of Greece, which is the chief industry of the kingdom,—and for the Mediterranean traffic, ships built more lightly than ours may be equally serviceable.

The ships lay about half a mile from the rocky shore, where several boats filled and sailed out to them loaded with magnesia. The small boats of the Levant, with their single swallow-winged sail, dart about all the shores of Greece, like white butterflies that love the land. The sharp-peaked top of this sail, which holds no wind, is well adapted for the gusty currents which sweep down the rocky valleys with a force that would upset these boats if they hoisted square sails. There is

plenty of wood for shipbuilding in Greece, though the forests which once clothed Hymettus and even Lycabettus have disappeared; and, though the Nemæan woods have been destroyed, Laconia is well timbered, and in Eubœa there is oak, beech, pine, and plane wood. Frequently, in wanton mischief, the peasants set fire to the trees; and although the timber has been better preserved upon our friend's estate than in any other part of the island, owing to his personal popularity, yet in riding about we constantly met with the charred shells of fine trees, whose lingering life had only just survived the fire. Weakened by the burning, they often fall to the pressure of the wind, and their fine trunks lay rotting, in a country where fire wood is so plentiful that even the peasants will not take the trouble to split up the timber for their own free use. Much of the oak is the Levantine or Valonea Oak (*Quercus Ægilops*). The acorn cups of this oak contain very much tannin, and are exported under the name of "Valonea," for use in the preparation of leather.

In the pine forests of Eubœa, I noticed many trees, of which the bark had been hewn off, for about a foot square, at a height of three feet from the ground, and beneath this wound a deep notch, inclining inwards, had been cut into the tree. These had been "bled" to obtain the resinous turpentine which, flowing from the hewn bark into the notch, is removed every two days

during the "bleeding time." One tree will often yield twenty pounds weight in a single season. The next year it is "bled," and notched higher; and after three or four years of such treatment, the tree which has thus yielded all its life-blood to manufacture, withers, dies, falls, and rots upon the ground. None of the healthy timber trees are so "bled,"—only such as are marked with internal disease by fungus growing on the bark.

There might be many more vine and olive trees in Greece, but the planting of both demands capital and patience, neither of which are possessed by Greek agriculturists. The unique success of the Corinth vines, where alone it seems the currant of English commerce can be grown, has made the shores of the Gulf of Corinth vastly more productive; but Greece exports little food, while its plains would produce, with good cultivation, sufficient to maintain five times its population. Thousands of olives were burned and destroyed by the Turks during the War of Independence, and replanting has not been undertaken. An olive does not bear fruit for sixteen years, and three generations pass away before the slow-growing tree arrives at maturity, attaining its full vigour and growth at about 100 years of age. A fine tree should produce about fifty *okes*, or rather more than 130 pounds weight of fruit. Almost every description of food in Greece is sold by the *oke*, a Turkish weight, equal to $2\frac{7}{11}$ lbs.

English. This is subdivided into 400 drachmas, of which 160 are equal to our pound avoirdupois. Wine and firewood, as well as bread, meat, vegetables, and fruit, are sold by the *oke*.

Another Turkish measure, the *peek*, is everywhere used. An itinerant lace-seller in Athens, who wished to sell us some of her wares, first introduced me to the *peek*. In the Greek capital, linendrapery shops are dragged about the streets on wheelbarrows, in shape like a barrel organ; tray upon tray containing cotton and linen goods, sewing cotton, threads, and silk. The *peek*, which is both a lineal and square measure like the English yard, is in length rather more than twenty-five inches; the *stadium*, the Greek road measure, being equal to 1000 *peeks*. Water is charged for in Athens according to the diametrical bore of the supply pipe.

When I first saw the naturally fertile but insufficiently cultivated plains of Greece, I was inclined to wonder that German and even English emigrants did not prefer migrating to this land rather than make a more distant home in the New World. That there is in Greece a splendid field for emigration I have no doubt whatever, but it would be necessary for the emigrants to come in numbers sufficient to protect and vindicate their own rights, or they would be grievously hindered, if not ruined, by the jealousy of the native population. At the same time, if an Englishman chose

upon an estate as large as this to introduce English implements and the English method of agriculture, and could induce a sufficient number of his own countrymen to settle and work upon the land, he would reap a much larger harvest than is at present gained by the Greek peasant. On some of the land they grow wheat and maize alternately, while some lies fallow for one or even two years, after a crop has been drawn. With this system upon this estate, certainly containing fifty square miles, the total crop of last year, a better than average harvest, did not exceed 7000 bushels of wheat and 3500 bushels of maize. On our friend's estate little else is produced for the benefit of the peasants, himself, or the Government. The magnesia stone they are now working is quite an exceptional, and at present doubtful, source of profit; there is a good deal of timber, for which the demand is not very great; wine is made, but only in sufficient quantity for home consumption; and of olives, there are none. A light English plough would open the land far better, and with less labour to the oxen, than the wooden ploughshares of these peasants. I have objected to their system of threshing by horses running round a stake; but they tell me that by this mode the ears are completely cleared of corn, and the straw is trodden into fine chaff, which they store in small houses like potato huts, for feeding their oxen during the winter months. Every village

in Eubœa has a "suburb" of these straw-houses. The peasants winnow their corn by laboriously flinging it into the air when there is wind enough to separate the grain from the chaff. I tried to explain the simple action of a winnowing machine, but the Greek peasants much prefer Nature to machinery. Bushes and roots that now stand among the wheat would have to be removed before Englishmen could work harrows and drills with great benefit to the soil and saving of seed. I have no doubt that English culture would gain greater results, but I am not equally certain that an English community could safely dwell without law or police or soldiery, as do the people of this village. Here there is neither prison nor stocks.

Chalcis, the great town, where are soldiers and government, is eight hours distant by a mule track, and the only dangers feared are brigands and bad harvests, both appearing now and then, leaving trouble behind them. But would Englishmen live in such simple order, such easy submission to natural law? We know they would not. These tall, fierce-looking peasants lounge homewards from their plough, each well-armed, but smiling, civil, and always temperate. If the sixty huts beneath my window were peopled with English instead of Greeks, I am sorry to believe that they would be crowding into the dirty little drinkshop, burning themselves alive with raki, and then the long knives would be used for worse

purposes than cutting sheep's cheese and home-baked bread. It would not do; I don't think the English are a pastoral people; our land laws render what is most picturesque in the life of this village impossible in England. I have been at many village feasts in England, where the brutish stupidity of the labouring class was awkwardly patronised by the curate, and prettily made the best of by the parson's daughters, while the life of the scene was crushed out by the solemn grandeur of the nobleman or the squire. Look on that picture, and then see with me these peasants dancing beneath the trees, with no master of the revels but themselves, and with no music but that of their own voices; their dresses gay with all colours, their gestures graceful, their conduct and deportment seemingly faultless. Wretched and degraded as their condition is in many respects,—for few or none of them can read or write, and no family has more than one room,—yet I firmly believe that these peasants, as a class, have much more self-respect than the English agricultural labourers; and that the primary causes of this superiority are their temperance, and the great, grand fact, that their labour and the products of it are their own.

Their landlord may turn them off to-morrow, for civilisation here has not advanced to agreements and tenant right; but I think he dare not, and I am sure his kind heart would not permit him to do any one

of them injustice. Those who would speak the truth about the Levant, must acknowledge that in Greece, and even in Turkey, there is far more practical democracy among the people than in England. And, to my mind, the only advantage of such democracy is that, without debasing the highest, it lifts the lowest. Among democratic peoples, public manners are formed upon one model, so that the peasant may imitate the gentleman without being frowned upon; and the consequence is that his manners much resemble those of the best class in his country. In France and Italy, the same universal school of manners is open to the people. It is closed in Austria and in England: in Vienna, by a ridiculous idolatry of rank; with us, by class distinctions which have their foundation in our land system. Here, a landlord is sometimes an encumbrance upon the land, and nothing better; he is useful as the introducer of capital, but the estates which have been purchased by the peasants, and are now cultivated and owned by the resident community, are more productive, better managed, and with more capital. I am not without a hope that very soon co-operative agriculture in England will lead the way to the more complete emancipation of the agricultural poor in our own country.

As I had received his blessing, I was anxious to know how the temporal income of my friend, the priest of this village, is raised. His appointment came from the

bishop of the diocese in which this estate is situate, to whom, if you wish for favours, I am told it is not unadvisable to send a present, nor need you be troubled with delicate scruples if your offering to this Father in God take the form of money. From each of the peasants at harvest time the priest receives about a bushel of wheat; at Easter and Christmas, and on the greater feast days, he receives presents of bread; he obtained in this way as many as fifty loaves last Easter Day, and his priestly office does not hinder him from selling the bread or wheat which remains above his own requirements. These are purely voluntary contributions from his flock; but among a people very much attached to their religion, the custom of giving to the priest has almost the force of law. Sometimes the bushel of wheat is commuted into five or six drachmas. Marriages, baptisms, funerals, and confessions, are other and variable means of income. For a marriage he gets two or three drachmas, and a good deal of feasting, but baptisms are more frequent sources of revenue. Our host's housekeeper has just shown us a baby's gay cap of bright-coloured silk, with a gilt cross sewn on to the front, the presentation of which forms a part of his duties at a christening which is to take place next Sunday. He was godfather at the wedding of the parents, and it is therefore incumbent, according to Greek custom, that he should name the

first child. This is regarded as the inalienable duty of the godfather at the marriage. It is only a recent innovation that allows the mother to be consulted as to the name her child shall bear, but in this case it is understood that our friend will consult the maternal mind on the subject.

Two days in the week, *Kuriake*, Sunday, and *Paraskevé*, Friday, are frequently given as names in baptism. The child is dipped in the holy water, into which is first poured about a glassfull of oil. The Greek Church holds the doctrine that original sin cannot be completely washed out unless the whole body is covered with the baptismal water. The rite of confirmation takes place simultaneously with baptism, and communicants in the Greek Church are of all ages. Water is mixed with the wine, and the bread and wine are taken together, the bread being dipped in the cup and then administered by the priest with a long spoon. Our peasant neighbours do not, the priest says, "communicate" so often as they should; four times a year is the least number of attendances his conscience would permit him to sanction, but all do not even make this minimum. It is the rule for babies to "communicate" twelve times before they are a year old, and the babies are more obedient in the fulfilment of this duty than their fathers. The priest has another source of income in those of his flock who have "holy names,"—such as

bear the name of one of the numerous saints of the Greek Church. This Saint's Day is the fête day of the person who bears his name, when the priest with other friends is asked to feast with the name-bearer, who acknowledges the holy man's blessing with some coin of the realm. As most of the peasants have "holy names," this observance is frequently in practice.

But the great day of every village is that of the patron saint to whom the church is dedicated. Then the oxen stand still, and all labour rests, and feasting and dancing are the order of the day. St. Constantine is the patron of this village, and young and old are looking forward to his day, the 27th of May, when men, women, and children, after worship in their church, will all descend to the river-bank and pass the day beneath the plane trees, feasting and dancing and making merry. It will be a pretty sight—such a holiday-making as our imagination may picture, but we cannot see in England; sometimes on the stage the thing is attempted, but the most gorgeous "revival" is not more brightly-coloured than this village scene will be; the stage could not have costumes more picturesque, but Nature alone can give the leafy trees and the glorious sunlight which will gild the scene.

In visiting the village school I was sorry to find that here, as I have noticed in other parts of Greece, the education of girls is entirely neglected. Where there

are schools, the parents commonly pay a drachma per month for the education of each child; they are poor, and if they afford this to their boys they think they cannot do as much for their girls also. The Greek peasants do not consider that girls have much need of education; if they learn spinning, weaving, and needle-work at home, how to bake bread and stew lamb, their education is thought to be complete. In the school here the peasants do not, as they ought, pay anything towards the expenses, which are entirely defrayed by our friend; yet the cost of education is the reason why there were but two girls in the school-room. On asking why these two only were there, I was told that they came because their parents had no boys, and so they thought they could afford to send their girls to school. But I dare say that among the cronies of the village the school education of these two is regarded as quite a revolutionary proceeding, tending downhill to their individual ruin as well as that of women in general.

I was pleased in watching a muleteer who, at the moment of our presence in the school, paid a passing visit. The schoolmaster was out of the room when this brawny peasant entered. His whip in his hand, his brown, hairy chest exposed to the sun, a cigarette in his mouth, he touched his breast and fez on seeing us, and then, with a smile, stepped across the room to where four little boys were spelling Greek words of three

letters from a printed board; correcting one as to a "kappa," putting another right as to a "beta," he kindly patted them all upon their tiny heads, and then, as if thoroughly satisfied with the course things were taking, rejoined his mule outside.

I thought, from my last year's residence in Algeria, that "a winter with the swallows" was not to be had there, for I never saw one of those household friends during my four months' stay in that pleasant land. Whether, on reading Miss Edwards' pretty book, the swallows will be induced to winter there, I cannot say; but here, in Eubœa, they are numerous. I was standing at the wide kitchen door of this hospitable house yesterday morning, and six or seven swallows flew in and out, perching with familiar freedom upon the high chimney and the huge ceiling hooks, and then darting over my head through the open door with a "twing" like the noise of a rifle bullet. My attention was attracted towards the persons who, with these feathered guests, occupied the kitchen. There was the cook, wife of Panagioti, the ex-brigand, a comely Greek, Anglicised as to her skirts, and proud of the "good morning,"—the only English words she can address to me. She was contemplating about twenty loaves of good bread, her latest work, just warm from the oven, which in great and small houses is generally the same in locality and construction. Outside every peasant's hut there is a

conical oven built of rough stone loosely put together, in grotto shape, a round hole being left in front for a door. The stonework is covered with a thick coating of clay mixed with finely-broken straw, which becomes hard from the internal heat. A big stone forms the oven door, and I must say it is quite the rare exception to taste bad bread in Greece.

While the cook is contemplating her successful baking, our friend, who does not consume a fortieth part of the bread made in his house, is looking into the eye of an old peasant who has accidentally blown away his eyebrow and half his sight with gunpowder. The priest has been scolding him because the explosion took place on Sunday, and a woman who has come in with a sick baby seems for a moment to forget her child in her anxiety to watch the dressing of the wound. Two younger peasants, lookers-on, are exchanging congratulations upon my friend's assurance that the sight of the wounded eye will not be lost. Presently the old man's head is bound up, the whining baby half choked with a dose of sulphate of quinine, and the cook resumes again in the kitchen, which is never long without loungers.

Riding a stumpy, noiseless mule, the postman enters the yard. Besides his huge capôte, there are half a score of things dependent on his pack-saddle—a couple of live fowls, a jar of olives and two bags of figs, among the number. He is a dwarfish, sickly, roguish-looking little

Greek, who will ride about twelve hours to-day, threading his way by the forest paths to Chalcis. His fez is bound on with a blue handkerchief, from which his long black hair falls on to his shoulders. With a smiling salute, he slips off his mule, and in ten seconds is seated in the kitchen, eating bread and drinking wine as if the house was quite his own. But the mule takes advantage of his absence to have a refreshing roll upon the hard ground of the yard. The fowls tied to the saddle scream in danger of a horrible and useless death, —the olives are smashed up and the figs jammed together,—and the letters!—but the hurrying haste with which the little postman drops his meal to rush out and kick his mule, has in it little concern for the letters. The fowls are not killed, and the mule, well kicked and cuffed, looks contrite but thankful for the roll which seemed, if only for the moment, to rid him of the lumbering, cumbered pack-saddle.

When the peasants quarrel, nothing is more common than for them to pour out upon the proprietor's ears a long list of the wrong-doings of their neighbours. Truly there seems to be nothing hidden among them that shall not be known, for they often fall out, and then they forthwith take their revenge by revealing all the secrets of their antagonists. Sometimes their tellings disclose grave matters, but generally they relate to some petty trespass upon the proprietor's interests. The

other day the details of a case of infanticide were dropped so naïvely that one's horror of the great crime was lost in the utter forgetfulness of the very distant law and police, the want of relationship between crime and punishment evidenced by the unconcerned narrator.

It appeared that a father and mother, being, as they thought *over*blessed, in a too numerous family, determined to destroy their sixth and youngest child. They gave the baby poison, and then because the poor little thing disappointed them, being so long dying, they went out and told their neighbours what they had done, and wondered the baby did not die more quickly. As I understood the story, it seemed that the child did ultimately comply with its parents' wishes, and died. But that any other punishment than a scolding from the landlord could follow the crime, seemed quite out of the minds of the peasants; so far off, so slow to move, is law in a country where there are no roads, and where virtually each man is the protector of his own life and property. Yet I do not believe that infanticide is so common among the Greek as with the English peasants, for in Greece food is not so hard to get.

But amid all that is debased in the life of these peasants, that which is most surprising and instructive is their punctuality in the discharge of their payments, and the thrifty prudence with which they regard their own interests. The tax-farmer, who had purchased the

Government right to collect the tithe, which in Greece is applied exclusively to secular purposes, came over to get all he could from the peasants on our friend's property during our stay in Eubœa. Ten months had elapsed since their harvest, but in no case did he meet with defaulters. Some few came up to the house and borrowed the money of their landlord; but all paid, and I observed in their educated compliance with the national demand the useful influence of direct taxation.

Indeed, I think that some principles of government have been far better understood and practised in the East than with us, until the recent revolution accomplished by Peel and Gladstone. Free trade and direct taxation were established in the Levant, when they were opposed in England. Suppression of rights, oppression of individuals and communities, have abundantly shown misgovernment in the East, but even all this has not neutralised completely the useful influence of direct taxation. It is very bad in principle that the increase of agriculture should be taxed, at least until that increase has exceeded certain limits; yet there was something very admirable in the way these poor peasants came forward provided with their contribution to the national expenditure. And I can only attribute to their training by local institutions and direct taxation the thorough and useful spirit of citizenship which characterises the peasantry of Greece. Their oppressors,

the Turks, were not an aristocratic people; no people on earth are more truly democratic than the Turks. I think that direct taxation, applied indiscriminately, where all are producers or possessors of capital, is a most useful and conservative influence in the "truly liberal" sense. With these peasants, equality of condition makes each the censor of his neighbour; I believe that rather than the tax-gatherer should introduce compulsory process to the village, payment would be made by subscription for any defaulter. I have seen a good deal of "co-operation" at Rochdale, and throughout the North; feebly, but faithfully, I have done something to advocate its extension, when this great movement did not find favour so high or so general as that which now encourages its progress. I know personally many of the working men who manage such affairs in Lancashire, and I am not surprised at the results they have accomplished, because they are men of high character, intelligence, and sentiments; but I confess I am quite astonished with what I have seen in the remote island of Eubœa. That illiterate peasants, not one of whom could write, whose account-books were laid before me in a canvas bag, a heap of wooden tallies, should, without strife among themselves,—for which their ever-present knives seem dangerously ready,—purchase and parcel out a large estate, dividing the lands and apportioning the purchase-money,—that such

men should pay for and become the absolute possessors of a large property, was a result of education, conducted by nothing but self-interest and direct taxation aided by local institutions, that surprised me. If they could succeed so far, I was not astonished to find that the lands so possessed were better cultivated and managed than those belonging to large proprietors, who were not themselves cultivators. Can we not do something of this sort in England? The ball would quickly grow if it were once set rolling, and I know no panacea against drunkenness and ignorance better than the possession of property honestly acquired by the poor, and not to be kept but by temperance and thrifty industry.

The local institutions of the Greeks are very firmly fixed. Even in each of these island villages there is elected a *paredhros*, or head-man—a sub-mayor, who is responsible for law and order. I must confess that law does not come very readily, but order is well maintained by the villagers themselves, who not unfrequently execute summary justice, before judgment, upon offenders. The *paredhros* is responsible to the demarch of the *demos*, or demarchy, a local division of the country,—the demarch being the local officer, the mayor, or prefect of the large village or town which is situated in the midst of a federation of villages. The larger division of the country into eparchies is political and electoral, each eparchy returning eparchs, or mem-

bers to the Boulê—one citizen of the eparchy for each 10,000 population in the division. The largest division of the Greek kingdom into monarchies, or provinces, is purely central and governmental. If systems made good government, or fine words a liberal constitution, I think the Greeks would be one of the best governed people on the face of the earth, and that they may be so is my sincere and heartfelt desire.

LETTER IX.

Leaving Eubœa—Our Retinue—High Road to Chalcis—Entrance to Bœotia—A Roman Aqueduct—Road to Thebes—Cadmus and the Heifer—Thebes—The Theban Citadel—Pre or Piré—Ruins of Thebes—The Diligence to Athens—My Wife's Levée—The Road to Athens—Platæa—M. Deligeorges—Greek Civilisation—Greek Abuse—The Gulf of Volo—Town and Citadel of Volo—Thessalian Gardens—Mount Pelion—Carts and Camp—Greece and Turkey—Turkish Laws—Mount Ossa—The Vale of Tempe—Mount Olympus—Salonica—A Coloured Crowd—Streets and Bazaars—Cemetery of Salonica—A Turkish Khan—Byzantine Ruins—Long and Government Money—Mount Athos—Its Exclusive Government—Dinocrates the Architect.

THE last I heard of Captain Tucker before his ship set sail for England, fully laden with magnesian stone, was, that he had dreamed of figs—"broad figs," as he called them—and of course, true to his belief about dreaming of fruit, he anticipated evil. "But he b'leeved"—and this he said to our friend with great satisfaction—"that the dream was put right, 'cos the first thing when I landed the morning arter this dream, a man on the shore give me *tew figs and a bit o' bread.* An' I b'leeve," said the honest captain, "that havin' the figs give me, don't yer see, sir, *with the bread,* does away with the bad."

Our sailing day arrived soon after the departure of the *Rose of Devon* from the island coast, and half the village turned out of doors to do honour to our leave-taking. It was a lovely morning, and a thick white mist lying over the plain foretold a hot day. Two irregular—very irregular—soldiers, paid by the Greek Government, but provisioned by our friend, are perpetually on duty in his large courtyard, each armed with a long, smooth-bore rifle and a pistol. I have never made mention of them as useful for defence, because they are such idle creatures that I don't believe in them as soldiers; one, an old man with long white moustache and bleary eyes, has a talent for razor-sharpening, on account of which he is much in requisition, an dgreat capacity for drinking raki; but I think no one would be much afraid to give either of them a running shot at a hundred yards.

They fired a salute in honour of our departure, and soon our mules were treading the winding path towards Chalcis, the capital of the island. A tall peasant, whose name, Spiro, is very common among his class, led my wife's mule. He was evidently proud of the English rifle slung at his back, and thought it gave him superiority over our Albanian attendant, who jogged on behind us upon a vicious mule, completely armed after the fashion of his people. For four hours, the track ascended through a country so thickly wooded

that we were never exposed for five consecutive minutes to the fiercely hot sunlight. Any pace faster than a slow walk was quite impossible, for the route was extremely difficult, sometimes mounting over rugged blocks of limestone, at others passing along narrow ledges, overhanging, at dangerous height, the little river which rustled over its stony bed beneath. And this is the only high road through an island larger than any in the Levant, except Crete. Beautiful wild flowers, a green underwood of myrtle and laurel, a forest of plane trees and oaks, the voice of singing birds,—all these made the ride delightful. For some time two vultures soared above us, and one ventured within rifle-shot. Many a long, green lizard wriggled across our path, and now and then we saw a tortoise making slow progress among the wild flowers, but of men we met very few. Near the top of the mountains, two of the wildest-looking creatures that ever wore clothes stood out suddenly in the track from behind a large rock; but that they had no arms in their hands, I was prepared to think them brigands; they were mountain goatherds, who afterwards watched our bivouac upon a green patch, where Nature had provided some food for our mules. If there was a rock against which he could graze my boots, my mule never lost the opportunity, and the beast the Albanian rode flung out his vicious heels whenever I approached him from the rear. As

we descended the mountains in distant view of our destination, his rider treated us to some native airs—I believe the Albanian sang of love and mirth, but the monotonous dirge sounded like a funereal wail. We rode for six hours through the mountains and four across the large plain which lies north of Chalcis, both mules and riders being much tired at the journey's end.

We found a welcome and hospitable dinner in the house of a Greek lawyer to whom we were recommended by our friend. I was half asleep when his little son Pericles came for a "good-night" kiss, and not quite free from painful remembrance of the jolting ten-hours' ride, when our horses were next morning at the door waiting to take us onward across the main land towards Athens. If all the Greek lawyers are as warm-hearted and hospitable as our Chalcis host—as happy in their home-life as he appeared to be—I should argue, and I think with reason, that his country was not unblessed.

There is a road from Chalcis to Athens, the best, and, indeed, the only long road in Greece. But no one, except the lawyer at Chalcis, would speak with more encouragement than doubtfully of our safety in traversing this great achievement of the Greek monarchy. Our desire to see Thebes, however, was stronger than our fear of brigands, and we rode out of Chalcis a very defenceless couple, armed only with a stick and parasol,

with but one attendant, the owner of the ponies, who walked behind them at a rate of more than four miles an hour for twenty miles under a broiling sun, and sang as he walked. Often we tried to slacken the pace out of charity to the walker, but he whistled the ponies on again, and resumed his determined stride. We left Chalcis by the swing bridge, crossing the Euripus; the southward tide was rushing through the narrow channel as we passed beneath the archway of the Venetian fortifications, in which some careless or irreverent mason had put St. Mark's Lion with his feet in the air. So we entered Bœotia, and for seven miles the road ascended the hills by a zigzag, at every mile the view over Eubœa becoming more extensive and interesting.

Commanding the Euripus, Chalcis has always been a military position of importance, and one or two of the public places in the town are ornamented,—if you will allow the expression,—with stone balls, two feet in diameter, the gigantic ammunition of a mammoth gun which the Turks had upon the walls of Chalcis during their rule in Eubœa. Against modern artillery, the citadel, surrounded by commanding elevations, would have no power of defence. The nearest and lowest hill on the Bœotian side is crowned with an extensive Venetian fortress, which effectively improves the landscape, if it does not materially strengthen the position. Chalcis lies upon what, at some distance, appears to be

an isthmus between the blue channels of Eubœa and Taranti. Behind the city, the long line of a ruined Roman aqueduct runs away towards the mountains, the highest of which is the snow-clad, pyramidal Mount Delphi. Like those of Arcadia, the plains of Bœotia are upon a high level, and as we bade adieu to Chalcis on the lofty brow of the hills, I was astonished to see little or no descent before us, but wide plains, covered with thick, stunted underwood, with a few patches green where the wheat grew, and bright yellow where the wild flowers blossomed upon fallow land. We were now wandering through the very home of the "Klephts," the mountain-robbers of Greece, and as I have written a good deal concerning brigandage, it is due to say that we met no one but two civil-spoken shepherds, and a few muleteers travelling towards the Island of Eubœa.

There was not a tree to be seen till we were within sight of Thebes, and the underwood which cumbered the very fertile soil was of a worthless description. I never remember to have seen so good a field waiting for labour and capital as these Bœotian plains. In several places I measured a depth of soil not less than five or six feet, and where cultivation had been effected the wheat grew strong and healthy. The crops throughout Greece are always remarkably free from weeds, far more so than English fields. Certainly the Greek women and chil-

dren find frequent employment in weeding, and, with few exceptions, their gatherings are boiled for eating. The Greek peasants have no gardens, and their only vegetables are so obtained. I have never seen the potato growing in Greece, and those we eat were always imported from Trieste. I am surprised at this neglect of so valuable an esculent, which might be extensively produced, especially in the Ionian Islands. I wonder whether the freedom from weeds which I have observed in the Greek wheat-fields is at all occasioned by their total want of acquaintance with manure? I am inclined to think it is so, and that, with the undoubted benefits and overpaid return of this artificial recompense for the loss of natural elements from the soil, there is the evil introduction and encouragement of ill weeds that grow apace.

In the extended view before us, including many, many miles of country, there was not a house nor a hut visible—not a moving thing, nor a sign of life except the scarce patches of green wheat. For six hours, we rode on over a nearly level country, gradually becoming more cultivated as we approached the neighbourhood of Thebes. If it be true that Cadmus, the founder of the great Bœotian city, led by an oracle of Delphi, wandered over this plain following a heifer, with directions to build the city where she should first stay to feed, we may have been pursuing his footsteps, though why the heifer

should go so far afoot without tasting the herbage of this magnificent plain I cannot understand. Here, as at Athens and Corinth, we found that important cities were always placed in the neighbourhood of great plains, and the story of the heifer, interwoven with the building of Thebes, shows how the richness of the soil was in idea connected with the foundation of Grecian cities.

The fertile Theban plain is surrounded by mountains, only a low ridge of hills intruding into the rich level. At the last bend of the road before entering Thebes, we came upon an Albanian village, the richer costumes of the women, and the fiercer aspect of the men, distinguishing these people from the Greeks. Below this village, freshly spirting from several jets, was the Fountain of Œdipus, which was certainly a source of water supply in the days when Thebes was great. Near this, a picturesque ruin of what appeared to have been a fortified gateway indulged the hope that we had found something of the ancient city. But we were disappointed; the massive stones of this ruin may have formed part of a more antique structure, but the gateway was unmistakably Venetian. Modern Thebes lay above us on the gentle slope of a rocky hill, a collection of low cottage-huts, scarcely one having a glazed window, nor any better chimney than a hole in the roof; the habitations thrown together without plan or order, but beautified by fruit trees laden with spring leaves and

blossom. As we rode up the wide, unlevel, main street, a few squared stones and broken pieces of columns lying by the roadside were the only memorials of the past.

There is a considerable business in corn and cotton at Thebes, and, farther on, this street was bordered with wooden bazaars crowded with Greeks, eating, drinking, smoking, and some buying and selling. Carts loaded with bags of raw cotton, mules heavily weighted with corn, stood about the street impeding our way, which led us to the diligence-office, as we had determined to travel from Thebes to Athens by the only public land conveyance in Greece. We argued, besides, that a number of fellow-passengers would be a protection on the road, and that as there was no hotel in Thebes, we could by diligence complete our journey without resting for the night, while, already tired, we could not have continued upon horseback. The observed of all observers, we aroused the agent of the diligence from his afternoon siesta, and, presenting a letter of recommendation, secured his very civil attention.

Through his best, and I think his only, room the old man ushered us to a wooden balcony, pleasantly overlooking the plain, and then hospitably produced lemonade and coffee. The few Greek words we knew were of no use to make him understand our intentions, but these he gathered from the letter. Presently, when the news of our arrival became better known, the doctor of

Thebes, who spoke French, paid us a visit; to him followed an officer of cavalry, who could also talk with us; then came the chief of police, who could speak nothing but Greek, and after him the director and two assistants of the electric telegraph; so that the little room was filled with officials, from whom we gleaned many particulars as to the location and remains of the ancient city.

The wooden balcony in which we sat was situated on the lower part of the rocky hill upon which modern Thebes stands, and looked northwards. Directly in front, on the lowest spur of the hill, before the eminence faded into the perfect level of the plain, stood a solid, square tower, of Venetian construction, upon the site of the ancient Acropolis of Thebes. I thought, as I looked upon it, of that speech of Epaminondas, which Dr. Wordsworth quotes in his *Athens and Attica*,—a speech so suggestive of the jealousies which divided the Greeks in old times,—and so long as these plains are isolated for want of ready trading communication will continue to separate them: "O Men of Thebes!" said Epaminondas, "you must uproot the Propylæa of the Athenian Acropolis, and plant them in front of the Cadmean citadel." Where Epaminondas wished to plant the Propylæa of Athens, there we found the only authentic traces of the great Thebes,—a few huge stones and blocks of concrete, with some pieces of limestone, marking the site of the ancient wall of the citadel.

At the foot of the citadel, about a quarter of a mile from our balcony, lay the village of Pre, pronounced Piré, which occupies the position of the ancient city. The orders of Alexander for the destruction of Thebes must have been obeyed with ruthless exactness, for no stone remains about the village to denote the site of a city which at one time made herself the mistress of Greece, after routing the terrible Spartans on the neighbouring plain of Leuctrâ. The useful waters of the river Ismenus are still near the village of Pre, drawn hither and thither into rich gardens, where I saw fine mulberry trees, beans, and artichokes; into maize plantations, and into vineyards; but the village is simply a collection of peasants' huts, and there is nothing more. On the road down to it, from the citadel, there is a deep, dark cavern in the limestone rock, which doubtless has an interesting history, but now its entrances are choked with filth, and beyond the darkness is as complete as that which overhangs Theban history. East and west, the plain is overlooked by the snowy summits of Parnassus and the Eubœan Delphi; to the south, in the direction of Athens, there is the rounder and lower top of Cithæron on the right, and that of Parnes on the left. Northwards, looking from the balcony, we faced a group of low hills which shut in the plain, and hid the stagnant waters of Lake Copais from our sight.

Leaving my wife upon the balcony, I led our visitors

from the room, intending to see something of the town. In front of the next house, a fine Corinthian capital served as a seat, the white marble carved with interlaced acanthus leaves, and the first doorstep of a wretched cottage near at hand was composed of the lowest member of a white marble column, the last drum and the pedestal being carved together out of the same block which now did base duty in a Greek doorway. These, and a few broken stones, were all I could find, with the exception of portions of the wall of ancient Thebes. I am quite unable to account for the total disappearance of the city of Epaminondas, and think that extensive excavation would discover many buried remains.

In the main street, crowds of white-petticoated Greeks were munching "lakoum," and drinking resined wine or thick coffee. The cavalry officer said he had been recently sent with a troop from Athens to maintain order during the elections, and to protect the flocks in the plain from brigands, who not unfrequently descended upon the sheep and goats and provided themselves with meat without payment. On my asking if the road to Athens was safe, he gave the not very reassuring reply, "*Je pense que oui.*" But when I found that we were the only passengers by the diligence which was to start at 8 P.M., and that the diligence was a low, open, pony carriage, with two rather uncomfortable seats, I thought I should feel considerably more

at ease when morning light broke upon us in the neighbourhood of Athens.

There was no help for it; sleep was impossible in the habitations of Thebes, and on returning to my wife I found her good-naturedly enduring a levée of Theban women and children, who presented themselves to her in never-ending succession. When I entered the agent's little apartment, an ugly baby, with the awful name of Draco, was being held up for her admiration; then the mother of Draco joined the mamma of an infant Epaminondas on the floor, and the babies with the great names collared each other, and thrust their dimpled fists into each other's eyes. A half-circle of girls and women encompassed my wife, staring at her with the unblushing simplicity of ignorance. In their talk, as in that of people in all parts of Greece, we noticed many Italian words in common use, but none of any other living language. They use "scala," for staircase, "piato," for plate, and many others. If my wife asked for water, half a score flew, with most socialistic freedom, to the old man's cupboard, and took down his treasured glass. "They were his neighbours," he said, laughing, in explanation of their uninvited entry to his house.

A very young moon gave ineffectual light as we were packed into the pony-carriage, and our driver whipped the two light, active little horses through the still

crowded main street of Thebes. But we were soon clear of the town and crossing a wide marsh, where the voices of frogs and tortoises made the "night hideous."

Through the darkness we wound up the wooded mountains; if there had been daylight we should have seen the field of Platæa, where, just eleven years after Marathon, the Athenians, with their allies, gave a still greater and more decisive defeat to the Persians, who never again dared to invade the Grecian land. We met no one on the road, and it was twelve o'clock when we first stopped to change horses. About three in the morning; while we were descending into the plain of Eleusis, the driver dropped his whip, and left us in the dark for three-quarters of an hour, we knew not why, until he returned and flourished the recovered whip in triumph. The sun was brightly gilding the ruins of the Acropolis as we drove into Athens, having been just ten hours on the road. We were glad, indeed, to get back to our baggage, our hotel, and to civilisation.

But we did not rest long in Athens. On the 1st of May the wheat was fully in ear in the fields around the city, and the summer heat was commencing. At sunset, the thermometer in our *salon* registered 70°. I should like to have waited a few days to witness the opening of the Greek Boulê, the new Parliament, in which it is stated that the Ministry of M. Bulgaris will have a good working majority. But the quidnuncs of

Athens say that M. Coumoundouros and M. Deligeorges will unite and overthrow the present Ministry. It is probable that those who bid highest in the direction of the Great Idea will have the public voice; and it is a great and most satisfactory testimony to the efficiency of the Greek ballot that, in the midst of times unusually excited and warlike, the elections have passed over without riot. How thoroughly effectual the system is in securing secrecy may well be seen in choice of M. Deligeorges at Missolonghi, a candidate the most bitterly opposed to and by the Ministry.

In leaving the Grecian kingdom to visit that part of the Turkish dominion which Greece more especially covets, and has made ineffectual war to obtain, I felt sincere regret that I had not such respect for the Government of Athens as would make me an unhesitating "Philhellene." Yet I did not leave Greece a "Turcophile," to use the jargon of the Athenian journals. Without difficulty, the Turkish Government might be the worse of the two. Political and religious liberty are very much more nearly complete in Greece than in the dominions of one or two of the Great Powers. But, as an English traveller, I should feel my person and property more safe in any part of the Turkish empire than anywhere in Greece beyond a radius of fifty miles from the capital. We must, however, speak of the Greek Government according to our

personal experience, and I am bound to say this would lead me to give very favourable witness. We had seen Athens crowded with Cretan refugees, and without a Parliament, with no Legislature but the King and an unpopular Ministry. The country was excited, and, we may say, deeply implicated in the war in Crete; and, in addition to these possible causes of disorder, we had seen superadded a general election, throughout all of which most perfect order was maintained, without any appearance of military supremacy. We were perfectly free to travel where we would without question as to our passport or intentions, and in our journeyings we met with no obstruction or hindrance. As no language but Greek is talked in the interior, it is difficult at times to dispense with the services of a guide; yet, if possible, these vampires of the traveller should be avoided.

If one's ears are delicate, it is an advantage to pass over the swearing without understanding it, for the temperate Greeks do sometimes give way to expletives with a rich excess of language which a slow-tongued but angry Briton might envy. As we were leaving the Piræus for Thessaly, two boatmen were quarrelling over a fare, with fierce but harmless gesticulations. They had squabbled for some time and exhausted the ready currency of abuse. At last one, trembling with rage, —you would have expected to see him run his boat into that of his antagonist, and strike his knife deep

into his flesh,—reached apparently the climax of vituperation as he ground from his teeth, "May the devil run away with your father's soul!" Evidently this was a hard blow, as the furious answer showed, given with a leap forward in his boat, "I'll cut you in seven pieces."

After this, each having said his worst, the quarrel ended and the combatants rowed away to shore, forgetting their fight in watching our ship, which was slowly steaming through the narrow mouth of the Piræus. In passing round Cape Sunium, now generally called Cape Colonna, we had a fine view of the very conspicuous ruins of Minerva's Temple, which crown "Sunium's marbled steep." Out of Athens this is the finest ruin in Greece. We passed sufficiently close to count the columns with ease and almost to mark their flutings. Low on the southern shore of Attica we observed the smoking works of the Laurium Silver Mines, with three or four good-sized vessels lying near, waiting to take in lead-ore in exchange for the coal which they had brought. We passed through the Golden Canal, as the channel is called which lies between the southern point of Eubœa and the northern shore of the Isle of Andros.

In the darkness, we turned northwards, and at sunrise were entering the Gulf of Volo, a natural harbour of the grandest dimensions. Before we passed into this mountain-girdled gulf, our vessel rolled deeply to the strong north wind; but this did not prevent our enjoy-

ing another view of Parnassus seen over the green foreground made by the northern part of Eubœa. Five hundred sail of the line might ride at ease in the Gulf of Volo, which has good anchorage and a wide entrance. East and west, high hills guard the Gulf; to the north wind the lower land exposes it in some degree, but at the extreme north-east Mount Pelion keeps the anchorage, and at his renowned feet lies Volo, the principal port of Thessaly, once famous under the name of Demetrias. I have seen the facsimile of a coin bearing this name of the town above the prow of a ship. The ancient town stood upon a low rocky hill in a strong position. A Philip of Macedon is said to have called Demetrias one of "the three fetters of Greece," the other two being Chalcis and Corinth.

Modern Volo, the Frank town, lies scattered round the sandy bay which forms the northern boundary of the Gulf, with houses of French or German pattern, some very good, some wretchedly mean, and a wide, uneven street wandering through their midst. We landed upon one of five or six wooden stages, which run out from the shore of this town into the sea. These are of most fragile construction, with an air of impermanence well suited to a coast which, they say, alters its level obviously every year. Five years ago, the custom-house at the left extremity of the town was built at the water's edge, and already it is quite removed from the sea to which

it belongs. Still farther to the left, about 200 yards from the water, stands the Turkish Citadel of Volo, which is, in fact, a walled town about 300 yards square. The wall, about twenty feet high, is perfect, and the gates well secured. In this square we were at once in Old Turkey. Wolfish dogs lay about the rugged little streets; the keepers of the wooden bazaars sat silent and cross-legged, waiting for customers; a fat official urged his pony over the garbage of the streets, and two or three veiled women, the only representatives of their sex, made their noiseless way to the gaudily-painted mosque, which had a minaret like a small whitewashed factory chimney, with a black extinguisher upon the top. I was told that this Turkish quarter of Volo is nothing better than a fever-nest, and circumstances seemed to justify the report, for beneath the walls there was a fosse thirty feet in width, and in the green, reedy waters of this stagnant ditch frogs were plunging and croaking by hundreds. Between the citadel and the Frank town, two regiments of Turkish infantry were encamped under canvas. The soil of the interior of their tents was cleverly excavated and formed into divans covered with turf.

But the original Volo is situate four miles in the rear of the new town, and the character of the country over which we rode towards it is such as to lead to the supposition that within two or three centuries the sea has

lost thus much of its former dominion. Before arriving at the town which first bore the name of Volo, we passed through three miles of rich garden ground watered from the tops of a row of towers which followed the course of a subterranean pipe. About 100 yards apart, perpendicular pipes were fixed to this main, and the water descended from the mountains with more than sufficient pressure to carry it above their five-and-twenty feet of height, these perpendicular pipes being enclosed in stone-work about a yard in diameter. Beyond these rich gardens, into which a Greek told me it was only necessary to put the seed to secure a fine crop, we came to a district scattered with large boulders of limestone and trap rock, the collection of a torrent which flowed from Mount Pelion.

In the old town of Volo there was at every turn a subject for an effective sketch. The river was crossed here and there by high-arched bridges with a single span, and broad plane-trees sheltered the foaming waters from the sun. Under their leafy shade sat a party of basket makers, men and women in costumes bright as paint. One tree served the village butcher for a shop; his lambs hung upon hooks driven into its noble trunk, and from his seat beneath he was conversing with some coffee-drinkers opposite, who sat behind an unglazed grating, cross-legged, on the huge wooden divans of the village café. The houses, nearly all detached, were

substantially built, and for the most part inhabited by the business men of Volo, who descend to their stores and bazaars in the new town, and retire to these country-houses on Saturdays, or sometimes daily.

The village is so covered with the foliage of plane and pear trees, that we could rarely see more than one house at a time. Placed in a most picturesque situation, with measured splash that made harmonious music, the mill-wheels ground the village food, and for three miles around and upward, the sides of Mount Pelion were clothed with villages, the houses becoming meaner and smaller with the continued ascent. The highest of these villages is nearly 1500 feet above New Volo. They are inhabited by Greeks who talk a *patois* made up of Greek with some admixture of Albanian, Bulgarian, and Turkish words. The elevation, we are told, was preferred for safety; from such eyries the people could more easily fly from the Turks into the mountains. These patient, long-suffering "rayahs"—which is the name given to all the Christian subjects of the Porte—endure the domination of the Turks without in the least commingling with them. The whole place is in some degree squalid, but the squalor of the Turkish citadel, with its filthy fosse and ragged little streets, reeking of fever, is of quite a different type from the meanness of the Greek villages of Thessaly.

The Turkish camp looked like a foreign occupation.

Rayahs of the plain were bringing in supplies, their rude carts drawn by buffaloes, huge grey beasts like large oxen, with flattened heads and flattened horns, the head more in shape like that of a rhinoceros, and the horns like those of a ram. Their carts were of the most antique pattern, with solid wheels roughly sawn from plane-wood and bound with iron, the body of the cart being of one piece with the pole separating the buffaloes, and with the simplest superstructure, just sufficient to hold the load together.

The Greek Government is always attempting the invasion of Thessaly, and so late as last year armed bands were sent out from the northern frontier to excite insurrection. These unofficial emissaries of the Hellenes plunder the unfortunate rayahs with even more rapacity than the Turks, with the natural consequence that the Thessalians are not greatly attracted towards King George's sceptre. How different it would be if the Greeks, by setting an example at home of good administration and economic government, facilitating the introduction of foreign capital for the development of the rich resources of their country,—by the construction of good roads, and assuring security of person and property within their realm—were by such peaceful yet most effective means to invite the discontented subjects of the Sultan to join the Hellenic kingdom!

During our stay in Thessaly, which is covered with

wide plains, containing some of the best corn land in Europe, I saw many advantages to be gained by successful insurrection. The cost of the war in Crete and the declining credit of Turkey, has raised the agricultural tax in the Sultan's dominions from a tenth to a seventh, and this is taken in kind by farmers, who, with all the rapacity which personal interest engenders in the tax-collector, make the rayahs their slaves. The tax-farmer, according to the Thessalian peasants, gives baksheesh to the military officer of the district, who will then turn a deaf ear to the rayah imploring protection against the farmer, who has perhaps levied twice his dues upon some one able to pay. The frightful abuses which such a system must produce are rendered somewhat lighter in Greece by the commutation of the tax into a money payment, and with a free press, and a really representative Assembly, even village tyrants must act in wholesome fear of public opinion. The Greek army is, I think, absurdly large, but the conscription by which King George raises his 12,000 or 14,000 men, is less felt as an evil than the head-money, amounting to about six francs per annum, paid by each of the rayahs for exemption from service in the Turkish army. They have not the choice of paying or serving, because the Sultan enrols none but Mussulmans in his army. It has been a great grievance, too, that the Porte, until this year, has refused to recognise foreigners as owners of property. We met with two

gentlemen at Volo, one English, the other French, who could only hold the property they possessed in the name of some dependent rayah. Their title-deeds conveyed the fiction that the property belonged to their respective servants, because no person could possess freehold property in Turkey who was not a subject of the Porte.

In vain, one of them said he had attempted to introduce French labour; no foreigners would submit to the exactions of the Turkish soldiery, who had cuffed, and, without notice, dragged some of his French labourers from their work to cart military stores. The Greek soil is open to foreign capital; strangers of any country may buy all that is for sale; but the Greek soldiers do not always respect their constitutional position. I have heard Greek peasants complain bitterly of soldiers on march quartering themselves in their houses, killing the fowls, and robbing their stores, in villages where they should have been billeted at the inn.

On the rich plains lying at the foot of Pelion, which, from seed thrown into the rude scratchings of a wooden plough, produce fine crops of wheat, I could not help thinking how much happier are those people whose less fertile land demands great effort and labour as the price of harvest. After all, the best test of civilisation is the distance which is interposed between effort and satisfaction. These soft Thessalians, whom their too generous soil rewards with such quick and easy

return, would rather live and die the slaves of any power than face the rugged work of Belgian agriculture. I left Thessaly grieving over the undeveloped resources of that agricultural Eden, which might feed all the starving men, women, and children in Europe.

Sailing up the beautiful Gulf of Salonica, we wondered, in sight of the two mountains, why the ancients talked of piling Pelion on Ossa, because the slope of both is so gradual that one hardly recognises their summits, and they are not so suggestive of a giant's handful as many more isolated mountains. Ossa, to the north, is higher than Pelion; but Ossa looks upward, across the Vale of Tempe, to where Olympus raises his snowy head, the highest summit of ancient Greece and the mythical dwelling-place of the Olympian Jove. Olympus is nearly 10,000 feet in height, and, like Parnassus, is rather a cluster of hills of nearly equal elevation than one distinct mountain. Yet the outline of Olympus is more distinct than that of the great Bœotian mountain; and as we cast anchor before the walls of Salonica, on a very hot morning, it was refreshing even to look at the great, white, glistening mass. Salonica is situated on sloping ground, which shows the four-sided form of the city, and the wall enclosing it. The sea washes the southern wall, in which there is no gate but at the eastern and western extremities. A few good houses, the resi-

dences of merchants and consuls, look over this wall upon the sea, and a score of minarets, like white candles capped with black extinguishers, rise from among the houses, in which dwell a population exceeding 80,000.

Ships of all nations lay in the bay, and there was abundant evidence of an active trade, which is chiefly in corn and raw cotton. A flock of boats, manned by Levantine Jews, swarmed around our ship, from among whom I selected one with a sandy beard, because, though full of importunity, he was less demonstrative than the rest. He landed us upon a stage whereon a crowd of idlers, dressed in clothes of all shapes and colours, watched our debarkation. Turkish soldiers, looking uncomfortable in frock coat and trousers; Levantine boatmen, wearing green, yellow, or blue handkerchiefs twisted round their red fez, shirts of gay cotton, with feet and ankles brown and lithe with their perpetual exemption from shoes and stockings; fierce Bulgarians, whose red pantaloons were cunningly braided with black, wearing red jackets, and white scarfs bound around their fez; grave Turks, one or two wearing green cotton robes, white turban, and yellow shoes; negresses, ugly in our eyes, the polished ebony of their faces looking blacker for their white head-dress, and one bundle of red, with a muslin veil twisted about her head, which was all we could see of a Turkish woman.

Through this gaping crowd we walked over the

wooden pier—at the foot of which a marble slab announced that it was built during the "glorious reign" of His Majesty, Abdul Assiz Khan—into the streets of Salonica, which are scarcely less difficult to walk over than the lava fields of Vesuvius. They are paved, it is true, but the pavement seems a purposely-contrived instrument of torture ; the Salonicans ought to be free of the bastinado, for after an hour's walk in their streets we felt as if this punishment had been already applied to the aching soles of our feet. In the first street we entered, the very handsome house of a merchant seemed horribly misplaced. Though incomparably grander than any of its surroundings, there was a want of proportion about this mansion which suggested its curious history. They say that the merchant, a British subject of the Levant, was told by a fortune-teller, soon after he commenced this ambitious structure, that he would die before its completion,—a prediction which took so much hold upon his mind that whenever the finish was approached a portion was taken down to put off the evil day. At length, after fifteen years of building, the house was, perhaps accidentally, completed, and when we landed the merchant was living in it—falsifying the dreaded prediction.

The Government must be bad which leaves a town so prosperous and busy in such a condition. The chief street, bisecting the city from east to west, is bordered on

either side by wooden bazaars, and in many parts the wretched structures are joined by a roof spanning the street, affording very welcome shade upon such a day as that on which we first walked through Salonica. Outside the eastern gate, a large unfenced space is occupied with graves; each dead has some monument, if only a ragged piece of stone, the rubbish of a quarry. Many have no more than this, but some are of neatly carved white marble. In the environs of Salonica I should think the cemeteries cover an area of 100 acres, which is accounted for by the Turkish practice of giving a separate grave to each person, however mean and humble may have been their lot above ground. The innermost of the three gates, at the eastern entrance to the town, apparently dates from an early period of the Byzantine empire. On the outward faces of the two square pillars supporting the plain arch of this gateway is a warrior standing before his horse.

The long street of bazaars was full of colour. In the open shops, men in striped gowns—yellow, blue, red, and white—were working upon gaudy horse furniture, or equally bright-coloured slippers. The sweetmeat sellers do a brisk trade in *lakoum* and *hulva;* the last is sold very largely in Greece and Turkey. Whitey-brown is the colour of *hulva;* it looks like half-dried mortar, and the taste led me to suppose that it is made of rice-flour, oil, and honey.

The Jewesses of the Levant are famous for the splendour of their dress and ornaments. I marked an old lady in the wretched street, with a head-dress of white silk fringed with gold, her robe of red silk being ornamented in front with squares of black velvet. The green silk head-gear of a young Jewess hung down her back, terminating in golden fringe, upon a loose robe of pink. A tall Negress wore a striking costume of black, with a snowy handkerchief upon her head; her only ornaments being gilt bangles on her wrists, and a necklace made of loosely hanging large pieces of red cornelian. At a khan door,—which, by the way, in Turkey is pronounced "hann," with a guttural sounding of the "h,"—a grave, humane-looking Turk, wearing a jacket of apple-green, a white turban, and baggy trousers of bright red, was cauterising the wounds of his mule with a very hot frying-pan, which he had just borrowed for the purpose from a neighbouring *trattoria*. The London inns of the olden time, such as "The Swan with Two Necks," of Lad Lane, or "La Belle Sauvage," built round a central court-yard, much resemble a khan, but the Turkish inn is never more than two stories in height.

The feet of the workmen in the Salonican bazaars frequently help their hands. In one corner of this street, a Negress was spinning yarn from a lump of wool placed between her toes; and in many shops the

wood-turners guided their chisels with their toes. I saw an old Jew turning his grindstone with the curled toes of his right foot, while with both hands he guided the grinding of his tools. At three-fourths of the distance across the town, a ruined arch of Byzantine brickwork overhangs the street; the right support, below a cornice of acanthus leaves, is fully occupied with many figures carved in high-relief. The work is probably of the Constantine period, and represents a procession of soldiers bearing large shields.

Near to this arch, a circular mosque is said to have been erected as a temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux. In what was probably the entrance are now placed the *mihrah*, which is the altar or holy place of all mosques, always in the true direction of Mecca, and the carpets on which only the faithful rich kneel to worship, the circular area and the deep recesses in the twelve-feet walls being spread with matting for the crowd. The domed roof is encircled with mosaics, all representing the elevation of buildings, in the same style as many of the Pompeian walls are decorated, with that singular absence of shade and perspective which gives them some likeness to a section of a builder's plan. The walls of this ancient building, which is of very fine proportions, are hidden beneath thick coats of whitewash, and no sign reveals the worship to which this temple was originally dedicated. In the court-

yard, a large, broken block of carved stone may be thought, from the steps cut in it, to have formed part of a rostrum, sculptured in early Christian times; and in the walls and streets of the town of Salonica there are many fragments, which, if collected, would probably be found to illustrate usefully Byzantine history.

I never remember before to have seen a town so closely walled along the sea front, and probably under no other government than that of the Turks would this unwholesome obstruction have so long endured. If I were an ardent Philhellene, I should point to the condition of Salonica as a condemnation of the Moslem rule. Greek towns are often dirty, yet there is generally visible some effort towards improvement, blighted for want of ways and means. The wealth of Salonica could afford better pavement and remove the stagnant pools of liquid sewage from the streets. There is filth enough everywhere to account for the wide area of the cemeteries, and even now my ankles ache at the recollection of the Salonican pavement. The prosperity of a place is a matter for rejoicing when it increases the moral and material well-being of the people. The only working Briton we met there was a missionary of the Scotch Church. Knowing with what good intentions missionary enterprise is undertaken, I always endeavour to look charitably on its results. Yet I could not help reflecting how much more useful in such a

place would be the labours of a sanitary engineer than the barren efforts of this good gentleman, who might as well preach to the stones as call upon the Jews and Greeks and Turks of the Levant to acknowledge the Truth to be only with the General Assembly of Scotland.

At Salonica, we were introduced to a peculiarity in the Turkish currency. In the Ottoman dominions, every trader speaks of "long money" and "Government money." It is a matter of bargain in mercantile transactions whether they shall be paid for in one or the other. "Government money" means a hundred piastres to the Turkish pound, which is worth about two shillings less than the English pound sterling. But, except in the payment of taxes or moneys to the Government, this rate is not current; "long money" or "bon money," as I understood some of the changers to pronounce it, running as high as 110 to 115 piastres. The question whether the payment is to be made in one or the other affects the value of the "medjidie," a silver piece of twenty piastres, according to the Government reckoning; the basis of all calculations being the piastre, the value of which is equal to $2\frac{4}{5}d.$ English money, each piastre containing forty paras, the smallest description of Turkish coins.

After leaving the Bay of Salonica, the coast of Roumelia is elevated and well-wooded. We were ten

hours reaching Mount Athos, where I think we should have landed were it not for the difficulties made by the religious community as to the admission of ladies.

This Christian promontory, studded with monasteries of the Greek Church, is a striking proof that religious toleration has for a long time existed in Turkey. The fathers of the convents receive and entertain strangers with indifferent but willing hospitality. I have heard of ladies being admitted, but generally the sex is so feared upon Mount Athos, that *hens* are excluded from the convent tables. Their eggs may, however, be eaten, and I am not sure how the fathers discover if, in this form, they are not eating embryos of the forbidden sex. No woman is allowed to dwell upon the promontory, which is governed by a federation of the religious communities, and no Turk ventures upon Monte Santo; the only communication with the Imperial Government being by means of a Turkish official permanently stationed on the isthmus, which connects the mountain with the mainland of Roumelia, sometimes called the Isthmus of Xerxes, from the remains of the canal by which the Persian monarch is said to have insulated the mountain.

In spite of all this holiness I should fear to run a vessel upon this rocky promontory, which terminates in the mountain, rising abruptly from the sea to a height of about 5000 feet. On the 5th of May there

was still snow in the hollows about the summit. We could see two or three of the convents lying close down upon the shore, separated by paths not very easy to traverse. Few would grudge the fathers of Mount Athos the possession of this barren mountain; for my own part, the promontory faded from my sight before I had resolved whether it would be more advantageous to drive them on to the uncultivated lands of Roumelia, where they might earn a useful livelihood, or allow them to remain a ridiculous monument of human error, useful so long as they exhibit how men degenerate in what is called "a religious life." There is no mountain in the Levant which shows so grand an outline from the sea as Mount Athos; its steep sides and peaked top can be seen for very many miles over the blue Archipelago. And I think no architect ever equalled the sublime impertinence of Dinocrates, who proposed to carve the mountain into a statue of Alexander the Great, which should hold in one hand a city and in the other a lake. That man must have had grand ideas upon the subject of labour and capital!

END OF VOL. I.

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